

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1921

AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

A FRESHMAN OF '85 TO A FRESHMAN OF TO-DAY

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I

You began your college course in the fall of 1920. I began mine in the fall of 1885. You belong wholly to the twentieth century. I belong mainly to the nineteenth. Centuries are, no doubt, artificial divisions of time and not natural divisions of civilization. In spite of the calendar, your active life and mine will fall within a period of one hundred years; only I shall have preceded you, and ought, at this particular date, to be not only older, but wiser. Yet if the times when you and I became freshmen are attentively considered, it is quite clear that you and I are separated by something else than years or wisdom, by something which gives point to saying that you belong to one century and I to another. As a freshman you are quite different from the freshman of my day.

What I have just said to you would not have been said to any of my class on entering college by an elder who, in his turn, had entered college in 1850. For, as freshmen, the students of his day and of mine were very much alike. They came from the same kind of

homes. Their parents were the same kind of people. As students they had had the same kind of preparation for college, and were destined to pursue the same studies when they went to college. They had the same intellectual apparatus and spoke the same language. By that I mean that they had recourse to a common stock of ideas, which they exchanged or brought to bear upon life, and that they understood one another when they attempted to exchange ideas. Thirty-five years had not put between them differences like those which make 1885 and 1920 look like a contrast instead of a similarity. No; in those days fathers and sons, even grandfathers and grandsons, differed in age and wisdom, but they did not differ in morals, education, or civilization. They belonged to the same century.

This cannot be said of you and me. The differences between us are radical and far-reaching. They are significantly illustrated by our education. You were not prepared for college as I was, and it would be a miracle if you, or any member of your class, pursued in college the

course of study which I pursued. Yet there was nothing peculiar about either my preparation or my course. Both were quite conventional. Both constituted what was considered in my day and in my father's day a liberal education. They expressed an outlook upon life which was commonly understood and commonly accepted. Your education does not differ from mine because mine was peculiar. It differs because mine has ceased to be conventional and accepted. It is no longer standard. That is a little startling when you come to think of it. My type of education was the type of education for generations of students preceding me. Your type of education is not as old as I am.

Yet there is something far more startling about this contrast between you and me. Few members of your class have been, and still fewer will be, educated alike. That could not be said of my generation. You do not, as we did, enter college with a common and well-understood conception of what constitutes a liberal education; and the chances are that your college course, instead of bringing you into closer intellectual sympathy with one another, or giving to all of you a common philosophy of life, will drive you in these matters further apart than you now are. You enter college when the educational world is quite undecided on fundamental matters, and when education no longer expresses an outlook upon life which is commonly understood and commonly accepted. Instead of finding the sea of education mapped and charted, you will find that you will often be called upon to map and chart it for yourself. Instead of finding already decided what it is best for you to study, you will find that question in debate, and you will often be called upon to decide it for yourself, with little experience to guide you.

Regarded from the point of view of

1885, and indeed of centuries preceding, your century, so far at least as education is concerned, looks like chaos and confusion. You are representative of an age which has lost the sense of tradition and precedent, which has no common background of ideas and no common standards of judgment; an age which is progressive and revolutionary, which trusts the new and distrusts the old, and lives excited by visions of the future rather than disciplined by experiences of the past.

Since I entered college, there has been going on an educational revolution. I found it going on when I began to teach, and I have been mixed up with it ever since. Often I am unconscious of it. But I have only to revisit my Alma Mater in an attempt to recover the days of old, or spend an evening with my classmates in recalling what those days were, to have forced upon me a realization of what has happened. Between your college days and mine there is a difference, which is to be defined, not in terms of years or wisdom, but in terms of morals and civilization.

I have called your attention to this difference because it defines, I think, the problem which your generation must solve if the civilization of the twentieth-century America is to be a really great civilization. The fact that in much less than fifty years commonly accepted ideas and standards of education have been overturned is one of the results of many forces, which have operated since the Civil War to destroy the moral and intellectual unity which the American people once possessed. The America of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Lincoln, the America of Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, and Mark Twain, the America of the Yankee, the Hoosier, and the Forty-niner, has been passing away, and a new America taking its place. Whether the new

America is a better America is a question not yet decided. It is the question which I believe your generation will decide. When I say that it is a question not yet decided, I do not mean that we have not yet made up our minds about it, but rather that we are not yet in a position to make up our minds about it. The new America has not yet produced a clearly marked type of civilization, nor one stable enough to be compared profitably with other types. To do that will, I believe, be the work of your generation. To do it intelligently and well, it is essential that you understand your country. You must make yourself familiar with the kind of America with which you have to deal. I should like to contribute to that end by illustrating further what I mean by changing America.

II

America is still called the New World. It is natural, perhaps, to suppose that, in a new world, civilization will be more changing and fluid than in an old world. Australia is a still newer world, and may serve us as an illustration. Its territory is as large as ours, if we exclude Alaska and our island possessions. Its population is one fifth as large. The people there have the slogan, 'Australia for the Australians.' To-day we are crying, 'America for the Americans.' But between these two expressed ambitions there is a difference as wide as the oceans which separate us from them. For Australians are nearly one hundred per cent British. Australia for the Australians means, therefore, a land for a people whose ideas are the same, not only when they look forward, but also when they look backward. It means a land for a people who have a common outlook upon life based upon a common past. It is as if we said that 'America for the Americans' means a

land for the kind of people who fought the War of Independence or who fought the Civil War. Australia may succeed in realizing her ambition. We can have no similar ambition with success. The time has long since passed when America could have been made the land for those people for whom the history of the United States would be the settled background of their life and thoughts. For long ago we opened our doors wide to the peoples of the world and said, 'Come if you want freedom, or if you want an opportunity.' We have tried, on a scale never before matched, to make a nation out of peoples with no common history and with no other spur to unity than the common chance to make something of themselves. We have let anybody make America mean what he liked.

Let me illustrate this from a vivid experience of my own. I met one evening, as I was going south on Fourth Avenue, the hordes of people poured out from the great lofts of the district between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets and Fourth and Sixth Avenues. I looked into the faces of strange and foreign men. I saw no signs of friendship or intimacy. I felt profoundly solitary, as if the whole world of aliens were going north and I alone of all my kind were going south. America was to me a British colony grown independent and strong. What was it to those thousands of faces so expressionless to me? Something like terror seized me, as I realized that all they and I had in common was a chance to be something. Would they spare me in a contest, because their fathers and mine had long ago been brothers in a common cause? Was there between them and me any remembrances of common days, which knit men together in sympathy and confidence? All I saw was alien, and I felt an outcast from my own land.

And what did they think, if they

thought of me? Did they say, 'See this descendant of a bourgeois civilization, this respectable person, with his morals of hypocrisy, hugging his property as if it were sacred, going to courts of law for justice and to constitutions for precedents, calling himself American when he is only a smug Englishman abroad! What have we in common with him — we of the proletariat and the revolution, we of the new age and the new order?'

Had they so spoken, I should doubtless have replied, in the mood I then was in, 'New age and new order! Poor children! You are but venting, now you have the chance, your age-long opposition to tyrannies I have never known. America is not the revolution. She is the fruit of revolution accomplished while your fathers still dreamed of freedom. She is the offspring of a people who laid the foundations of liberty centuries ago, and have built upon them steadily, while your ancestors have bowed in homage to men they called lord and sovereign.'

When I was a boy in college, the Yankee farmer still existed, but he was without descendants. Children he had, but they were leaving the land. He remained with his memories. The Civil War was very real to him. The War of Independence was almost as real, for there over his door hung the musket his grandfather had fired at the Redcoats. The French and Indian war was a real tradition for him. The Mayflower had brought his ancestors to the land.

But now he is almost gone. In his place there are Americans; but they have not New England names. The Mayflower means nothing to them. Lexington and Concord and Bull Run and Gettysburg wake no emotion in their breasts. They have the look of a people lately freed from oppression. The thing that makes them feel, that quickens their

pulses, that brings the fire to their eyes is the memory neither of New England nor of Old England. It is the memory of a torn and parceled nation, of injustice done them by the strong, of glories torn from them, of blood shed in vain. To them America is a land without a history. Or, better, their history, the background of their ideas, is not the history and the background of New England. With the real New Englander they have no past in common, no bonds of sympathy formed by common traditions and a common ancestry.

Go with me to our Northwest. How well I remember the neighbors of my boyhood in Michigan, preparing for an emigration to Dakota. Their name was Taylor. Daily I was at their house, watching the preparations, for one of the boys and I had been chums. How I envied him! How I coveted his revolver and his rifle! We talked of the pioneers, of the great Americans who had followed in the trail of Lewis and Clark, and had begun the making of the Great West. We talked of the Indian wars. How splendid to be a pioneer!

What became of him, I do not know. But later I, too, went to the Northwest. The leading citizens were still the kind of people that Taylor and I talked about. I have met the pioneer. One doctor, I remember, who was educated in an Eastern college and had been a student of Pasteur; who had driven smallpox from the state; who had lived his active days on horseback; in whose library was the literature of the world. He used to talk of the days when the pioneer was in his prime, when America was in the saddle. But around him and those like him was growing up a quite different America, which was not the East transplanted. It was a new Scandinavia. The Northwest for its people was not the continuation of the history of the pioneer, as it was to my friend

the doctor: it was a chance to continue something else.

The America of to-day has lost the sense of a single and unified tradition. Not only has she lost it as a common possession, but she maintains it with difficulty even among those whose rightful inheritance it is: those, I mean, to whom the traditions of the English people and the English language are the vitalizing memories of their outlook upon life.

Let me take myself as an example. My father was born in Reading, England; he was educated in an English school, and nourished on the British Constitution. I was born in Canada, but went to school in Michigan. My college days were spent at Amherst. Then for three years I was a student at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and for two years after that a student abroad. On my return, I was called to a post in the University of Minnesota and from there I was called to Columbia.

But what can now be said of my past? There is none of my family left in Reading, where my father was born; none in Windsor, where I was born; none in Michigan, where my childhood was passed; none in Minnesota, where my first child was born. There is no place in the world where I have any sense of really belonging, although I can remember yet, with a kind of thrill, my mother telling me, when I was a boy, that her father was born in New Hampshire in the year Washington died.

And my life is a sample of millions — a life utterly devoid of any real attachment to a house, a piece of land, or a place of any sort. I am a man without a country, in any real sense, although I am an American citizen. Most of the people whom I call my friends, the people between whom and me there is a rich sympathy of ideas and hopes, are like me. They, too, are people without a

home. They dwell in tents pitched where their work calls them.

This dwelling in tents has had a marked influence on my ideas, just as I find it has had a marked influence on the ideas of my friends. I can best express that influence by saying that we are not very conservative, and we have largely forgotten the meaning of piety. When I say that we are not very conservative, I mean that there are few things which we regard as permanently settled, few things which we naturally take for granted. We are constantly reopening questions, constantly deciding the same question over and over again. We decide every Sunday whether we shall go to church, and every day whether we shall dress for dinner. We are constantly discussing how to educate our children. All the way from little to great matters, we exhibit this trait. We are not like people who have made up their minds, but like people who are making them up over and over again. We are consequently tolerant and lenient toward others, who by their ancestry and training are radically different from us in their outlook and ambitions. We have a great tendency to let others have their way, even when we don't approve of it. In short, we lead the experimental life and not the life of settled habits and convictions. We are tent-dwellers in the land of ideas.

When I say that we have largely forgotten the meaning of piety, I mean that our loyalties are not based on the common natural ties that bind men together and to the places where they dwell. There are few shrines to which we make pilgrimages. There are few sacred places from which we keep the hand of change. Our interest in the old and the venerable is more like that of the collector than like that of the lover. Partings with us are habits and not ceremonies. Our loyalties are matters of the will, of deciding to stand by, to

work for a cause. They are not the natural outbursts of a devoted soul. Attachments by sentiment are so rare with us that we call them sentimental.

I am not speaking of all Americans, but I am speaking of millions of them, and millions who would claim that they are more American than the Italians, or French, or Scandinavians, or Poles among us, because they are descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of people like them. And these millions, who think of themselves as the real Americans, think also that these other millions, who are so unlike them, should none the less exclaim in the words of Ruth, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'

There was a time when the history and civilization of America was genuinely the continuation of the history and civilization of our original thirteen states. That time is past. The continuity of our civilization has been broken by a radically changing America — an America unchecked by the restraints of tradition, an America eager to lead the experimental life, an America where, not the memories of the past, but the promises of the future, quicken the pulses of its citizens.

III

There are decided advantages in living in a land where opportunity is so large and untrammelled. Tradition has worn few paths in which we feel obliged to walk. We are exceptionally free to make our own choices, from the choice of a career to the choice of a wife. We dare not attempt to claim personal position on account of the worth or position of our ancestors. We can claim it only on our own merits and accomplishments. Nor does an unsatisfactory ancestry hang like a halter round our

necks. The names of our men great in position or great in wealth are, to a remarkable extent, names of men who owe their position or their wealth, not to the position or wealth of their ancestors, but to their own energy and resourcefulness. And all this vast opportunity has been thrown open to the world with a generosity and prodigality unmatched in history. America means, and has meant consistently from her foundation as a state, a genuine hope for mankind. We have, therefore, a most precious kind of freedom, which few have enjoyed in a world where custom so often lies upon us like a weight.

Yet we must confess that this great freedom of the individual to make the most of himself has seriously interfered with real greatness in public life. Few of us are proud of our politics, although, morally considered, politics should be the supreme achievement of a democratic people. But with us, public servants are, as a rule, men of inferior ability and almost no imagination. We have not made public life the avenue to distinction which great men naturally seek. The noun politics and the adjective political are terms of reproach. So true is this that one of our leading universities has changed the name of its courses on politics to courses on government, to avoid misunderstanding.

Now such carelessness of public life is possible only in a country with no conscious traditions, and where everyone is engaged, first of all, in making the most of himself. 'Make the most of yourselves' is the best advice that can be given to young men; but to make the most of yourselves supremely, it is necessary that you affect public life in a way that ennobles it. The most of one's self can never be made in a country where public life is not sustained on a high level. With all our wealth of opportunity, we have never produced in quantity, and rarely in quality, such

public men as England has produced. Our great men are found mainly in the private walks of life.

Not only is our public life not on a high level, but our public opinion is whimsical. In my youth a bicycle was a boy's toy; in my young manhood it was a national passion; and to-day it is a vehicle for occasional use. In my youth in the Middle West alcohol and good society were strangers; but not so long ago the golf club and the country club possessed society, and the highball became a social sacrament. Now prohibition has swept the country and lodged in the Constitution.

We do not know what public opinion really is, or who really supports it. It is so unformed and disorganized, so lacking in real leadership, so unsupported by disciplined thought, that almost any well-conducted propaganda can seize it, and temporarily control it to almost any end. The reason is again that we are not in the habit of thinking in terms of public life. We are thinking in terms of individual opportunity so exclusively, that, when we face a question of public importance, we have no clearly thought-out judgment upon it. Our attitude toward petitions, for instance, is, habitually, that they should be signed; for we think there must be something in them, since somebody has drawn them up. An energetic commuter, who traveled by the morning train, which I am in the habit of taking to the city, wanted it scheduled at an earlier hour. He circulated a petition, which many of his fellow commuters signed, to oblige him. The time was changed, to the great inconvenience of nearly all the people to whom the time really mattered. They had to get it changed back again after several weeks of acute distress. And the most amusing thing in this whole performance was that the original petitioner did not use the train after his petition was granted.

This is a trivial illustration, but it is typical. We make a great mistake when we say that public opinion controls in our country. It does not control; it is controlled by whims and factions, because so few are seriously engaged in enlightening it and leading it into a position where whims and factions will be controlled by it.

What I have said about politics and public opinion could be repeated about art, education, and morals. But I shall write further only about morals, for I have had much occasion to observe the morals of college students in particular. By morals I do not here mean the habits of life which touch vice in any of its forms. I mean rather the habits of life which control choice and lead desire.

Let me illustrate what I mean from my experience as a teacher. After having learned that students will not have their work done seasonably unless a definite time-limit is set, I decided to set such a limit for the written work required in a course in the history of philosophy. Three weeks were allowed for the preparation of an essay, although half that time was ample. I knew, however, that times are not always convenient for students. At the expiration of the time a student came to ask for an extension. He said that it was not his fault that his paper was not ready. He had expected to write it during the last week; but unexpectedly the glee club decided to give a special concert, and he had been so busy rehearsing for the concert that he had no time to write the paper. I told him that I could not accept that excuse, because it was no excuse at all. He thought me most unreasonable, and it was some time, and after some heat, before we came to an understanding. It seemed never to have occurred to him that he had made a choice, and should abide by the choice he had made. After I had made it very clear to him that I respected his choice and bore

him no ill-will for making it; that very likely his choice was a wise one; but that singing in the glee club was not and could never be the writing of a paper in philosophy, he reached the same conclusion that I had reached. He saw that, instead of taking himself the responsibility for his own choice, he was trying to make me take it. That was a revelation to him. He was, quite unconsciously to himself, in the habit of expecting that, so long as he did nothing really vicious, others would see that he never suffered inconvenience from the choices he might make. His morality had consisted solely in abstaining from vice and crime. It had never consisted in controlling his choices and desires. He was a very typical student, and he was a most likeable fellow, who always did well what he did do. His lack of positive morality was not the fault of his classmates, but the individual reflection of the common attitude of students untrained in a sense of public responsibility.

And I am led to believe that he is typical of our morals generally. As a rule, unless our choices are positively bad, we expect to be free from responsibility for their consequences. But they have consequences, and somebody else has to take them, often to the great detriment of society. This should have been a country where industrial progress was made sanely and with an eye to large public advantage. But it has been made immorally in the sense I am here meaning. Society is to-day reaping the consequences.

And the strangest thing in it all is the preaching of the doctrine that it is society that is responsible for capitalistic oppression, for labor unrest, for the I.W.W., for poverty, and for disease. The truth is that society is the victim of 'passing the buck,' as we colloquially put it. We have all been so busy in making the most of ourselves and in looking

upon society as the tolerant spectator of us while doing it, that we have never developed a genuine public morality or a keen sense of individual responsibility. The remedies proposed for the consequences are rarely in the direction of a sound morality. They are more often in the direction of the referendum and recall; but unless there exists an enlightened public opinion and a responsible public morality, the referendum and recall amount only to 'passing the buck.'

These things have not always been so in our country. The generation which is just passing away knew a quite different America. The America which had consistently and steadily developed from the time the Constitution was signed; which knew its own past and thereon built the hopes of its future; which was so sure of what it wanted to be that it withstood the shock of civil war, has passed away, and a changing America has taken its place. That changing America is your inheritance.

IV

What will you make of your inheritance? Your generation has lived through, in a few years and during the impressionable period of youth, far more than most men live through in a lifetime. It has carried America overseas, to defend principles which our country has always claimed to stand for and which men everywhere expect us to maintain. Your generation has fought side by side with peoples of the Old World against the last threatening power of the Old World's oldest wrong. Yours is no ordinary generation. It is in wonder and expectation, therefore, that the question is asked, 'What will you make of your inheritance?'

That is a question for you, not for your elders, to answer. Yours, not theirs, will be the America of the future. That does not mean, however, that

they have nothing to say to you. It does not mean that experience has nothing to teach. Least of all does it mean that, when we are called upon to consider something of the significance of college in a man's life, there is nothing to voice except wonder and expectation. No prophet can tell you what the new America is to be, but there is no need of a prophet to tell you that, without disciplined preparation, your share in shaping it is not likely to be significant.

What then can be said? One thing, certainly, and that is a caution. Beware of accepting any of the social philosophies which are, and will be, offered you in abundance. Changing America, and the alluring prospect of perhaps speedily entering into a new and a better world, have aroused once more the old passion for Utopia. Plato put the perfect state in the sky, in order that men might look up to it. You are, and will be, offered many a plan of a perfect state, which you will be expected at once to put into the form of human institutions, in disregard of the fact that human institutions grow out of human needs and frailties and compromises toward an ideal, and not out of ideals, as magic forces which have power to alter the very animal substance of all man's life. Love is a wild passion, born of the body's desires and the allurements of sense; but it can be tamed by discipline, by chastity, by marriage, until it leads men to behold what a glorious thing it might be if, free and unrestrained, it swept them aloft. Thus disciplined and seen from that height, the loves of men become transformed.

But free love wrought into a human institution is not an ideal. It is a surrender to the animal in us and fellows us with brutes. A free and ideal society is subject to the same law. For society, like love, has its springs in the body. At-

tained through discipline and control of animal needs, the ideal of a perfectly free society can be a precious human possession. It can make man tolerant and wise. But convert it into constitutions which are not themselves the outgrowth of that discipline and control, and it means barbarism, not civilization. Do not think, therefore, that it is your business speedily to adopt a social philosophy, or to join in promoting those programmes of social reform which promise you that their immediate enactment into human institutions will secure among men a society which is ideal and free.

But it is your business to study them and understand them. They express men's longings, desires, and ambitions. They indicate repeatedly where wrongs and injustice lie, which cry for remedy. They should be studied, therefore, in the attitude neither of sentimental enthusiasm nor of rational contempt. They should be studied with sympathy and liberality. It is not, however, a new social philosophy, but a recovery of what it has lost, that changing America needs. The caution I have written has been written to bring you back to that which I have implied from the beginning — namely, that no civilization is great unless it is steadied by a great tradition, which ennobles public life, gives form and stability to public opinion, and creates a recognized public morality. These civic excellences are not the outstanding traits of changing America. It is your business to assist in making them such. This you cannot do by being what is called to-day reactionary. You cannot expect the millions among us, whose history and traditions are not the history and traditions of the America that has so largely passed away — you cannot expect them to adopt that old history and those old traditions as their own. Neither can you expect yourself to do it. You and

they can, through the knowledge of what America has been, be brought to admire and prize it, as you can be brought to admire and prize Greek civilization, or any other that has made a real contribution to human progress. But all that is quite a different thing from the habit of reliving it in the life of every day. Continuity with it has been snapped, and, in a very real sense, a fresh beginning has to be made. Your college course affords you a genuine opportunity to acquire those habits which are important in the making of it.

You and your classmates represent changing America. The history and traditions of your college are real to comparatively few of you. Yet there you will achieve a tradition. You will achieve it, not by adopting, to begin with, some theory of what a college is or ought to be, or by finding such a theory thrust upon you, but in a much simpler and also profounder way. You will achieve it by starting with what you are, working with what you have, and going on from where you stand. All this you will do in college. And when you leave, you will find that the spirit of your *alma mater*, which has watched over so many generations of students, has watched over you and made her history your possession for ever.

I shall not attempt to anticipate that experience for you, but I would insist on the method of it. You cannot make the college your own by studying its history, by waving its banners, or by shouting with your mates. You must first have a reason for studying, waving, and shouting, and that reason must grow out of something besides enthusiasm and admiration: it must grow out of a habit of life. You must start with what you are. Writing your name on the rolls of the college has been a sacrament, but it has not wrought a miracle. You and your classmates are heterogeneous, different from one another in

preparation, in ability, in social gifts, in physical power, in the amount of money at your command. It is with these many inequalities that you must start, and not with the notion that, since your college is democratic, its name has washed your inequalities away. Far from it: it has emphasized them. It has given to every power you possess an opportunity to be made the most of, so that college is the easiest place in the world in which to go to the heights or to go to the devil. You start, therefore, with what you are, and not with some magical change in you, which your matriculation has brought about.

You must work with what you have. This is both a necessity and a challenge. Your college gives you, as I have already said, an opportunity for the exploitation of differing powers. It is not, however, an opportunity in general which it gives you. The opportunity is made definite and particular. The classroom, the field, the societies, many varied forms of student life, already exist as so many established institutions through which alone your opportunity can be seized. Some of them you may not like, but you cannot change them overnight. You cannot escape them by running away from them or neglecting them. You must work with them. By working with them, you can help to lift college life up to a high level, create a college opinion which will lead and control the whims that otherwise would have students at their mercy, and establish a college standard of morality which will make the responsibilities of college men their pride and satisfaction.

You must go on from where you stand. This is a progressive necessity. Starting with what you are and working with what you have is a matter of going on continuously. You use the past to rise on. You do not let it go until your outstretched hand has firmly

grasped the next position. Thus you give purpose and progress to your movements. It would take a miracle to make a senior out of a boy who had never been a freshman. Yet something like the miracle would happen if the status of senior should involve no memories of verdant days outgrown, and no sympathy with immaturity surpassed. Your progress as a class, from year to year, is thus a symbol of what it means to go on from where you stand. Transferred to the many interests of your college days, it means an accumulating and expanding purpose.

This method, which may be learned in college, your generation should transfer to the nation. You and your classmates, as I have said, represent changing America. The problems which you have to solve in college, so far as they concern associated living, are alike in kind with those which the nation has to solve. You have for their solution a method which is not the reduction of a speculation to practice, but the proved method of successful human experience. Substitute for the college the nation, in all that I have said about that method, and you will discover for yourself how you can gain in college an experience which can be transferred to that larger life which you will enter after a few years as a freshman again. Hold fast to it. Do not, for a moment, let yourself

believe that what changing America needs first of all is a revolution, a new constitution and new institutions. Start with what you are, work with what you have, and go on from where you stand.

What you have, I have tried to tell you. To work with it, you have institutions that were not made in a day. They are the results of a long and tragic struggle for freedom. They are to be used, not set aside, if changing America is to resume the path of a great civilization. Working with them, and going on progressively from where you stand, your generation will indeed achieve a new America, to which many different peoples have contributed, which owns and recognizes a great tradition, and which has found its divinity, to whom shrines will be built and pilgrimages will be made. The past will live again through appropriation. The future will illustrate a steady purpose. What changing America needs is not more heat under the melting-pot, but an intelligent method of using the metals given to it. But our figures should not be taken from a smelter. Men, women, and children are too precious. Our enterprise is humane: progressively to develop, by working with what we are and what we have, the steadying devotion to a great society to which we have discovered that we all belong.

BELLING A FOX

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

THE fox is so wary of approach, and has such uncanny knowledge of a trap, that the problem of getting his pelt usually reduces itself to a matter of mere brute force. A special breed of hound, having superior strength and endurance, is used to wear him out and, finally, run him down. The foxhound, compounded of the greyhound, the bloodhound and — as some think — the bulldog, for the combined qualities of fleetness, fineness of scent, and tireless tenacity, is a substantial reminder, not to say a loud advertisement, of the qualities of the fox. For the foxhound, aside from the growl and bark of a dog, has a voice like a town crier; and this large part of him has its practical uses in the chase. It enables his master to keep track of him in the distance, to read his mind and emotions, and, by this knowledge of what is going on, to head him off in his work, and get the fox away from him before he has torn it to pieces.

Some writers hold the hound in such high esteem as to pronounce him the most sagacious of the dog tribe; but I could never see a hound in that way. He gets his impressive countenance from the bloodhound; and a bloodhound is not as wise as he looks. He is a dog of one idea, and that idea simply has him by the nose. When he is being led on by a fresh trail, he will run till his feet leave bloody tracks in the snow; and, like all monomaniacs, he lacks the initiative to quit. He is, in short, a hound.

I can see, however, that the proprie-

tor of a hound, or of a kennel of thirty or forty hounds, being influenced by live memories of the hunt, might conceive the same enthusiasm toward a hound that the average man has toward a dog. George Washington, who was a devoted fox-hunter, usually hunting three times a week, had a well-trained pack and a fine stable of horses at Mount Vernon. With his usual attention to detail, he had intimate knowledge of each of his horses, and knew every hound by name and according to his particular merits. Among the hounds were Vulcan, Ringwood, Singer, Truelove, Music, Forester, Rockwood, and Sweetlips. When I reflect upon certain of these names, I begin to suspect that Washington would hardly have shared my sentiments toward the ever-bellowing hound.

Here in Wisconsin we do it differently. We have a method of hunting the fox which employs nothing of this mere conquering force, but moves purely along lines of fox nature and human nature. It is known as belling the fox, and consists in following his trail in the snow and ringing a good-sized dinner-bell. For this work an old man is best adapted, the reason being, not merely that he has had years of experience and is hard for a fox to throw off the trail, but that his weight of years will keep him from getting in a hurry. Youth, becoming wrought up and interested in the chase, unconsciously walks faster and faster. Age and philosophy is willing to save

its strength and to keep trudging along. There is plenty of time to catch a fox. This form of the hunt has regard for the Shakespearean adage that what you have n't got in your head you have got to take out of your heels. Grandpa, who is playing the part of the hound, with the assistance of the dinner-bell, is fully as wise as he looks; and it is an axiom of the chase that haste is not required. He keeps in mind that other old adage — the more haste, the less speed.

Of all the methods of circumventing the fox, this is the one that is the surest of success. It is, therefore, the method of the professional fox-hunter, and has been since before the time when Wisconsin became a state. There are several generations of experience behind it.

The art of belling the fox first came to my attention fourteen years ago, when I took up my residence in the country; and it has been of constant interest to me, for the reason that it is such an infallible clue to the fox's habits. And not only to his habits, but to the workings of his mind. By this trail in the snow, Reynard becomes his own biographer. Every act of his life is written down and made manifest. Here he halted and poked his nose into a burrow, in the hope of getting a rabbit or a mouse; there he crossed over to the swamp in search of better hunting; then he looked into the end of a hollow log and seemed to be curious about a woodchuck's winter quarters. Finally, after much casting about, he caught a rabbit and feasted on it; and having thus made a night of it, and got his stomach comfortably filled, he curled up in the snow to spend the day.

To the man who follows him day after day, winter after winter, it is the true history of the fox written down on the white page of nature. Not a detail is omitted. Every doing of the night is put on record; and the snowy bed whereon he slept bears witness for itself.

II

If the reader is disposed to follow him through a sample night and day, we will start at the beginning, early in the morning, with Grandpa Wellington Dewey to bear the bell and Charlie T—— to operate the gun. I might explain before we start out, that not for a moment are we going to see the fox — that is, not till the final moment when we have outmanœuvred him and stretched him on the snow. The fox is a natural scout and spy. He has senses that are wonderfully acute, and a nature that is all suspicion. He believes in being neither seen nor heard; and he has every art of precaution that the most accomplished spy could ever think of.

In spite of his superior equipment in the way of ears and nose, the two hunters will deliberately undertake to out-scout him and out-spy him. The sport has a deep and peculiar fascination, entirely aside from the fifteen or twenty dollars at stake. We are coping with the animal, sight-unseen, relying upon our knowledge of how a fox will play the game. He is being hunted in the abstract; and the work combines with this purely mental interest a feature that is generally considered the better element of sport — a square deal for the animal that is hunted. It is a contest of wits, never descending to mere brute force; and it has none of the cruelty of trapping. When the fox is beaten at his own game, his end will be quick and sure.

Having with us an accomplished bellman, and a more active man who will know how to come in opportunely with the gun, we strike out into the country and begin casting about upon the face of nature. During the night a light snow has fallen on what was already a substantial crust; and this is the board on which we are going to play.

Presently we have the luck to discover what we think must surely be the trail

of a fox, and we sing out the news to Grandpa Dewey. He comes to pass upon it, and very soon informs us that it is the track of Farmer B——'s young collie. We had been told to look for tracks that were all in a line, as if they had been made by an animal hopping along on one foot; and so far as we can see, this trail fits the description exactly. A collie trotting in the snow does make a trail that is remarkably straight; and he steps in his own tracks with such precision as to give little clue to the number of his legs. But it is not quite the trail of the fox.

Again we spread out over the territory and continue our search. Finally Grandpa Dewey proves himself the true fox-finder; and he lets it be known with a laconic 'Hyar we are.' Whereupon we all hurry over to the point that is to be the beginning of our travels.

Desirous of learning the secrets of a bellman, we stoop over and bend our mind upon one of these intaglios in the snow. The fox and the dog belong to the same large family, the *Canidæ*; and the more closely we look at this track, the more the fact seems evident to us. There are the same little cushions, the toes arranged around the heel, and the same straight line leading off toward the hills. If the other was a dog, we would be willing to swear that this was a dog, too. Not until Grandpa Dewey and Charlie T—— have united in the statement that the two are quite different do we get our attention down to the matter; and then we begin to see. The difference is like that between two signatures—at first very similar, and then distinguishable at a glance. Reynard differs from the dog in having a pad that expresses slenderness, the toes being more elongated in their arrangement round the heel. His paw is more lady-like and *spirituelle*, and the line of his footfall is, if anything, straighter and more precise than that of the collie.

On the paw of every animal Nature has set the family seal; and this is the Fox, his mark.

The experienced fox-hunter, however, would be able to recognize the trail by its general record, independent of any such assistance from canine palmistry. He notes the wide, light leap as Reynard clears an obstruction, and reads the nature of his quick decisions as he changes his course to this side or that. He knows the Fox's handwriting in general; and, by a knowledge of the swamps and ridges and runways that the fox is likely to have in mind, he makes a guess at the nature of the message.

I have said that there was a fresh fall of snow during the night. By this means we know that the trail is a fresh one. It is not the record of a fox's wanderings two or three nights ago. But while this fresh fall of snow is very welcome to a hunter, as giving him a clean slate, he does not need any such adventitious happenings to tell him whether a trail is old or new. A footprint that has stood long in the cold has its interior covered with fine *spiculae*—a mat, frosted appearance. The bellman knows it at a glance, as a jeweler would judge a diamond or a cameo.

Now that we have Mr. Wily on the line, our interest in him goes up several degrees; and we naturally expect, as we walk along in the direction in which his toes are pointing, that there will be some signs of an intention to hunt the fox. All this while Grandpa Dewey has been carrying the bell by the clapper; and he still continues to do so. It has been about as much use to him as any other dead weight would be—a mere dumb-bell; and he is in as little of a hurry as he was before.

But we readily agree with him that there is no great call for hurry, when he reminds us that, as this is daytime, the fox is sleeping. The fox has elliptical pupils like those of a cat; and being that

variety of animal, he hunts all night and does his sleeping by day. Somewhere ahead of us he is comfortably curled up, taking his nap and digesting the rabbit; and as he has no idea that we are after him, he may be depended upon to wait till we come. His bed may be fifteen minutes ahead of us, or it may be an hour; but, anyway, we have him on the line, and he cannot very well break the connection. We just keep trudging along, and sooner or later we shall find where he put up for the day.

‘In his den?’ we inquire. It has suddenly occurred to us that we should like to see a fox’s den. This alone would make the trip worth while. But it is evident that this query has no meaning to either Grandpa Dewey or Charlie T—. When we repeat the word, emphasizing it, we see that it has no place in the consciousness of the fox-hunter, or of his cousins or his uncles or his aunts. Whereupon we say what we mean — his burrow, his hole in the ground, the place where he lives. But this elicits no look of understanding. It would be impossible to find a fox in such a place. A fox sleeps in the open, even in the coldest weather. He simply curls up and drops down in his tracks; but he always sleeps with his nose pointing back on the trail; for he knows that, if he has callers, they are likely to come by that route. He may make his bed on the lee side of a juniper bush, or, if it is very cold, among the undergrowth of a tamarack swamp; but he is fond of a slope facing south. He has even been known to make his bed on top of a pile of field-stone, possibly because it afforded him a good lookout. A fox finds safety by knowing what is going on around him, not by hiding in a hole, where he can neither hear nor see, and where he would surely be cornered and caught. Grandpa Dewey knew a man who, several years ago, followed a trail that led to a burrow. It was a woodchuck bur-

row, which some fox had enlarged the year before to put her cubs in. But this fox that hid in it was wounded.

As this seems contrary to Æsop and the Bible, and even the Encyclopædia itself, it is not welcome news. We do not like to see authority put in the wrong. It is even contrary to the expression, a ‘fox’s den.’ But Grandpa settles the whole matter by telling us that the best way is to wait and see. We shall find that this fox has been sleeping in the snow somewhere ahead of us. And so we decide that, as he has been following these records since the early sixties, and the fox has no way of erasing any of the facts by night or day, we had better hold our opinions in abeyance.

When we have come to the place where the fox is now resting, as we surely shall, we shall see his empty bed in the snow; but there will be no fox in sight. And as we should never be able to overtake him, even though we had the swiftest horse in the county, that is another reason for not being in a hurry.

It is a beautiful winter day, sparkling and crisp. The sun shines across the white fields; it illumines the armfuls of snow that the trees have caught in their crotches, and makes the distant tamarack seem all the darker by contrast. And as the fox will know that we are coming, by the rustle of our coats or the squeak of our boots in the snow, quite as well as if we were making what *we* should call a noise; and as he would be likely to smell us if we made no noise whatever, there is no restraint upon us. We are free to admire the scenery and talk things over.

After much trudging up hill and down dale, Grandpa suddenly does get in a hurry. He sees the fox’s bed ahead of him — a round place in the snow; whereupon he breaks into a running walk like that of an Indian. The moment he reaches it, he stoops over and passes

his hand round its interior, and then straightens up, with his hurry all gone. Instead of being soft and spongy, as it would be if the fox had just left it, this bed has had time to freeze and form a crust. A touch of Grandpa's finger has been enough to tell the story.

A fox settles down with the intention of spending the day; but he does not always remain of one mind. Something disturbs him; he becomes restless and suspicious, and finally moves on to another locality. This is what has happened here. And lest we should have conveyed a wrong impression by the word *bed*, let us explain that it is nothing that the fox makes. He simply curls up and lies down on the surface of the snow as lightly and daintily as he does everything else; but the warmth of his body gradually settles the snow and melts it, and lets him down into it. Now we know that the fox is not very far away. As we shall presently come upon the bed that finally suited him, we follow along with rising expectations.

Meanwhile we seem to have lost Charlie T—. He wandered off with the gun on his shoulder, to one side of our route and a considerable distance in advance. Now he is nowhere in sight, and we wonder what has become of him. He does not seem to care whether we start the fox or not; and Grandpa Dewey, still carrying the bell by the clapper, does nothing but trudge along.

Again he breaks into his jog-trot and makes for the summit of a little knoll. This time he has started the fox. The inside of this bed is spongy and damp. The fox is only two or three minutes away. Immediately the bell comes into action. Grandpa sets it going at a great rate, clanging away as if it were three or four dinner-bells, and all the dinners in a hurry. He explains that this is to let Charlie T— know that the fox has been started. Charlie is ahead somewhere, a mile or more away. And then,

having made so much ado about it, Grandpa settles into his former state of calm deliberation and follows along the trail, ringing the bell as he goes. Instead of hastening, now that he has the fox at hand, he becomes even more leisurely; and the bell settles down to a steady, monotonous clangety-clang, swinging with every step and giving forth its note with the uninspired regularity of a scissors-grinder going his daily rounds. It may be a long walk that we have before us, and there is no use in wearing ourselves out. And besides, the slower we go, the sooner we are likely to get the fox. This, it seems, is about all we have to do. Meanwhile, we have learned the art of starting the fox, which is the first step in belling him. And we have learned fact number one, upon which these hunters always depend: which is, that a fox does not live in a den.

III

Charlie T—, a mile or so ahead, has got to his present position by describing a big circle. And now his business is to keep well ahead and strictly out of that fox's sight and out of his hearing and powers of smell. He must keep moving on in order to do it. He has not seen the fox; because, if he had, the fox would have seen him.

As for ourselves, we need observe no precautions. The fox is perfectly aware that we are behind him. He knew it before we reached his bed, and it took no bell to apprise him of the fact. If we had seen him at the moment he left his bed, we should have seen little more than a streak of reddish color flashing across the snow. Once in a great while you might catch a fox napping. If, for instance, he had his bed on a hillside, and you came up the opposite side of the hill, with the wind blowing your scent away from him, and such snow underfoot that your boots did not crunch

in the least, you might catch a fox in bed. But you would hardly be aware of his presence before he was aware of yours; and then it would be too late to take action. A hunter near Pike Lake came across a fox in such favoring circumstances a few years ago. He had his shot-gun in hand, but could not get it to his shoulder in time. It was, he said, 'just as if a puff of wind came along at that instant and blew the fox out of sight like a leaf.' This was a very good description of the fox's lightness and speed. His coloring, too, is that of the autumn leaf. One instant he flashed upon the sight, and then he was gone.

The three parties to the present transaction, Grandpa Dewey, the fox, and Charlie T——, are now moving along out of sight of one another. Charlie T——, far in the lead, is listening to the bell and trying to strike a position where it will come steadily toward him. By taking a stand and listening closely, he is able to tell whether it is coming straight on or veering to this side or that; and he manœuvres about accordingly. But when he corrects his course and takes up a new experimental position, he must also move on, and keep well in advance. By the sound of the bell, the fox's route is being projected ahead of him. Charlie is very deliberately dealing with the fox's future, surveying it by sound. The fox is free to go where he will; and if, after he has come straight on for a while, he suddenly strikes off, at an angle, the hunter has got to circle about and strike up another position. Sooner or later the fox will come straight on; and when he does, the hunter will be there to meet him.

All this sounds very well in theory. But it strikes us as being altogether too deliberate a way of working with a fox. So here we begin to ask questions. If Charlie T—— has not *seen* the fox, how does he know that the fox is somewhere between him and the bell?

This brings us to fact number two in fox-psychology. A fox will run no faster than he is chased. This is a fact which may be stated without any reservations. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no limit to the slowness with which a fox will travel in suiting his pace to that of his pursuer. He will stop and look back, curiously. The veriest cripple, a man on crutches, could keep up with a fox as well as the average horse or hound. He will go fast or slow according as it is necessary to keep out of harm's way; but in neither case is he a fugitive. If you were to see a fox at the moment he discovered your approach, you would no doubt think that the panic-stricken animal would keep on running till his fright wore off. But not so. He goes like a streak until he has put his established distance between you and him; and then he does not run at all. How fast he goes after that depends entirely upon yourself. A wolf will not act like this. When he is surprised by the human presence, he simply 'lights out'; he makes tracks for distant parts, with the idea of leaving all trouble behind. He becomes a fugitive at once. But the fox would rather skulk than run. As I have said, he is a natural scout and spy.

A man who hunts the fox with hounds is not in a position to learn this fact; at least, not to its full extent. To see a hound running hour after hour behind a fox who manages to keep just so far ahead, you would be likely to think it was a race. You would say that the dog was almost as fast as the fox. If the dog could only go a little faster! It is nip and tuck! And the owner of the hound, with that justifiable pride which every man feels in his dog, would be inclined to see it in the same way. But this is not the truth in the case. An experienced beller of the fox, understanding the whole psychology of the animal, sees it from a quite different point of view. There is no race going on. The fox will run slow

before a slow hound and fast before a fast one. And, by the same token, he will walk if you do. The fox is simply keeping his distance; and whether he does it by going fast or slow does not alter the essential fact. This difference in point of view is important; for it is by knowing the inner facts rather than by mere appearances, that the man with the bell is able to go out after a fox and deliberately cope with him.

A fox, surprised by a hound in a small patch of woods, will take out across the open at a speed that is surprising. Then, not only will he slow up, but he may sit down on some convenient elevation and look back. He keeps his wits, or rather his cunning, about him; he wants to see what is going on. When the hound has struck his pace, the fox will soon gauge it and lead him a chase accordingly. The spectator of such a chase, knowing that the hound is a slow one, turns admirer of the witty Reynard, and says that the fox is doing this just to 'tease' the dog. Many entertaining writers upon the fox have said this. A veteran bellman would not see it in that way. He knows very well that, when the fox gets half a mile or so ahead of him and skulks along at a set distance and out of sight, the fox is not doing it to tease *him*. This is to humanize the fox without warrant. The plain fact is, that the fox will not retreat before you any faster than he is driven. And this because it is his nature to be cunning and to depend on strategy. And the bellman has, to use a current expression, psychoanalyzed him.

Of all the hunters of the fox, the rider behind a pack of thoroughbred English foxhounds is furthest from any opportunity to learn the whole inner nature of the fox. Some generations ago the English foxhound was a much slower animal; he could wear out a fox in time, but the contest was likely to be long. For the sport of riding to hounds, this was impracticable; the chase dragged

out unconscionably. Consequently, the hound was bred up for speed, until a good pack can now overtake a fox in the space of thirty minutes. Such hounds can push a fox from the start, and wear him down so quickly that the fox is doing his best to keep away from them. A hunter who never follows the fox except under such circumstances would hardly become fully acquainted with him. He would be likely to conceive of the fox as an animal that gets away from you in a panic, and keeps up his best gait to the end. But here the fox cannot very well do anything else. A writer in an English encyclopædia, having seen an American red fox before a hound, put on record his opinion that the American fox was much slower than the fox in England. I think the American fox had him very much fooled.

The art of belling the fox is just the opposite of this. It takes the fox according to his nature, and meets him on his own ground. The hunt becomes pure strategy, scout against scout, spy against spy, and trick for trick. The fox, having taken his distance, will go no faster than he is driven. But, to get within that set distance, you have to cope with an animal whose every sense is bent upon keeping you from doing it. It is practically impossible to approach within gunshot of a fox.

How then, we ask, does Charlie T— expect to do it?

This brings us to fact number three — and the one that gets the fox. The eye of an animal, or of a man for that matter, is not caught by color or form so quickly as it is by motion. Charlie T— is not going to approach the fox. He is going to let the fox approach him. He is going to be a tree, a log of wood, a bump on the face of nature, anything but a man that moves. And he must be careful to have no smell; for which reason, he will place himself down the wind from the prospective path of the fox.

IV

But we must get back to our belling. While we have been talking, the trail has led us across a wide field in the direction of a range of hills. Suddenly, in the very middle of the field, the trail comes to an end. It stops as abruptly as if the fox had taken wing and flown. Evidently the age of miracles is not past. We had been supposing that a fox, earth-bound like ourselves, could not travel without leaving footprints in the snow. The fox has back-tracked. He has turned carefully about and come toward us, following his own trail. But we have noticed no trail leading off from this one. It must have escaped our eye. The reason is that the fox, before striking out in a new direction, has leaped wide of the present trail, breaking the connection. Moreover, he has been at pains to let every footstep fall accurately into the tracks he made before. The result is that there is no double trail to show where he leaped off.

That a fox will double on his trail has been known to fox-hunters since before the time of Shakespeare. A pack of hounds, hunting by scent and coming to this abrupt end of things, would be said to be 'at fault,' or, to use an expression that Shakespeare was fond of, they would be 'at a check.' But the hunter who depends upon hounds, following the trail on the bare ground, is not in a position to observe all this fine attention to detail, which the bellman becomes so familiar with. The hounds in such a case as this would have to spread out in all directions, and scour the surrounding territory, in the effort to pick up the new trail. If they did not succeed, the huntsman might 'lift them,' trying some place of his own purely by guess.

Grandpa Dewey, being his own hound, turns back at once, keeping his eyes about him. The fox has thrown him off the main track and run him into a blind

switch; but he understands all this sort of work. Presently he has found where the fox leaped off. The new trail leads off from the other like the branch line of a railroad, which falls short of connecting up with the main system. So now we are on our way again, *clangety-clang, clangety-clang*, the bell heralding our advance like the bell of a locomotive.

This, of course, is not the only little trouble a fox can make for a bellman. It sometimes happens that his route lies across a ploughed field, where the snow has all blown into the furrows, leaving the clods standing bare. In crossing such a field the fox will keep to the bare places, carefully picking his way and stepping from clod to clod. This puts the hunter out and delays him in his work. Whether the fox does this purposely or not, we shall not presume to say; but the hunter, thus impeded, puts it down to the rascality of the fox.

Again, the fox's preference for the south side of a hill as a place to spend the day helps him in breaking his trail. The prevailing winds being from the north in winter, the tracks on the opposite side of the hill, where he came up and over, are in a position where they will soon drift full of snow. If there is any wind moving, that important part of his trail will be obliterated. Such things so frequently happen just at the point where the fox is casting about and getting ready to go to bed, that the hunter becomes convinced of their deliberate purpose.

There is no question, however, that the fox has an instinct for breaking his trail. Closely pressed, he will run up the trunk of a half-fallen tree, for the sake of making a wide jump and putting a bigger hiatus in his line of scent; and he seems to be quite as conscious of the visibility of his trail as of its telltale odor. A farmer of my acquaintance related to me, with some surprise, the following experience. He was standing

in his woods, thinking of some work to be done, when a fox came along, hotly pursued by a hound. Suddenly that fox ran 'right plumb at a big tree, quicker'n scat.' He struck the tree a considerable distance from the ground; and at the moment of striking, he gave another spring and shot off to one side, making a wide break in his trail. Considering what a fox will do with a tree that is half-fallen, I see no reason to doubt this. It would be but a step further in his practice, to make use of a vertical surface in an emergency, especially as the rough bark would make the trick quite practicable. It is in line with his known instincts.

Many things happen on the trail of a fox, some of them the most evident artifice and some of a nature that might be accounted for as mere chance, but are yet open to doubt. Usually the fox is considered the guilty party, the hunter knowing that he is quite capable of such things. As it is with a man's reputation, so it is with that of the fox. If he is known as a rascal, everything he does comes under suspicion. If he has a reputation for business or political acumen, his most accidental success is imputed to him for surpassing wisdom.

From a few such experiences on the trail, we begin to see that Grandpa Dewey has to be a man of parts. There is more to do than follow a plain track and ring a dinner-bell. He is the detective in the case, the shrewd solver of mysteries, who knows the workings of the fox's mind and cannot be thrown off the trail. Charlie T—, on the other hand, is the scout and spy, the master of stealth and camouflage. While the fox tries to fool Grandpa Dewey, Charlie undertakes to fool the fox.

About this time, things ought to be growing interesting on the other end; so we will leave the bellman to his own devices while we circle round and watch the outcome.

Charlie T— is still scouting about warily with his gun, keeping well ahead, taking a stand, and bending his ear to determine whether the bell is coming straight on. The bell grows plainer and plainer, neither to the left nor to the right. Several times he has done this; then had to make a large, circuitous forward movement as the fox changed his course. In no case must the fox be allowed to come in sight. The sound of the bell serves to gauge the distance of the fox.

This time he seems to have struck it right. The bell advances steadily in his direction. Charlie goes a little farther down the wind, making a final correction in his position. The bell comes steadily on. He is coming to close quarters with the fox; pretty soon the wary animal will appear on the scene. And now is the time for decisive action.

Charlie T— has had his eye on a tree that might serve as a screen to shoot from; but this is no longer available. Not far along the route, he sees a small decayed log with a fringe of weeds and brush. He drops down flat behind this, pointing his gun over the top. From now on there must be no movement, no sign of life. The barrel of the gun must not move and wobble about in getting the prospective aim. Anything like that would certainly be noticed. The prospective aim must already be taken. Charlie's cap is of a dull russet color, blending with the weeds and the bark of the log. A red plaid would hardly be advisable. Next to motion, color is the quickest to attract attention. The two together would be fatal. Form is not so important. Even the whole form of a man, if he remains quite motionless, is not readily picked out from the surroundings.

Charlie has hardly got himself into position when the fox comes in sight, picking his way along. Sometimes he pauses and looks back, as if to make sure

that he is well ahead of this strange sound that keeps haunting his trail. But there is no dog in the case, — the fox is well aware of that, — and hence no occasion for hurry. So he pursues his wary way and keeps straight on.

Meanwhile Charlie T—, peering over the log, is as motionless as death. The cap does not bob up and down; he does not become nervous with the gun. It is plain that he has a firm grip on fact number three. He waits till the fox crosses the path of his gun before he takes finer aim and fires. And the next instant it is all over. A beautiful specimen of the red male fox, with his fur at its prime.

Nor need we shed any tears over his fate, thus dishonestly dealt with and craftily waylaid. If he had conducted himself like a wolf, running from evil and giving it a wide berth, instead of flirting with it and placing such cheeky reliance on his trickery, he would not have come to this sad end. Moral: in any situation in life, the simple and straightforward method is the best. Be sure that your cunning will find you out.

Summing up our knowledge, we find that this most effective way of hunting the fox divides itself under three heads — starting the fox from his bed, following him with the bell, and waylaying him. And the uniform success of the method is based upon three facts, which might be set down formally as follows. First, a fox does not live in a den. Second, a fox will not run any faster than he is chased. Third, you cannot approach within gunshot of a fox; but you may make arrangements to have him approach you.

V

Anyone at all familiar with the methods of the English fox-hunt, or who has read any one of thirty or forty books in the average public library, will find difficulty in accepting these facts as good

natural history. Fact number one will be especially bothersome. The first move in an English fox-hunt is based upon the fact that the fox resorts to a den, not only in spring, when it has cubs to care for, but at all times. The English fox-hunt is a sport usually followed in late fall and winter. Of the various functionaries of a fox-hunting establishment, the one known as the 'earth-stopper' goes forth to prepare for the hunt. As the fox is an animal that hunts by night, the earth-stopper goes forth at night, and stops up the fox's burrow in the covert (a patch of gorse or undergrowth). This has to be done in the fox's absence, for the reason that, when the fox comes home in the morning, he takes to his den; or, if he is lying near it, he will immediately run to it when the hounds are turned into the covert, and will refuse to come forth. To stop his burrow is the only way to get him started. The earth-stopper at the same time visits all other burrows in a large territory, and stops them up, together with any drains or other holes that the fox could get into. For the fox, shut out of his own home, will put out his best speed to reach some other burrow, which he has in mind or can find by the way. His whole instinct is toward a burrow. That this is the fox's habit in England we cannot question. The English fox-hunter knows a fox.

This difference in the habits of the American and English fox would at first present no difficulty to the nature student. We should naturally infer that they are of different species, or wide variations of the same species. But here the plot thickens. Science and history agree in telling us that the American red fox was imported from England. He is not a native of this country. The first red foxes seem to have been imported by the Maryland colonists in 1738, and turned loose along the shores of the Chesapeake. Later, in 1760, others were

brought over and liberated on Long Island; and these stocks multiplied rapidly in the new country.

The colonists, who were good Englishmen and enamored of their national sport, did not find the native gray fox good at the game. It seems evident that there were no red foxes in America, else they would not have sent to England for them. Science comes to the same conclusion in its own way. The bone caves show plentiful remains of the gray fox, but they yield no traces of the red variety. If he was one of the original inhabitants of this country, these places of ancient memory have no knowledge of him.

Thus science and history are forced to the same conclusion. If this conclusion is correct, the American red fox is not only of the same species but is, in fact, the English fox himself. He is the offspring of English ancestors.

How then are we to harmonize the habits of the two branches of the family? I must admit that, fourteen years ago, when I moved into a fox neighborhood, I doubted the word of every old hunter who told me about his habits. I thought that these hunters were faulty observers, like those neighbors who still plant their gardens by the phases of the moon. But the time is long past when I doubted the American hunter's knowledge of the fox. This was one of the disadvantages of a literary knowledge of a subject, without practical experience.

When I had become thoroughly convinced that the fox had no instinct for a den in winter, and would hardly be caught dead in such a place, I began to look narrowly into the fox's habits in spring and summer. The fox, like other wild animals, has got to have a place to shelter and hide her young; and the place has to be visited because the cubs need to be fed. But that is about all you can say about a fox's den in spring. The old foxes do not sleep in it, or be-

tray any instincts toward the burrow as a place of habitation. And never is it a place to hide in. They hunt by night; and by day they give the den a wide berth, sleeping at a distance, but in a location that commands a full view of the hiding-place of the young and of the surrounding territory. If you approach a fox's den, you will hear a peculiar yelping in the distance — a warning to the young to lie low. Very often the burrow is in a location that seems recklessly open to observation. Several years ago, a pair of foxes had their young hidden near my place, on a hill opposite a ploughed field belonging to my nearest neighbor. Whenever the farmer came too near that place, he would hear the warning in the distance. It has been asked (Burroughs puts this query) why it is that a fox will make her den in such an open place. I think the answer is to be found in the fact that the fox finds his safety in knowing what is going on, not in mere hiding.

A fox will not take refuge in a den unless it is wounded or utterly exhausted and unable to go farther. The instances are so rare when a fox has been cornered in a burrow, that old hunters refer to them as the work of 'fool foxes,' the theory being that Nature occasionally produces an idiot, even among foxes. Considering that a fox's trail can be followed, either by scent or by the tracks in the snow, a fox would be a fool to spend much time in such a place. The oldest hunter I know — he began hunting foxes in 1846 and is now 91 years old — remembers but three such cases in over seventy years. And usually these cases are accounted for by the fact that the fox was young; and having been raised in that burrow, dropped into it in passing, by way of a visit.

The English fox resorts to a burrow at all times, regardless of having cubs to care for; and there is no object in such a practice except that of hiding itself

away. The American fox sleeps out in the open in the severest weather, showing no instinct toward a den; and in spring and summer, the male fox gives the burrow a wide berth, remaining on watch, while the female makes visits to it. The English fox clings to a den; the other stays away, when the whole call of his nature would be toward it. Thus my inquiry into the history of the red fox served but to accentuate the difference between the English and the American fox in this regard.

And now, as to harmonizing these facts, I have been able to arrive at but one conclusion. It is that the fox in England is not living in a state of nature.

A wider knowledge of animals in general, and the study of instinct as inherited experience, tends to strengthen this view. Wild animals accommodate themselves to the ways of man more than we are likely to think. We pride ourselves upon our study of animals, forgetting that the animals also study us.

But setting aside any theory of instinct and getting down to the fox's own problems, a study of the English fox-hunt brings the whole matter to a point.

In England, the fox is sacred to the chase. To kill a fox except in fair pursuit with horse and hound is vulpicide, — fox-murder, — a social crime. An Englishman seldom sinks so low in the social scale as to trap or shoot a fox. The hunt is surrounded by laws, some statutory, some social and traditional. The fox was originally *vermin*, and was hunted as such. Though now he is the very opposite of vermin, being carefully preserved, the old view of him is still kept up for legal purposes; for thus the riders get their right to chase him over the farmers' land and tramp down fields that are in crop.

But, aside from the statutes, there are other laws, — gentlemen's laws, — as strong as those of the Medes and Persians. It is not usual, for instance,

to dig a fox out of a burrow into which he has escaped after giving the field a good run. It is sometimes done, as when young dogs are being given a practice run, and it is necessary to give them their first taste of blood. Here the little fox-terrier comes into play, his business being to hold the fox in a particular branch of his tunnel while the spade is being used. But this is exceptional; it is not a recognized part of the sport. So, also, if a fox got into a burrow, in his own covert, which the earth-stopper had missed, the assembled field of riders would not dig him forth and compel him to start out for a run. They would rather go home, however disappointed, and call the day a 'blank.' It is not part of the game.

Consider then the red fox in full flight across an English moor, with a pack of thirty or forty hounds after him and a field of swift riders on his trail. The hounds have been bred for speed, with the object of beating the fox in about thirty minutes. What are his chances for escape? He may, if he should get far enough away and have time, try some of his tricks for delay; but these will hardly avail him with such a regiment of hounds. His one great resource will be to take advantage of law — gentlemen's law. If he has some distant burrow in mind, and his wind holds out till he can get to it, he is safe. A fox in a burrow has escaped. In view of this fact, and a long racial experience, would it not be a 'fool fox' that did not hunt a burrow? Naturally, such a fox would have a burrow to which he religiously came home in the morning, and a complete repertoire of holes in the surrounding country, which he had discovered in his nightly hunts. Would he not be an idiot if he had not? To apply the American language to the case, 'I'll say he would.' There can be no doubt that an Englishman knows a fox; also that a fox knows an Englishman.

744 WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDUCATED PERSON TO-DAY?

I must confess that, when I finally evolved this theory, after much bafflement over the fox in public libraries, it was a great relief to me. A large part of our standard literature on the fox seems to have been taken from English tradition. It is rather disconcerting to read dozens of books and articles on the red fox, every one of which is at variance with your own positive knowledge of the animal.

Thus the facts fall in agreeably with history and the evidence of the bone caves; and no other way will do, so far as I can see. This brings harmony into a set of facts that were very much at outs with each other. In short, the conduct of a fox in the midst of a fox-hunting aristocracy is no indication of what a fox will do who gets back to nature in a free country. And this is good zoölogy.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDUCATED PERSON TO-DAY?

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN is a riddle not a riddle?

When there is no answer.

So, when the question that forms the title of this paper was put to me, I felt at once that it was one of the most interesting of questions, and that the answer, if there were any, would be one of the most interesting of solutions. But I was convinced that it was like the riddle of the Sphinx before she encountered *Œdipus* — guaranteed to be insoluble. Nor am I the *Œdipus* who shall surprise the Sphinx.

The fact is, I suppose, that outside of China the question cannot be answered so as to satisfy more than a very small number of people. Each man must make his own definition of the educated person, as each man, in the end, must make his own anthology. There is not a single theory of education, however wild or foolish, that has not adherents among people who have every reason to know better.

Two things are certain: first, that determining the requirements is not so

much a sum in addition as an exercise in finding the highest common factor; second, that education is not so much a matter of results as of the process applied. In other words, two educated people may have very different mental stores, and only the unavoidable minimum in common; also, a man may be educated without being 'cultured,' just as he may be educated without being particularly intelligent. Education is something that is done to you. A man may have true wit, shrewd sense, wide experience of men and things, excellent judgment, may even have read extensively, and still not be educated. On the other hand, a man may have no wit, small experience or judgment, and may have read far less, and still be an educated man. You cannot often say — however much you might like to maintain it — that a man who has acquired a degree at a good university is not educated. Think of all the men you know who have contrived to graduate from good universities, and see how many of

them contrive also to lack culture, or intellectual interests, or mental background. But you cannot say they are uneducated, for they are not. True, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but you must realize that there is nothing in the word 'educated' that excludes either article. Nor can you demand any single branch of learning as part of the educated man's equipment. Once, you could demand Latin, at least, if not Greek. I doubt if you can demand Latin now, any more than you can demand biology or German. A man must have learned something, if he is to be called 'educated'; but it is a very ticklish business to say what. Personally, I should not dare name even Latin as a necessary element, though to part with a smattering, at least, of Latin goes hard.

This is, I can see, going to be largely definition by elimination, so let me state at once what seems to me to be one thing without which no man can fairly be called educated; that is a power to use his native language correctly. An educated man cannot be illiterate. I am aware that this test will occasionally exclude a full professor in a reputable university. That makes no difference. I maintain that no man is educated whose grammar is shaky. He may have a Ph.D. from any place you like; but if he confuses adverbs and adjectives, he is not an educated man. This minimum I think we can — we must — still demand.

I am not sure that this is not the only point on which we can be absolutely firm. Before determining what, besides the grammar of his native tongue, a man must know, let us proceed with one or two more eliminations.

It would be very pleasant, for example, to say that an educated man must have a trained mind. The purpose of all good education is, indeed, to develop a trained mind; but is it safe to say

that, if you have it not, you are uneducated? Hardly. A trained mind presupposes power to deal with material set before one in a logical and sensible way — whether the facts be of history, of physics, or of language. The trained mind is the mind that has learned to handle facts, in whatever field one has served one's apprenticeship. It has learned a certain method. I say 'a certain method' advisedly; for, fundamentally, there is only one method to be pursued in dealing with a subject — the method that perceives the relations and proportions of given elements, and proceeds to its conclusions by the laws of logic. Your game may be constructive or destructive, research or criticism; but if you do not know how to arrange your material in proper proportion, to distinguish between proved fact and mere conjecture, and to argue logically, you have not a trained mind. No one, I should think, could cavil at that. But what you may demand of the trained mind is far too much to demand of the mere 'educated person.' I should like, indeed, to insist that logical thinking is a requisite. But here the frequent case in point confutes you. Too many obviously educated people fail to think logically. Education does not necessarily prevent your begging the question or juggling with facts.

To take a single example: no one who has read, soberly and carefully, the *Theory of the Leisure Class* will deny that the author begs the question, contradicts himself, juggles his facts, and indulges in supreme contempt for the laws of evidence. Yet is there anyone who feels empowered to state that the author of that book is not an educated man? You may say, if you feel like it, that he has not a trained mind; but you cannot call him uneducated, for he is not. Let us leave to one side the 'trained mind' temptation. It may be the fruit of the best education, but

it is not the test of whether or not a man has been educated. The woods are full of the educated who cannot reason.

The new training in scientific method must be omitted from our requirements, as much as the old stiff training in logic. A man may be educated, though he has skipped the laboratory entirely, as he may be educated if he does not know what a syllogism is. There is no official list, as once there was, of things a student must know, or even know about. All that education must do for you is to teach you something, in a given amount. Could you say, for example, that the best technical schools fail to educate because they pay little or no attention to the humanities? Could you say that Oxford, yesterday, failed to educate because it dealt only in the humanities? We must not be misled by the modern eclecticism of our college curricula. Education does not necessarily mean a smattering of language, literature, philosophy, history, economics, natural science, and mathematics, though the entrance and A.B. requirements of our colleges would seem to indicate that it does. Very likely the smattering is a good thing for the average boy or girl; yet you cannot say that the extreme specialist is necessarily uneducated. I should say that it is impossible to specify the subjects that must have been studied. You can do without Greek, you can do without biology, you can do without mathematics or philosophy, you can certainly do without banking, accounting, and corporation finance — and yet be educated, I mean. But you cannot do without them all.

By and large, I should say, education presupposes some real study in one or two fields of knowledge, and a shrewd suspicion that other fields exist. You do not absolutely have to know any chemistry, or any philosophy, or any Greek, to be educated. Your education may have concerned itself chiefly with

history and certain literatures. But unless you have some notion of the proportional importance of these other subjects, and what their place in the sun is, you are not really educated, I fancy. You do not need to know any chemistry, but you need to know why chemistry is, and what it stands for. If you really know history, you will know as much about sociology as you need to know, to fulfil the definition. If you really know something about literature, you will have enough philosophy to rub along with. Arithmetic is, I should think, the minimum mathematical requirement. And so it goes. All these subjects inevitably overlap.

To put it broadly, an educated man must, it seems to me, have a general notion of the problems of the race. He must have an idea of how the race has tried to solve some of them — either mental, spiritual, political, or physical. He must have oriented himself, well or ill, in time. He must know something about the past — enough, in some field or other, to give him a perspective. You can fulfil these requirements and omit almost any one or two fields of knowledge. Therefore it is idle to speculate as to the exact contents of the educated mind. No doubt the smattering demanded by most colleges will facilitate this proper perspective. It will teach the student what a subject 'stands for.' I suppose that is the reason for the weary hours spent by the humanist in the laboratory, the weary hours spent by the scientist in the literature classes. But a mere smattering does not of itself give perspective; whereas genuine immersion in any vital subject does. If you really know your English literature *au fond*, you are bound to have a notion of political and economic history, of schools of art, of philosophy, of scientific theory, of the rôle and influence of other European languages. That is, if you really know your English litera-

ture well enough, Shakespeare and Milton and Clarendon and Carlyle will have introduced you to history and politics; Bacon and Berkeley and Huxley to philosophy and science; Chaucer and Spencer and Dryden to Continental literature; Ruskin to art, and so forth, and so forth. 'Collateral reading' would do the rest. Unfortunately, we seldom deal with so complete a knowledge, even of a single field. Greek alone would give you a sense of history, politics, art, philosophy, and the possibilities of language. How a biologist can escape sociology, I do not see. The astronomer must have encountered the men of antiquity and of the Middle Ages. The scientist has less chance of getting his education made up to him than any of these others, I suppose. So, no doubt, eclecticism is a good thing.

I seem to have been dealing, for the most part, with the young men and young women who go to college. I do not believe that a college course is necessary to education, but it is certainly the easiest way. The self-educated man is apt not to be educated — because, as I said earlier, education is something that is done to you. The only thing that can do it to you, besides human teachers, is books. The danger of self-education is that a man is likely never to have learned how to read; and that he will have read incoherently and not have assimilated his reading. He has not oriented himself in time; he has not a working idea of the problems of the race, and of how they have been wholly, or in part, solved. His reading is too apt to have been all 'collateral.' There are likely to be deplorable *lacunæ* in his vision of the constituent elements of human existence on the planet. To say nothing of the fact that he may easily not fulfil the requirement of proper use of his native tongue. It takes a much better quality of mind for self-education than for education in the ordinary sense.

I have been desperately trying to avoid the aforementioned temptation of making my own anthology. I should like to say that you are not educated if you cannot spell — but that is manifestly untrue. I should like to say that you are not educated if you have never read Byron, if you really want to 'see America first,' or if you subscribe, for choice, to the *New York Nation*. I should like, in other words, to play about among my own perceptions, or define the educated person by the mere people I happen to know who are best educated. It is a constant temptation, too, to confuse the cultivated person with the educated person, which would be a bad mistake. So many of the latter are not the former; and I have even known the former not to be the latter, strange though it may seem.

I wonder if there is not, in the background of all our minds, more insistence on the school and college requirement than we even like to admit. Do you not always hesitate, when a man has not graduated from an institution of learning, to call him educated? There are people who have had only high-school training, who have gone on for themselves, who can certainly be called educated — whom you would never think of calling anything else. On the other hand, it must be admitted, they are fewer than the high-school graduates — those, that is, who have stopped their formal education there — to whom you would spontaneously refuse the appellation. People who have stopped short with the lower grades very seldom come into the 'educated' category. All of which goes to show that education is, as I said before, something that is done to you; something that it is exceedingly difficult to do to yourself.

A surgeon in Pennsylvania, the other day, operated on himself for appendicitis. Not that the analogy is perfect; but the person who has since childhood

administered his books to himself, and done it with the result of 'education,' is almost as rare a case. He is possible; when he exists, he is remarkable; but there are very few of him. It is certainly true, as I said before, that it takes a much better quality of mind to educate one's self than to submit to the educative process at other hands. That is, doubtless, why, when you find the man who has done it successfully, you find an unusually interesting and valuable person. To offset the lack of educational privilege, he has a native gift that sets him above the ruck. But you do not find him singing in every forest. How often do you hear the comment: 'If — had had advantages, if — had had an education, he would have been a remarkable person'? Which in itself shows how difficult is the single-handed fight for a thing that is essentially a co-operative business.

The minimum, then (according to one rash interlocutor of the Sphinx), is: ability to use one's native language correctly; a general notion of the problems of the race, and an idea of how the race has tried to solve some of them — either mental, spiritual, political, or physical; some degree of orientation in time. Proper cultivation of any field of knowledge will give this to any average mind. Some will get it by a nicely arranged smattering. But beyond this, in the direction of the specific, I doubt if you can go.

One word, in closing, as to the merits of education. Merits do not come into the question as propounded; but we have glanced in passing at the uneducated man who possesses wit, judg-

ment, experience, and a measure of reading. Only a pedant will deny that he is a more interesting person than the educated man who lacks wit, judgment, and experience. Judgment is certainly one of the most important things that educators hope the educated will acquire. They do not always acquire it, as we have said. But, on the other hand, the uneducated man is more likely to be prejudiced, bigoted, narrow. He is more likely to be self- or class-conscious, because he has not been liberated by the consciousness of other points of view. Even if he has gazed at men and things in many places, he is more likely to have done it with an initial *parti pris* that deprives him of some of the finest fruits of his opportunities. If he has judgment — ah, that is a different matter. For even the trained mind counts judgment as its chief asset.

The fact is that this hypothetical person we have referred to — this uneducated man with all these merits — is a rare bird. To be sure, mere experience of men and things, without wit or judgment or reading, suffices to make a man interesting beyond the average university product; for we are all Desdemonas at heart. Education does not serve half so well as varied adventure to make a man's talk rewarding. Even grammar can be dispensed with.

But all that is beside the point. The Sphinx did not ask what constituted an interesting person; she inquired, much more diabolically, what constituted an educated person. One Theban has now given an answer, and is prepared to be devoured.

THE RETURN OF A NATIVE

BY SIGNE TOKSVIG

It is a very delicate matter to visit the country of one's childhood, especially when one has idealized it during an absence of years — fifteen years, to be exact. The country was Denmark in my case, and I left it for America at the age of fourteen and three-quarters. I came from a quiet happy childhood, in a quiet orderly small country, into a strained youth and a noisy, large country. Under these circumstances I could hardly help elevating Denmark into the peerage of dreams, the company of apple islands, the order of refuges from reality. And that is rather an impossible ideal for a good, practical little butter-country to live up to.

Still, in the roar of an American factory one does not think about coöperative creameries: one remembers how blue the Kattegat was, and how white the sand, and how warm the silence among the Rorvig dunes on a summer day. I do not pretend that this is fair to America. Blue seas and silver days are far from being Danish monopolies; in fact, the Danish winter is notoriously gray and wet. But a dream-country has only summer; memory is never treacherous enough to present any month except June in cherry-blossoms. The people too are in perennial June. No one ever crowds and pushes; no one is in too much of a hurry to be gentle and courteous. Nobody here to shove the weaker off the subway. And no subway. And no bill-boards. And in between the cobblestones of Nykjöbing the grass grows, a faint green embroidery, and the houses have red-tiled roofs.

Unimportant satisfactions. Impossible illusions. I knew all that; I knew it so well that I rather carefully avoided meeting any fellow Danes, my partners in exile, because they were usually the first to throw stones at Denmark. 'A petty country,' they liked to say. 'No room for ambitions,' or, 'old-fashioned plumbing,' or, 'too radical,' or, 'not radical enough,' and so on, until, as I said, I fled from my compatriots and almost decided never to go back. Of course, I knew that the croakers were wrong; but still, there is certainly an advantage in distance of time and space, and why risk it willfully?

There is also, however, a fact known as 'losing touch.' I could not help a feeling that this was happening to me, especially when, in expatiating on the charms of my country, I had to admit that my impressions were not exactly recent. And so I was in a way forced to go back. But I cautiously limited the stay to five weeks.

One day in June, with trembling expectations, I stood on the deck of a North Sea steamer, waiting for the shore of Denmark. It had withdrawn from me, fifteen years ago, as a low, dark cloud at the gray water's end. To-day the sun shone, the sea shimmered in soft blues, bluer than my gayest illusions, and against this color there was suddenly a silver line — ethereal enough to be incredible; but it widened into a ribbon and broadened to a coast, a flat shining coast of the whitest sand. Then, little dots of houses on it; then, in clear bright tones, a gathering of red-tiled roofs and

green trees — the little city of Esbjerg, Denmark's only harbor on the North Sea.

Esbjerg is not regarded as much more than a commercial success by the rest of Denmark; but I saw it in a haze of joy. I went around smiling fatuously at children, because they were pink and white and gold and wore sabots that went *click-click* on the pavement. I nodded to women in tiny houses, because they sat behind sparkingly clean windows, with snow-white curtains and gay flowerpots. I loved the windows, because they opened outward, as it seemed to me that windows should, instead of sliding up and down. I pointed out with swelling pride to my non-Danish companion the spotless streets, the immaculate shops, the large, handsome schools, the various coöperatives, the new post-office — which, although new, was clearly in the best of taste, and the order and dispatch inside it filled me with more rapture.

At the hotel where we spent the night, I was a little disappointed in the waiters: they had worked in London and were touched with international languor; but there was a fine democratic chambermaid, and I easily forgave Esbjerg the waiters. This was the beginning of the great discovery I made in Denmark — the simple elemental discovery that defects that I would criticize bitterly in any other country seemed unimportant here, and certainly not to be made as much of as the lovable advantages.

The next day, we went straight to Copenhagen. It takes about eight hours to go across Denmark, and every minute I had my nose in the window. The train really goes through the flattest and most uninteresting parts of Jutland and the islands; but, although I was apologetic for that, I was more aware of gardens and woods, swaying fields, and white, straw-thatched farm-

houses. With twilight a drizzling rain began, and I waited anxiously for the midsummer-night fires. Undiscouraged, they leaped up after a while, here the flicker of brushwood and there the spurt of burning tar. Only those who as children have danced around these fires can know what their flaming welcome meant to me. Perhaps my chief grudge against America was that, having no elves and trolls, it could have no magic fires against them.

We were at last in Copenhagen. I was more afraid of meeting disillusion here than elsewhere, because my visits to Copenhagen as a child were glowing events, and I had remembered the city accordingly. After the height of New York and the girth of London, might not my dream-capital seem too Lilliputian, too undistinguished? It was not. I can honestly say that I loved Copenhagen more in reality than in imagination. Here was a city, and a big city, that was clean, spacious, green with gracious parks, and charming with fantastic spires. It was a city of pastel colors, cool gray houses with slanting red roofs or with roofs of viridic bronze. The sea reached arms into it, and masts rose suddenly behind housetops. The harbor was filled with international shipping, but commerce had not been made an excuse for ugliness.

Langelinje, one of Copenhagen's most beautiful walks, runs along the harbor, and on one of the stones in the water I was startled to see a dark, naked girl crouching, a bronze statue of the little mermaid. In all Copenhagen's many lovely parks I do not remember seeing one tedious, vulgar statue, and there were many of distinguished beauty. And Tivoli, the central amusement park, offered not only merry-go-rounds and loop-the-loops, but some of the best music to be had anywhere, and for almost nothing. The cruder amusements stood meekly in a corner, leaving

most of the space to fine promenades.

I suppose that, among these cruder amusements, one would ordinarily count eating; but, in spite of the Danes who sadly shake their heads and say, 'We Danes eat too much,' I must insist that eating in Copenhagen is one of the higher pleasures. The food is so good that nobody can be blamed for eating too much, especially if he or she has come from London restaurants, where absence of salt and presence of grease do certainly make for moderation in the stranger.

But I find myself using the belligerently demonstrative tone that I so often used in Denmark to my non-Danish companion, who, it seemed to me, did not rhapsodize as frequently and as loudly as I could have wished. As I look back I can hardly blame him. On the whole, my general behavior must have been rather as if Denmark were my special patented invention, which was working out to the inventor's entire satisfaction. I have to confess that this is not altogether unlike the way I felt. I felt at least a sort of family pride in the pleasant achievements roundabout me, and a sort of family longing to throw a charitable cloak over any shortcomings.

When we left Copenhagen for the country, new chances for this vanity presented themselves in inspecting a bright coöperative dairy, a cozy home for the aged, and a free boarding-school for backward and neglected children, most intelligently and lovingly conducted by one Jeppe Hansen in Søndersted, *per* Regstrup. It really was so conducted. The children did not wear uniforms, and each had his or her own particular locker full of his or her own particular toys. And they had sunny blue-and-white bedrooms, and modern schoolrooms, and a splendid workshop. These three things, the dairy, the home for the aged, and the school, were all in

a small country commune of probably about a thousand people. And they had a village hall, besides, where political meetings were held, and lectures and gymnastics and dances and any festivity for which the individual house might not be large enough. A silver wedding had been held there just before we came, to which the whole village had been invited. The artisans and storekeepers shut up shop, 'as if it were a holiday,' the silver bride told me, volunteering other details, such as green honor-gates and clarinet players in the early morning.

From that visit I got the sense that life in the Danish village is decidedly not stagnant, and that a farmer is not, by some occult agricultural necessity, a conservative. It is true, he is not likely to go Bolshevik and give his land away; but in Denmark, at least, he is not afraid to put money into schools, coöperatives, village meeting-halls, good homes for old and young, and a little merriment now and then. And in Parliament, which the farmer controls, he has shown that he is not afraid even to apportion the land more equally, granting aid to the agricultural laborer, so that he may have his own house and piece of the earth.

Is the Danish farmer of a superior mental calibre to, say, the Irish or the backwoods American? I do not believe it, but he is usually a more educated farmer. One of his chief sources of education we visited. It is the folk high-school. The fees are low, but to the young men and women who cannot afford even a low fee the state is generous with scholarships. The high schools refuse direct support from the state, as they prize individualism above all things.

We saw Vallekilde, a school with beautiful buildings and gardens. It was indeed a place of plain living and high thinking. Some people complain that

the thinking is more high than practical, but the high school meets this very well by saying, 'We don't pretend to give you finished technical courses in three or five months. We try to give you the enthusiasm for knowledge and beauty and right living that will make you want to go on from here to specialized education, say the agricultural high school or the technical school.'

Round about Vallekilde we saw farms where its influence could be seen in the simple, pretty furniture and the latest improvements in modern farm-machinery. One farm of about eighty acres was electrically lighted throughout, from parlor to pig-sty—a fact that made a particular impression on my companion. There are many such farms, using electricity stored by their own windmills. Not all, of course, are as fine as those within the immediate radius of a high school. At Vallekilde, when we were there, we found a German minister, one of a delegation which had come to study the Danish high-school system. 'We realize,' these ministers said, 'that the force which raised Denmark after Germany had crushed her in 1864 was the folk high-schools. Now we are crushed ourselves, and we have come to learn from you how to develop without militarism.'

But if I begin writing about Danish agricultural advance, I shall have to go into statistics; and while even these are gratifying to the patriot, it is not statistics that one gathers for remembrance. Far greater than any satisfaction in progress was the joy of returning to my small native town and finding that the grass still grew between the cobblestones. If Nykjöbing had progressed to asphalt, I should have been seriously disappointed. But it had not, and although I looked with great care, I could not see that it had changed one red tile from the day I left it fifteen years ago. And still it had changed in a subtle way.

I never knew until now that Nykjöbing had charm. As a child I knew that it was a pleasant place, full of opportunities to spend the weekly allowance of two *öre*; not as big as Copenhagen, of course, but an impressive town. And now, looking at it with New York clattering in my mind, I felt that I would like to pick Nykjöbing up and hug it for being so tiny and one-storied and red and white and green and quiet. It had the calm of a town which, though small, has stood exactly where it stands since, in the year 800, it moved a little inland from the encroaching sea. I saw it, of course, as a pilgrim to the shrine of my early ego: here we had bought marionettes, there we had gone sledding, here was the wood for picnics, there the white beach for bathing. This pleasure went with the feeling that the quaintness and peace were my very own. Denmark as a whole had seemed mine, but Nykjöbing seemed even more so. Perhaps I ought to apologize. The possessive instinct is not pretty. But one must admit it. This time, when I left those oblique red roofs and shady gardens and the quiet harbor by the fjord, I felt that I was leaving the only place in the world that really belonged to me, and where I belonged.

These are not cosmopolitan or nobly international sentiments. I was rather a disappointment to myself in that respect. I had thought, from a long residence in the melting-pot, that any sentiment about flags and things had been melted out of me. This idea I lost in Slesvig — or Sonderjylland (South Jutland), as many Danes prefer to call it. We went down there to see the reunion festivities of the northern part, which had voted itself back to Denmark. We saw the King ride across the former German border, on his white horse, through crowds of people crying and laughing for joy, and we followed him through all of the regained prov-

ince. Everywhere there was singing, shouting, happiness, transfigured old faces, and dancing children. Nationality meant to these people something which the scoffers at small states would find annoying to fit into their calculations. They sang with thundering verve the songs they had been forbidden to sing; they conducted their own forbidden language back with pomp into the schools and pulpits; they waved the forbidden national colors; and all the little boys and girls I saw trailed ecstatically behind the King's Own Royal Guard from Copenhagen, six feet tall, with bearskin busbies on top of that, and with a sonorous band that marched all over, playing 'Den Gang Jeg Dorg Afsted,' and other music formerly seditious.

But it was not the happy crowds, or the songs, or the music, or even the touching faces of the old veterans, that made me feel the futility of trying to denationalize either others or one's self. It was something quite mute and irrational, like the grass between the cobblestones; and it proves nothing except the great and perhaps deplorable influence of symbols.

We were driving through a part of eastern Sonderjylland. It was not very thickly settled, and most of the people were in town for the festivities. I had therefore my first chance to draw a breath and look at this countryside, which had come back to Denmark. To me it seemed absolutely lovely — fresh green woods and hills, abundant grain-fields, a blue fjord stretching in, living hedges by the road, a golden summer peace over everything. 'This,' I could not help saying to myself, 'is *ours* again, and it's well worth having.'

Then, rather far from the road, I saw a small farm, half hidden by its garden. Above the house, against the trees, flew the Danish flag. The white cross on the scarlet ground was like a

living thing in the wind, and that flag, waving alone in the beauty and stillness, remains in my mind as the most impressive of all the celebrations in Sonderjylland.

But a flag, after all, is only a thing. What makes it a living thing is one's sense of kinship with the people who choose it as their symbol. I felt that kinship far more than I had really dared to believe that I should feel it in Denmark. This does not mean that the Danes were the perennially sunny angels of my homesick imagination. We stayed a week at a middle-class summer hotel, and the dyspeptics and climbers and official conservatives and gossips and dull flirts we found there convinced me that summer-hotel people are an international tribe, afflicting every country, not excepting Denmark. But aside from that disconcerting experience, no illusions were broken. The people did generally find time to be gentle and courteous; even in the thickest crowds at the Sonderjylland ceremonies, no one pushed or used rough language; a great good humor permeated the throngs. And as for snobs — well, there may be snobs in Denmark; at any rate, the Danes assure one of that, with their usual derogatory candor about themselves; but we did n't find any. The attitude was more or less summed up by saying, 'We're such a small, poor country, what's the use of *our* putting on airs?' And as for democracy, it seemed to me that the people here were much more democratic than —

But this is a comparison, and I did not mean to make comparisons. That lays one open to the inevitable question: 'If you like your own country better than America, why don't you go back to it?' Granting the premise for a moment, all one can say is this: that, if one has, through the force of many painful circumstances, learned how to play the game of survival in America,

one cannot suddenly shake off that experience and start all over in a new country. And, in the sense of adult experience, Denmark would be a new country to me. It might take me another fifteen years to learn my economical way about, if I went to settle there.

Must one then transfer one's deeper affections to the country where one has learned to make a living? Must one reverse the historic order, and make the flag follow trade, so to speak? Perhaps one should; indeed, it would be nice if one could; but affections are a notoriously difficult lot: they cannot be sent ahead like trunks; in fact, they cannot be delivered or ordered about at all. They can, of course, be won, or, as some might say, alienated. But it is beneath the dignity of a great state to speak

in other tones than those of command.

And yet, I wonder if a country is not rather like that church whose boast it is that, if it may have a human being until he is fifteen, anybody else may have him afterward. The associations of childhood are more enduringly important than those of any other period, because they grow in the unconscious; they become involuntary. Something far deeper than my will rules my emotions about Denmark, my charity for its faults, my rosy appreciation of its virtues. It might as well have been Bohemia, I suppose, or Italy, or Poland, or America. It happens to be Denmark. And I am glad that even the reality of returning for a visit has not deprived me of having a country to idealize. Perhaps that is why I do not return altogether.

AFTER THE GAME

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

WHAT is it, Youth, that I regret?
 Master of gifts, and leaving none?
 Is it the feet that lightly set
 Their print where mountain-brows were wet
 With dewy mirrors of the moon?
 Bearing a soul importunate
 To smite the blue sky stone that is the gods' shut gate?

Or mourn I most that braver day,
 Imperious, and periling
 High hope that went the gauntlet way
 Past flame and spear, where whitely lay

The trials of vision challenging?
Unfearing hope, enraptured driven,
To set drab tents of man fair on a ridge of heaven?

When destiny, struck by desire,
Rang back, a bell of magic tone?
When love let no man walk alone,
And every heart held altar-fire,
For every heart was yet my own
That grew, as flames grow, round the earth
With fast exultant beat of multitudinous birth?

Or dearer aches my loss when shy
Ghost hours lead to an idle brook,
Where, pale with song's sped shaft, I lie,
And with eternal wonder look
Upon a moth-wing's brevity,
Careless against the infinite
Heaven of a leaf, and tremble watching it?

Regret, O bee that comes with age
From faded fields to sting again
To pain's swift red the heritage
That once was April light to men,
When will you coldly pass me? when
Leave me to twilight and the dumb,
Strange gaze of stars that care not who may go or come?

THE UNCOMMON PRAYER-BOOK

BY MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES

I

MR. DAVIDSON was spending the first week in January alone in a country town. A combination of circumstances had driven him to that drastic course: his nearest relations were enjoying winter sports abroad, and the friends who had been kindly anxious to replace them had an infectious complaint in the house. Doubtless he might have found someone else to take pity on him. 'But,' he reflected, 'most of them have made up their parties, and, after all, it is only for three or four days at most that I have to fend for myself, and it will be just as well if I can get a move on with my introduction to the Leventhorp Papers. I might use the time by going down as near as I can to Gaultsford and making acquaintance with the neighborhood. I ought to see the remains of the Leventhorp House, and the tombs in the church.'

The first day after his arrival at the Swan Hotel at Longbridge was so stormy that he got no farther than the tobacconist's. The next, comparatively bright, he used for his visit to Gaultsford, which interested him more than a little, but had no ulterior consequences. The third, which was really a pearl of a day for early January, was too fine to be spent indoors. He gathered from the landlord that a favorite practice of visitors in the summer was to take a morning train to a couple of stations westward, and walk back down the valley of the Tent, through Stanford St. Thomas and Stanford Magdalene, both

of which were accounted highly picturesque villages. He closed with this plan, and we now find him seated in a third-class carriage at 9.45 A.M., on his way to Kingsbourne Junction, and studying the map of the district.

One old man was his only fellow traveler, a piping old man, who seemed inclined for conversation. So Mr. Davidson, after going through the necessary verses and responses about the weather, inquired whether he was going far.

'No, sir, not far, not this morning, sir,' said the old man. 'I ain't only goin' so far as what they call Kingsbourne Junction. There is n't but two stations betwixt here and there. Yes, they calls it Kingsbourne Junction.'

'I'm going there, too,' said Mr. Davidson.

'Oh, indeed, sir; do you know that part?'

'No, I'm only going for the sake of taking a walk back to Longbridge, and seeing a bit of the country.'

'Oh, indeed, sir! Well, 't is a beautiful day for a gentleman as enjoys a bit of a walk.'

'Yes, to be sure. Have you got far to go when you get to Kingsbourne?'

'No, sir, I ain't got far to go, once I get to Kingsbourne Junction. I'm agoin' to see my daughter, sir. She live at Brockstone. That's about two mile across the fields from what they call Kingsbourne Junction, that is. You've got that marked down on your map, I expect, sir.'

'I expect I have. Let me see, Brockstone, did you say? Here's Kingsbourne, yes; and which way is Brockstone — toward the Stanfords? Ah, I see it: Brockstone Court, in a park. I don't see the village, though.'

'No, sir, you would n't see no village of Brockstone. There ain't only the Court and the Chapel at Brockstone.'

'Chapel? Oh, yes, that's marked here, too. The Chapel; close by the Court, it seems to be. Does it belong to the Court?'

'Yes, sir, that's close up to the Court, only a step. Yes, that belong to the Court. My daughter, you see, sir, she's the keeper's wife now, and she live at the Court and look after things now the family's away.'

'No one living there now, then?'

'No, sir, not for a number of years. The old gentleman, he lived there when I was a lad; and the lady, she lived on after him to very near upon ninety years of age. And then she died, and them that have it now, they've got this other place, in Warwickshire I believe it is, and they don't do nothin' about lettin' the Court out; but Colonel Wildman, he have the shooting, and young Mr. Clark, he's the agent, he come over once in so many weeks to see to things, and my daughter's husband, he's the keeper.'

'And who uses the Chapel? just the people round about, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, no one don't use the Chapel. Why, there ain't no one to go. All the people about, they go to Stanford St. Thomas Church; but my son-in-law, he go to Kingsbourne Church now, because the gentleman at Stanford, he have this Gregory singin', and my son-in-law, he don't like that; he say he can hear the old donkey brayin' any day of the week, and he like something a little cheerful on the Sunday.' The old man drew his hand across his mouth and laughed. 'That's what my son-in-law

say; he say he can hear the old donkey,' etc., *da capo*.

Mr. Davidson also laughed as honestly as he could, thinking meanwhile that Brockstone Court and Chapel would probably be worth including in his walk; for the map showed that from Brockstone he could strike the Tent Valley quite as easily as by following the main Kingsbourne-Longbridge road. So, when the mirth excited by the remembrance of the son-in-law's *bon mot* had died down, he returned to the charge, and ascertained that both the Court and the Chapel were of the class known as 'old-fashioned places,' and that the old man would be very willing to take him thither, and his daughter would be happy to show him whatever she could.

'But that ain't a lot, sir, not as if the family was livin' there; all the lookin'-glasses is covered up, and the paintin's, and the curtains and carpets folded away; not but what I dare say she could show you a pair just to look at, because she go over them to see as the morth should n't get into 'em.'

'I shan't mind about that, thank you; if she can show me the inside of the Chapel, that's what I'd like best to see.'

'Oh, she can show you that right enough, sir. She have the key of the door, you see, and most weeks she go in and dust about. That's a nice Chapel, that is. My son-in-law, he say he'll be bound they did n't have none of this Gregory singin' there. Dear! I can't help but smile when I think of him sayin' that about th' old donkey. "I can hear him bray," he say, "any day of the week"; and so he can, sir; that's true, anyway.'

The walk across the fields from Kingsbourne to Brockstone was very pleasant. It lay for the most part on the top of the country, and commanded wide views over a succession of ridges, plough and pasture, or covered with

dark-blue woods — all ending, more or less abruptly, on the right, in headlands that overlooked the wide valley of a great western river. The last field they crossed was bounded by a close copse, and no sooner were they in it than the path turned downward very sharply, and it became evident that Brockstone was neatly fitted into a sudden and very narrow valley. It was not long before they had glimpses of groups of smokeless stone chimneys, and stone-tiled roofs, close beneath their feet; and not many minutes after that, they were wiping their shoes at the back door of Brockstone Court, while the keeper's dogs barked very loudly in unseen places, and Mrs. Porter, in quick succession, screamed at them to be quiet, greeted her father, and begged both her visitors to step in.

II

It was not to be expected that Mr. Davidson should escape being taken through the principal rooms of the Court, in spite of the fact that the house was entirely out of commission. Pictures, carpets, curtains, furniture, were all covered up or put away, as old Mr. Avery had said; and the admiration which our friend was very ready to bestow had to be lavished on the proportions of the rooms, and on the one painted ceiling, upon which an artist who had fled from London in the plague-year had depicted the Triumph of Loyalty and Defeat of Sedition. In this Mr. Davidson could show an unfeigned interest. The portraits of Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, Peters, and the rest, writhing in carefully devised torments, were evidently the part of the design to which most pains had been devoted.

'That were the old Lady Sadleir had that paintin' done, same as the one what put up the Chapel. They say she

were the first that went up to London to dance on Oliver Cromwell's grave.' So said Mr. Avery, and continued musingly, 'Well, I suppose she got some satisfaction to her mind, but I don't know as I should want to pay the fare to London and back just for that; and my son-in-law, he say the same; he say he don't know as he should have cared to pay all that money only for that. I was tellin' the gentleman as we came along in the train, Mary, what your 'Arry says about this Gregory singin' down at Stanford here. We 'ad a bit of a laugh over that, sir, did n't us?'

'Yes, to be sure we did; ha! ha!' Once again Mr. Davidson strove to do justice to the pleasantries of the keeper. 'But,' he said, 'if Mrs. Porter can show me the Chapel, I think it should be now, for the days are n't long, and I want to get back to Longbridge before it falls quite dark.'

Even if Brockstone Court has not been illustrated in *Rural Life* (and I think it has not), I do not propose to point out its excellences here; but of the Chapel a word must be said. It stands about a hundred yards from the house, and has its own little graveyard and trees about it. It is a stone building about seventy feet long, and in the Gothic style, as that style was understood in the middle of the seventeenth century. On the whole it resembles some of the Oxford college chapels as much as anything, save that it has a distinct chancel, like a parish church, and a fanciful domed bell-turret at the southwest angle.

When the west door was thrown open, Mr. Davidson could not repress an exclamation of pleased surprise at the completeness and richness of the interior. Screen-work, pulpit, seating, and glass — all were of the same period; and as he advanced into the nave and sighted the organ-case with its gold-embossed pipes in the western gallery,

his cup of satisfaction was filled. The glass in the nave windows was chiefly armorial; and in the chancel were figure-subjects, of the kind that may be seen at Abbey Dore, of Lord Scudamore's work.

But this is not an archæological review.

While Mr. Davidson was still busy examining the remains of the organ (attributed to one of the Dallams, I believe), old Mr. Avery had stumped up into the chancel, and was lifting the dust-cloths from the blue-velvet cushions of the stall-desks. Evidently it was here that the family sat.

Mr. Davidson heard him say in a rather hushed tone of surprise, 'Why, Mary, here's all the books open agin!'

The reply was in a voice that sounded peevish rather than surprised. 'Tt-tt-tt, well, there, I never!'

Mrs. Porter went over to where her father was standing, and they continued talking in a lower key. Mr. Davidson saw plainly that something not quite in the common run was under discussion; so he came down the gallery stairs and joined them. There was no sign of disorder in the chancel any more than in the rest of the Chapel, which was beautifully clean; but the eight folio Prayer-Books on the cushions of the stall-desks were indubitably open.

Mrs. Porter was inclined to be fretful over it. 'Whoever can it be as does it?' she said: 'for there's no key but mine, nor yet door but the one we came in by, and the winders is barred, every one of 'em; I don't like it, father, that I don't.'

'What is it, Mrs. Porter? Anything wrong?' said Mr. Davidson.

'No, sir, nothing reely wrong, only these books. Every time, pretty near, that I come in to do up the place, I shuts 'em and spreads the cloths over 'em to keep off the dust, ever since Mr. Clark spoke about it, when I first come; and yet there they are again, and always

the same page — and as I says, whoever it can be as does it with the door and winders shut; and as I says, it makes anyone feel queer comin' in here alone, as I 'ave to do, not as I'm given that way myself, not to be frightened easy, I mean to say; and there's not a rat in the place — not as no rat would n't trouble to do a thing like that, do you think, sir?'

'Hardly, I should say; but it sounds very queer. Are they always open at the same place, did you say?'

'Always the same place, sir, one of the psalms it is, and I did n't particular notice it the first time or two, till I see a little red line of printing, and it's always caught my eye since.'

Mr. Davidson walked along the stalls and looked at the open books. Sure enough, they all stood at the same page; Psalm cix, and at the head of it, just between the number and the *Deus laudem*, was a rubric, 'For the 25th day of April.' Without pretending to minute knowledge of the history of the Book of Common Prayer, he knew enough to be sure that this was a very odd and wholly unauthorized addition to its text; and though he remembered that April 25 is St. Mark's Day, he could not imagine what appropriateness this very savage psalm could have to that festival. With slight misgivings he ventured to turn over the leaves to examine the title-page, and knowing the need for particular accuracy in these matters, he devoted some ten minutes to making a line-for-line transcript of it. The date was 1653; the printer called himself Anthony Cadman. He turned to the list of proper psalms for certain days; yes, added to it was that same inexplicable entry: *For the 25th day of April: the 109th Psalm*. An expert would no doubt have thought of many other points to inquire into, but this antiquary, as I have said, was no expert. He took stock, however, of the binding — a handsome

one of tooled blue leather, bearing the arms that figured in several of the nave windows in various combinations.

'How often,' he said at last to Mrs. Porter, 'have you found these books lying open like this?'

'Reely I could n't say, sir, but it's a great many times now. Do you recollect father, me telling you about it the first time I noticed it?'

'That I do, my dear; you was in a rare taking, and I don't so much wonder at it; that was five year ago I was paying you a visit at Michaelmas time, and you come in at tea-time, and says you, "Father, there's the books laying open under the cloths agin"; and I did n't know what my daughter was speakin' about, you see, sir, and I says, "Books?" just like that, I says; and then it all came out. But as Harry says, — that's my son-in-law, sir, — "whoever it can be, he says, as does it, because there ain't only the one door, and we keeps the key locked up," he says, "and the winders is barred, every one on 'em. Well," he says, "I lay once I could catch 'em at it, they would n't do it a second time," he says. And no more they would n't, I don't believe, sir. Well, that was five year ago, and it's been happenin' constant ever since by your account, my dear. Young Mr. Clark, he don't seem to think much to it; but then he don't live here, you see, and 't is n't his business to come and clean up here of a dark afternoon, is it?'

'I suppose you never notice anything else odd when you are at work here, Mrs. Porter?' said Mr. Davidson.

'No, sir, I do not,' said Mrs. Porter, 'and it's a funny thing to me I don't, with the feeling I have as there's some-one settin' here — no, it's the other side, just within the screen — and lookin' at me all the time I'm dustin' in the gallery and pews. But I never yet see nothin' worse than myself, as the sayin' goes, and I kindly hope I never may.'

III

In the conversation that followed (there was not much of it), nothing was added to the statement of the case. Having parted on good terms with Mr. Avery and his daughter, Mr. Davidson addressed himself to his eight-mile walk. The little valley of Brockstone soon led him down into the broader one of the Tent, and on to Stanford St. Thomas, where he found refreshment.

We need not accompany him all the way to Longbridge. But as he was changing his socks before dinner, he suddenly paused and said half-aloud, 'By Jove, that is a rum thing!' It had not occurred to him before how strange it was that any edition of the Prayer-Book should have been issued in 1653, seven years before the Restoration, five years before Cromwell's death, and when the use of the book, let alone the printing of it, was penal. He must have been a bold man who put his name and a date on that title-page. Only, Mr. Davidson reflected, it probably was not his name at all, for the ways of printers in difficult times were devious.

As he was in the front hall of the Swan that evening, making some investigations about trains, a small motor stopped in front of the door, and out of it came a small man in a fur coat, who stood on the steps and gave directions in a rather yapping foreign accent to his chauffeur. When he came into the hotel, he was seen to be black-haired and pale-faced, with a little pointed beard, and gold *pince-nez*; altogether, very neatly turned out.

He went to his room, and Mr. Davidson saw no more of him till dinner-time. As they were the only two dining that night, it was not difficult for the newcomer to find an excuse for falling into talk; he was evidently wishing to make out what brought Mr. Davidson into that neighborhood at that season.

'Can you tell me how far it is from here to Arlingworth?' was one of his early questions; and it was one which threw some light on his own plans; for Mr. Davidson recollected having seen at the station an advertisement of a sale at Arlingworth Hall, comprising old furniture, pictures, and books. This, then, was a London dealer.

'No,' he said, 'I've never been there. I believe it lies out by Kingsbourne — it can't be less than twelve miles. I see there's a sale there shortly.'

The other looked at him inquisitively, and he laughed. 'No,' he said, as if answering a question, 'you need n't be afraid of my competing; I'm leaving this place to-morrow.'

This cleared the air, and the dealer, whose name was Homberger, admitted that he was interested in books, and thought there might be in these old country-house libraries something to repay a journey. 'For,' said he, 'we English have always this marvelous talent for accumulating rarities in the most unexpected places, ain't it?'

And in the course of the evening he was most interesting on the subject of finds made by himself and others. 'I shall take the occasion after this sale to look round the district a bit; perhaps you could inform me of some likely spots, Mr. Davidson?'

But Mr. Davidson, though he had seen some very tempting locked-up book-cases at Brockstone Court, kept his counsel. He did not really like Mr. Homberger.

Next day, as he sat in the train, a little ray of light came to illuminate one of yesterday's puzzles. He happened to take out an almanac-diary that he had bought for the new year, and it occurred to him to look at the remarkable events for April 25. There it was: 'St. Mark. Oliver Cromwell born, 1599.'

That, coupled with the painted ceiling, seemed to explain a good deal. The

figure of old Lady Sadleir became more substantial to his imagination, as of one in whom love for Church and King had gradually given place to intense hate of the power that had silenced the one and slaughtered the other. What curious evil service was that which she and a few like her had been wont to celebrate year by year in that remote valley? and how in the world had she managed to elude authority? And again, did not this persistent opening of the books agree oddly with the other traits of her portrait known to him? It would be interesting for anyone who chanced to be near Brockstone on the twenty-fifth of April to look in at the Chapel and see if anything exceptional happened. When he came to think of it, there seemed to be no reason why he should not be that person himself; he, and if possible, some congenial friend. He resolved that so it should be.

Knowing that he knew really nothing about the printing of Prayer-Books, he realized that he must make it his business to get the best light on the matter without divulging his reasons. I may say at once that his search was entirely fruitless. One writer of the early part of the nineteenth century, a writer of rather windy and rhapsodical chat about books, professed to have heard of a special anti-Cromwellian issue of the Prayer-Book in the very midst of the Commonwealth period. But he did not claim to have seen a copy, and no one had believed him. Looking into this matter, Mr. Davidson found that the statement was based on letters from a correspondent who had lived near Longbridge; so he was inclined to think that the Brockstone Prayer-Books were at the bottom of it, and had excited a momentary interest.

Months went on, and St. Mark's Day came near. Nothing interfered with Mr. Davidson's plans of visiting Brockstone, or with those of the friend whom

he had persuaded to go with him, and to whom alone he had confided the puzzle. The same 9.45 train which had taken him in January took them now to Kingsbourne; the same field-path led them to Brockstone. But to-day they stopped more than once to pick a cow-slip; the distant woods and ploughed uplands were of another color, and in the copse there was, as Mrs. Porter said, 'a regular charm of birds; why you could n't hardly collect your mind sometimes with it.'

She recognized Mr. Davidson at once, and was very ready to do the honors of the Chapel. The new visitor, Mr. Witham, was as much struck by the completeness of it as Mr. Davidson had been. 'There can't be such another in England,' he said.

'Books open again, Mrs. Porter?' said Davidson, as they walked up to the chancel.

'Dear, yes, I expect so, sir,' said Mrs. Porter, as she drew off the cloths. 'Well, there!' she exclaimed the next moment, 'if they ain't shut! That's the first time ever I've found 'em so. But it's not for want of care on my part, I do assure you, gentlemen, if they was n't, for I felt the cloths the last thing before I shut up last week, when the gentleman had done photografting the heast winder, and every one was shut, and where there was ribbons left, I hid 'em. Now I think of it, I don't remember ever to 'ave done that before, and per'aps, whoever it is, it just made the difference to 'em. Well, it only shows, don't it? if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'

Meanwhile the two men had been examining the books, and now Davidson spoke.

'I'm sorry to say I'm afraid there's something wrong here, Mrs. Porter. These are not the same books.'

It would make too long a business to detail all Mrs. Porter's outcries, and

the questionings that followed. The up-shot was this. Early in January the gentleman had come to see over the chapel, and thought a great deal of it, and said he must come back in the spring weather and take some photografts. And only a week ago he had drove up in his motoring car, and a very 'eavy box with the slides in it, and she had locked him in because he said something about a long explosion, and she was afraid of some damage happening; and he says, no, not explosion, but it appeared the lantern what they take the slides with worked very slow; and so he was in there the best part of an hour and she come and let him out, and he drove off with his box and all and give her his visiting card, and oh, dear, dear, to think of such a thing! he must have changed the books and took the old ones away with him in his box.

'What sort of man was he?'

'Oh, dear, he was a small-made gentleman, if you can call him so after the way he 've behaved, with black hair, that is if it was hair, and gold eyeglasses, if they was gold; reely, one don't know what to believe. Sometimes I doubt he were n't a reel Englishman at all, and yet he seemed to know the language, and had the name on his visiting-card like anybody else might.'

'Just so; might we see the card? Yes; T. W. Henderson, and an address somewhere near Bristol. Well, Mrs. Porter, it's quite plain this Mr. Henderson, as he calls himself, has walked off with your eight Prayer-Books and put eight others about the same size in place of them. Now listen to me. I suppose you must tell your husband about this, but neither you nor he must say one word about it to anyone else. If you'll give me the address of the agent, — Mr. Clark, is n't it? — I will write to him and tell him exactly what has happened, and that it really is no fault of yours. But, you understand, we must

keep it very quiet; and why? Because this man who has stolen the books will of course try to sell them one at a time, — for I may tell you they are worth a good deal of money, — and the only way we can bring it home to him is by keeping a sharp lookout and saying nothing.'

By dint of repeating the same advice in various forms, they succeeded in impressing Mrs. Porter with the real need for silence, and were forced to make a concession only in the case of Mr. Avery, who was expected on a visit shortly. 'But you may be safe with father, sir,' said Mrs. Porter. 'Father ain't a talkin' man.'

It was not quite Mr. Davidson's experience of him; still, there were no neighbors at Brockstone, and even Mr. Avery must be aware that gossip with anybody on such a subject would be likely to end in the Porters' having to look out for another situation.

A last question was whether Mr. Henderson, so-called, had anyone with him.

'No, sir, not when he come he had n't; he was working his own motoring car himself, and what luggage he had, let me see: there was his lantern and this box of slides inside the carriage, which I helped him into the Chapel and out of it myself with it, if only I'd knowed! And as he drove away under the big yew tree by the monument, I see the long white bundle laying on the top of the coach, what I did n't notice when he drove up. But he set in front, sir, and only the boxes inside behind him. And do you reely think, sir, as his name were n't Henderson at all? Oh, dear me, what a dreadful thing! Why, fancy what trouble it might bring to a innocent person that might never have set foot in the place but for that!'

They left Mrs. Porter in tears. On the way home there was much discussion as to the best means of keeping

watch upon possible sales. What Henderson-Homberger (for there could be no real doubt of the identity) had done was, obviously, to bring down the requisite number of folio Prayer-Books, — disused copies from college chapels and the like, bought ostensibly for the sake of the bindings, which were superficially like enough to the old ones, — and to substitute them at his leisure for the genuine articles. A week had now passed without any public notice being taken of the theft. He would take a little time himself to find out about the rarity of the books, and would ultimately, no doubt, 'place' them cautiously. Between them, Davidson and Witham were in a position to know a good deal of what was passing in the book-world, and they could map out the ground pretty completely. A weak point with them at the moment was that neither of them knew under what other name or names Henderson-Homberger carried on business. But there are ways of solving these problems.

And yet all this planning proved unnecessary.

IV

We are transported to a London office on this same 25th of April. We find there, within closed doors, late in the day, two police inspectors, a commissionnaire, and a youthful clerk. The two latter, both rather pale and shaky in appearance, are sitting on chairs and being questioned.

'How long do you say you've been in this Mr. Poschwitz's employment? Six months? And what was his business? Attended sales in various parts and brought home parcels of books. Did he keep a shop anywhere? No? Disposed of 'em here and there, and sometimes to private collectors. Right. Now then, when did he go out last? Rather better than a week ago? Tell you where he was going? No? said he was going to

start next day from his private residence, and should n't be at the office — that's here, eh? — before two days; you was to attend as usual. Where is his private residence? Oh, that's the address, Norwood way; I see. Any family? Not in this country? Now, then, what account do you give of what's happened since he came back? Came back on the Tuesday, did he? and this is the Saturday. Bring any books? One package; where is it? In the safe? You got the key? No, to be sure, it's open, of course. How did he seem when he got back — cheerful? Well, but how do you mean — curious? Thought he might be in for an illness; he said that, did he? Odd smell got in his nose, could n't get rid of it; told you to let him know who wanted to see him before you let 'em in? That was n't usual with him? Much the same all Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Out a good deal; said he was going to the British Museum. Often went there to make inquiries in the way of his business. Walked up and down a lot in the office when he was in. Anyone call in those days? Mostly when he was out. Anyone find him in? Oh, Mr. Collinson? Who's Mr. Collinson? An old customer; know his address? All right, give it us afterwards. Well, now, what about this morning? You left Mr. Poschwitz's here at twelve and went home. Anybody see you? Commissionnaire, you did? Remained at home till summoned here. Very well.

'Now, commissionnaire; we have your name — Watkins, eh? Very well, make your statement; don't go too quick, so as we can get it down.'

'I was on duty 'ere later than usual, Mr. Potwitch 'aving asked me to remain on, and ordered his lunching to be sent in, which came as ordered. I was in the lobby from eleven-thirty on, and see Mr. Bligh [the clerk] leave at about twelve. After that no one came

in at all except Mr. Potwitch's lunching come at one o'clock and the man left in five minutes time. Towards the afternoon I became tired of waitin' and I come upstairs to this first floor. The outer door what lead to the orfice stood open, and I come up to the plate-glass door here. Mr. Potwitch he was standing behind the table smoking a cigar, and he laid it down on the mantelpiece and felt in his trouser pockets and took out a key and went across to the safe. And I knocked on the glass, thinkin' to see if he wanted me to come and take away his tray; but he did n't take no notice, bein' engaged with the safe door. Then he got it open and stooped down and seemed to be lifting up a package off of the floor of the safe. And then, sir, I see what looked to be like a great roll of old shabby white flannel, about four to five feet high, fall for'ards out of the inside of the safe right against Mr. Potwitch's shoulder as he was stooping over; and Mr. Potwitch, he raised himself up as it were, resting his hands on the package, and give a exclamation. And I can't hardly expect you should take what I says, but as true as I stand here I see this roll had a kind of a face in the upper end of it, sir. You can't be more surprised than what I was, I can assure you, and I've seen a lot in me time. Yes, I can describe if it you wish it, sir; it was very much the same as this wall here in color [the wall had an earth-colored distemper] and it had a bit of a band tied round underneath. And the eyes, well they was dry-like and much as if there was two big spiders' bodies in the holes. Hair? no, I don't know as there was much hair to be seen; the flannel-stuff was over the top of the 'ead. I'm very sure it wa'n't what it should have been. No, I only see it in a flash, but I took it in like a photograff — wish I had n't. Yes, sir, it fell right over onto Mr. Potwitch's shoulder, and this face hid in his neck, —

yes, sir, about where the injury was, — more like a ferret going for a rabbit than anythink else; and he rolled over, and of course I tried to get in at the door; but as you know, sir, it were locked on the inside, and all I could do, I rung up everyone, and the surgeon come, and the police and you gentlemen, and you know as much as what I do. If you won't be requirin' me any more to-day I'd be glad to be getting off home; it's shook me up more than I thought for.'

'Well,' said one of the inspectors, when they were left alone; and 'Well?' said the other inspector; and after a pause, 'What's the surgeon's report again? You've got it there. Yes. Effect on the blood like the worst kind of snake-bite; death almost instantaneous. I'm glad of that, for his sake; he was a nasty sight. No case for detaining this man Watkins, anyway; we know all about him. And what about this safe, now? but we'd better go over it again; and, by the way, we have n't opened that package he was busy with when he died.'

'Well, handle it careful,' said the other; 'there might be this snake in it, for what you know. Get a light into the corners of the place, too. Well, there's room for a shortish person to stand up in; but what about ventilation?'

'Perhaps,' said the other slowly, as he explored the safe with an electric

torch, 'perhaps they did n't require much of that. My word! it strikes warm coming out of that place! like a vault, it is. But here, what's this bank-like of dust all spread out into the room? That must have come there since the door was opened; it would sweep it all away if you moved it — see? Now what do you make of that?'

'Make of it? About as much as I make of anything else in this case. One of London's mysteries this is going to be, by what I can see. And I don't believe a photographer's box full of large-size old-fashioned Prayer-Books is going to take us much further. For that's just what yon package is.'

It was a natural but hasty utterance. The preceding narrative shows that there was in fact plenty of material for constructing a case; and when once Messrs. Davidson and Witham had brought their end to Scotland Yard, the join-up was soon made, and the circle completed.

To the relief of Mrs. Porter, the owners of Brockstone decided not to replace the books in the Chapel; they repose, I believe, in a safe deposit in town. The police have their own methods of keeping certain matters out of the newspapers; otherwise, it can hardly be supposed that Watkins's evidence about Mr. Poschwitz's death could have failed to furnish a good many head-lines of a startling character to the press.

SOME DOGS, AND A CAT OR TWO

BY WILHELMINE DAY

I

WE have a new kitten. I brought her in a fish-basket from Cornwall. She put her little gray face against the oblong opening in the lid, and mewed miserably, all the way. She is gray all over — eyes and nose and fur and the skin on the small pads of her feet. She stops purring only for the time to sleep and play. If she is roused ever so little from sleep, the returning consciousness starts the purr going automatically. She is a ball of expressive contentment. She is inquiring about everything. She sits on your shoulder and smells delicately at each mouthful of food you put in your mouth; sometimes she reaches out a soft, cold little paw and touches your hand in a gentle effort to deflect the morsel into her own pink mouth.

She just took the top of my pencil and boxed with it a few times, spoiling the word 'delicately.' Did you notice? The Lord is kind and provides for her all that is satisfactory. I have a new shirt-waist, and its buttons, thanks to a kitten providence, are not the ordinary tame, flat affairs. They are globular, and stand out boldly right in the path of a kitten climbing up to sit on my shoulder. Of course, she stops to nibble appreciatively at each one. When H—— goes for his bath in the morning, she gets down out of the warm bed and tries to thrust her diminutive nose beneath the door to join him, mewing in a plaintive half-tone all the time. A warm bed and one person to love her are not sufficient. There are two in this

family, she says, and both must love her all the time.

We want tremendously to send her to you, but her claws *are* sharp, and as she spends a large part of her time walking up and down or around on us, the pleasure of her company is punctuated by anything but pleasurable pricks. Would you like her? Her manners are charming and innate. Her name is Mordkin.

The new English bull-dog puppy has been brought home. Age, about ten weeks. Appearance, a genial clown, mostly head and paws. General characteristics, optimism in believing himself desired by everyone, alternating with wailing pessimism when left alone for a second. Chief activities, chewing, licking, and wriggling.

Because of the latter he has been promptly christened Rigoletto.

He adores Mordkin, the kitten, who mistrusts and despises him.

Here's some more about Wiggles. He loves best of anything in the way of diversion to run with a stick in his mouth, and have me *pretend* to take it away. The difference between pretence and reality is very clear to him, showing that he recognizes this particular form of activity as play. He runs with the stick — I circle about him, reaching for the stick and saying I shall take it away. He growls ferociously every time I make the sham effort to snatch it, and tosses his head and shakes the stick, prancing and curvetting like a spirited horse. But when I say,

'Wiggles, give me that stick,' and walk up to him, he drops down and lays the stick between his paws, with such a dejected air, and such pleading eyes. So you see he realizes, as I said, the difference between pretence and reality, and that pretence is a form of play. Strange, is n't it? because pretending is one of the commonest expressions of play in children, too.

When I refuse to play with him (a self-control that he fails to understand), he takes his ball in his mouth and races round and round in big circles with it. Then he will stop and let it fall suddenly. If it does n't roll, he will nudge it with his nose or strike it with his paw. If it still remains quiet, he takes it in his mouth again, runs a little way with it, and then tosses his head and throws it backward into the grass, so that he does not see where it goes. And then — such a panting fury of search for it. When he recovers it, the game starts all over from the beginning, and continues until he is so exhausted that he collapses, with the ball between his paws and his head resting on it.

I got that far when a diversion was created by Wiggles, who appeared at the door with mournful complaints about being on the wrong side of it. Betty let him in, and in the next succeeding two seconds he had scratched Betty's leg by jumping up on her, frightened the kitten by a lunge in her direction, eaten a mysterious and irresistible something that he found on the floor, jumped on the couch and down again, and is now chasing an eczema around his hind-quarters.

I am trying to train him in a new trick as a surprise to you when you get home. But it is hard work. Not because he is stupid, but because he has an idea that beguilings, in the shape of barks, and kisses, and wiggling, and be-seeching paws, will serve his purpose

better, and secure an immediate return of dog-biscuit! Poor dear clumsy creature — so full of infantine airs and graces, and so lumbering in their use. Last night we went out for a walk, with a happy bounding puppy alongside. As we passed the house next to us on our way home, a collie appeared, and from his expression I knew trouble was pending. At first Wiggles was charmed. He twisted and barked and ran toward the collie — who at once made a grab at Wiggles's throat. You never saw such a change of expression. What had been all eager expectation changed to the most abject and astonished humility. He *tucked* up his hind-quarters, and went tearing down the road, with only one idea in the world — to get home, to the safe harbor of front porch and a bed of burlap, smelling comfortably of the tried and known.

He is such an exuberant puppy. We never had another just like him. I think he must be in a constant state of bewilderment as to why happy ideas and intentions of the utmost good-will should be so sharply curtailed by the strange race of two-legged creatures who exert such power over him. Helen said last night that she wished that she could know how it was that I felt about dogs. She can't understand it at all, and of course I can't explain. I wish that I could, because then she might perhaps like dogs. It is just like any other love — a shade more of understanding than we feel for other creatures. Understanding is always a kind of happiness. Do you remember that time when Binks woke up in front of the fire, and as he stood up, I said, 'He's going over to chew the knot on that log' — and he did?

Well, it is that kind of thing that makes us love any creature — when we share its feelings and thoughts.

Did I tell you where Wiggles sleeps by preference, now? He has discovered

his own lair, and apparently its ownness outweighs all qualities of warmth or softness possessed by any other. He gets down into the wood-shed, and by flattening himself unbelievably, he manages to squeeze under the flooring of the piazza, whence he emerges in the morning when I go for wood, with sounds of internal revolution (literal revolution) which denote the furious character of his efforts to face out. Finally, as if pushed from behind, inch by inch, that intensely serious and enormous head of his appears with the most agonized expression, — eyes bulging, ears back, — and then a pause, as he gathers strength for his last expulsive spurt. That shoots him from under the sill as if by escaping steam, panting and victorious.

I am sitting down by the mail-box writing this. Dan'l is standing by me, his whole body eloquent of smells that allure, and of the possibilities latent in those horizons — his head turning gently to follow the wind as it shifts, his nostrils quivering. Every once in a while he paces a few feet down the road and back, hoping and hoping that I may come too. Once he had a distinct, sudden purpose come to him. He pricked his ears and trotted off toward the Bogles, his nose on the ground. About fifty feet away, all the purpose left him, for he suddenly remembered me sitting here so strangely indifferent. He stopped, turned to look, saw that I was still inert, and then droopingly turned back.

Wiggles has been obtrusive, and philosophic about rebuffs, as usual, and has finally settled down to a noisy, slobbering pursuit of ants in the long grass behind me.

It is always strange to me that we know so little about these dog-beings who live with us. They know so infinitely more about us. They are so expressive, too. One day I was walking up Prospect Street and met Chief, a setter belonging to the M——s. Chief

nodded, as it were, but no more. It was plainly to be seen that he was on no idle stroll. He had a purpose of a most compelling and none too pleasurable nature. His destination was known to him, and he was surely reluctant to go there.

When I got to Emily's, I spoke of Chief's cool greeting and his evidently disagreeable preoccupation. Emily said, 'Yes, he came to see us and we had just sent him home with a scolding.'

No one who loved dogs could ever have mistaken the character of Chief's enterprise that day.

We have had finnan haddie for lunch, and the result has been maddening for the cats, and dogs, too! The two cats have both been trying to get into the kitchen. The bitingest kitten, with her nose in the crack, and the littlest kitten, so desirous of having *her* nose in the crack that she had inserted herself *between* the bitingest kitten and the screen door, and the two of them so flattened against it that they looked as if they had been blown and held there by a high wind! Wiggles, with *his* nose also against the crack, over the top of the kittens.

The dogs and I had samp for lunch, which you don't like, so I am eating it up because I do. So do the dogs. Poor souls — their dog-biscuit went to Williamsville, so they have had very little to eat to-day. I found Wiggles incredibly flattened under the ice-box, trying to lick from the drain-pipe a few drops of salad oil that had spilled inside.

That Mordkin cat is shut into the back room downstairs every night; but she always appears at our door in the morning, very early, and makes pitiful sounds at being outside it instead of in. I used to be annoyed, because I thought someone must have been careless and left the door insecurely fastened. So I fastened it myself — and the next morning she was there outside as usual. She

has discovered that, by jumping up, she can press down the thumb-latch and open the door herself. She does n't wholly understand the system, however, for she tries frequently now to open the front door in the same way, and of course never succeeds. That is very trying, for all outdoors is beyond that front door, and she is exceedingly anxious to see what outdoors is like. She has smelt of it once or twice, and one night actually found herself shut out in it. But she got frightened and rang the bell, and I let her in.

When she gets into our room in the morning, she makes a satisfied little sound, not quite a purr and not quite a meow, and jumps on H——'s bed, and eats a little of his hair. She is let to do it until she drools too much in her ecstasy, and then by main force is hauled under the covers and is kept there until he gets up. She still keeps on purring, though it plainly is not so pleasant as licking a furry head of hair that feels much like an almost-forgotten mother. We have decided, lacking any proof of perpetual motion, that her purring arrangement is like a typewriter tape. When it has rolled off one wheel, it takes only a moment's adjustment to set it rolling off the other — not what you would call an appreciable interruption at all. She signs herself always,

Yours drooly,

MORDKIN.

II

The room is so peaceful. I wish you were here. The fire dead down to a few soft embers. I put some logs on, and they refuse to burn, but the heat is coaxing one of them to give off at least the most delicious fragrance of pine, which is more than compensation for the withheld blaze. We are four — as to people. Wig-wag under the sofa — where he spends a large part of his time lately, as

he has been subject to discipline. Dan'l Boggs at my feet, of course. And an extremely small and spunky kitten curled up in a chair beside me. The kitten is resting, and storing energy for future engagements with Wig-wag. They find each other enthralling —

Just here the kitten sat up, stretched, and then jumped down precisely in front of Dan'l Boggs's nose — where she stopped and stretched again with great deliberation, and, I am sure, with an internal ecstasy of fright; for Dan'l does really try to bite her at times. She then advanced with tense indifference for a few steps, cocked her head at sounds of Wig-wag under the sofa, and reflectively sharpened her claws in the rug. However, she changed her mind and started to play with Dan'l's paws. At once our peace was destroyed: Dan'l snapped at her, and almost caught her this time, — her poor little neck was quite wet, — and at the same moment old Wig-wag appeared, snorting, and the fire burst into flames and sent a great cloud of sparks and embers all over the room! Now the situation is this: Dan'l, having been beaten for snapping at the kitty, has retired under the table; Wig-wag is at my feet, evidently completely conscious of the altered balance of values in my affection for the time being; and the kitty is wild with excitement, dashing at anything, — a button on my coat, the pencil, her own tail, — and rushing at a piece of charcoal, leaping backwards through the air in a great arc — only to attack again. Now she is pensively licking one of Wiggles's toes, while she lies extended on her side between his paws.

Dear, funny, clumsy, great-hearted Wiggles! Nothing could make him hurt her except out of sheer blundering ignorance. He was playing with her this afternoon and rolled over on her and never knew it, until her wee, half-suffocated wails set him wondering!

He has just nosed her off the arm of my chair because *he* wanted to be patted — but all in a big friendly way.

I wish his faults were as unobtrusive as his virtues are unmistakable. What a dear he would be.

Did I tell you that, in spite of the kitten's affection for Wiggles, she can't abide his smell? She will be lying on her back between his paws, clawing and biting his cheeks and ears, and suddenly she will stop and sniff him, and then leap away, spitting furiously. In a second she is back again, playing happily.

She is so contemptuously affectionate toward him. He is so clumsy and so slow, and she knows so well how impossible it is for him ever to foresee anything she does.

Dan'l is contemptuous of Wiggles too — but without affection. He looks upon him as a low vulgarian. The other night Dan'l sat with one paw on my knee, gazing at me with his most beguiling and most high-bred gravity and steadfastness. That Wiggles absolutely did n't know any better than to come up and sniff at Dan'l's chin at such a moment of communion. I knew instantly what would happen, for I felt just as Dan'l did. He drew back his lips, showing all his teeth, and made one quick reach for Wiggles, without taking his paw from my knee or even glancing away. *That* penetrated even Wiggles's tough consciousness, and he hurriedly went out of the room, leaving us to our quiet exchange.

Dan'l is the 'beguilingest' dog, and the kitten is the 'bitingest' kitten. Her little red mouth is almost always open for a nip at somebody or something.

And it does n't interfere in the least with her other chief activity, which is purring. Did you know that they can purr with their mouths open?

When we go out, Wiggles bounds off and races around us and away again in

wild excitement. Dan'l stands quietly for a minute, with lifted head, savoring and enjoying the whole story of the country as it comes to him on the wind. He makes one or two little leaps at us, and then says to Wiggles, 'Oh, running, are you? Why, as for that —' And then he starts, and you never saw anything so beautiful as his movements while he gives Wiggles an exhibition of what running *really* is. He is just a flowing line of gold and white, round and round Wiggles, who makes vain and inglorious attempts to catch him. Dan'l will run straight up to Wiggles, touch him delicately with his nose, and before poor clumsy Wiggles can ever turn, Dan'l is fifty feet away. Then Wiggles becomes excited and lunges at Dan'l; whereupon he turns on old Wig-wag, snaps at him, and immediately stops running, as it is evident that he cannot show the slightest recognition of this underbred creature without his presuming on it and trying to become intimate. You know he really is an aristocrat. All of his appreciations are so keen, and he himself never presumes.

He sleeps in our room. In front of the windows at the foot of the bed is a cotton rag rug. Beside the bed is a lovely thick wool rug, very soft and fluffy and warm.

Of course, both windows are open, but Dan'l always lay on the the rug by the windows. I would call him, and he would come to the side of the bed, rest his chin on it while I stroked his head, and then go back and lie down. One very cold night, after this performance, I got up, lifted him in my arms, carried him over to the warm rug, and laid him down on it. Ever since that, he has slept there. You see? He really likes it better, but he felt that it was an intrusion to take it for granted.

Dan'l *must* bark at anyone who comes up to the house, and at some, even, who do not come up, but merely go by on

the road in clothes that to Dan'l betoken lack of respectability. It is not valor — nothing of the kind, I assure you. It seems to have no meaning; but he just does bark, that's all. There is some inner compulsion, which has no relation with any purpose that I can see, and Dan'l has to obey. When his mistress is very hot and tired, to punish him his nose sometimes gets tied around by a piece of tape, which goes back and ties into his collar or about his neck. This prevents Dan'l from rubbing off the subduing noose. He then goes immediately into the house and lies down in a dark hall, where his ignominy may not be observed. He rests his head against the wall, and as his mistress passes, he rolls his eyes to follow her passing and keep her in sight; but he can't turn his head, because he has to hide the noose by keeping his nose against the wall. Even in the midst of this punishment, if any stranger approaches, he gives half-strangled moans of disapproval; and when he is not thus muzzled, but only admonished by his mistress and told, 'No — no,' he just has to bark a little and growl a great deal, his tail meanwhile wagging a deprecatory apology, and his eyes beseeching forgiveness. He does n't really want to bark, because he knows what an offense it is. That is, Dan'l the person does n't want to bark. But Dan'l the dog is compelled to. I know how he feels, because I do the very things that I most hate, even while hating them.

Yesterday afternoon I went off to the woods with Ruth, to pick hepaticas. Dan'l and Wiggles came along, of course, and after a time Dan'l was lost. I called and called to him, Wiggles watching each path; and when finally Dan'l came back, Wiggles ran up to him and kissed him on the nose, and frisked back to me in the most joyous way, as if to say, 'It's all right now; we can go on.' He really does love Dan'l,

but Dan'l behaves shamefully to him. Yesterday Wiggles was in my way, and I pushed him violently off the porch, just as Dan'l came up in full time to receive Wiggles's hurtling form against his chest. Dan'l instantly was all outraged feeling. He snarled and snapped at Wiggles, and poor Wiggles had his usual air of not knowing what in the world was the matter with us anyway — either Dan'l or me.

At night — Late and dark! — I wish that you could see Wiggles the Protector! The dogs down the road began barking, so I stirred Wiggles up by a few whispered questions: 'Who's there? What is it? Woo-woo-woo!' Wiggles got out of the fireplace, looking stealthily and apprehensively around the room, gave two or three valiant barks, and then hurried behind my chair so as to place it between himself and the door. After peering round my knees for some minutes, he crept under the table, put forth a large frightened-looking face, draped by the red-silk table-cover, gave one or two more barks, and hastily tried to climb into my lap! Having failed, for lack of room, he is lying at my feet, with a reminiscent shiver now and then over the experience. What do you suppose he would do if anyone really did come? Climb into my lap? It is too absurd, for he is *enormous*. Never did anyone see a bull-dog of such dimensions, or so timorous.

Wiggle-Waggle is tied near me on the porch, so that he can't get down to the shore. He's perfectly demented when he gets down there. He is afraid to jump off the wharf because he goes under water; so every time a child screams, he runs up and down the dock, yapping wildly, until his excitement pitches him in; then he rushes at each child, biting its heels and trying to climb on its back for safety

To-day, having planted nothing at all, I feel without adventure. To be sure, Dan'l and Wig-wag had a fight. I rushed out and parted them, and took a stick and tapped both of them, not being absolutely certain who started it, although suspicions always point to Dan'l. Whereupon Dan'l at once showed me a hind leg which he was unable to straighten out at all, until I had patted and comforted him. He then put foot to floor and trotted off, quite normal again. Wig-wag as usual was all apology for his share. I must say he had slobbered up Dan'l's leg pretty well, so I think his intentions were sufficiently belligerent. But when I arrived on the scene, Dan'l, with his sure scientific instinct, was on top of Wriggles, and had him by the throat. He never attacks any other place. A curious left-over inheritance of his wolf ancestry.

Wriggles's race, however, has been bred to other purposes for so long ('way back in sixteen-forty or so they had the perfect type in Spain), that he always jumps for his opponent's nose. Every bull-dog we ever had did this, and woe to the unsuspecting cow who thrust a greedy nose through the pasture fence when a bull-dog was around. There was no resisting such an invitation; and in due time cows' noses became less greedy.

Mocha in this slush is delightful. Her ever-ready enthusiasm and curiosity lead her to endless exploration of the garden; but one can't deny that it is wet, and cold too, to the feet; so she trots as usual with her fore-paws, but her hind-paws gallop, and are lifted off the ground with a kind of hunch of her body, which balances her on her fore-paws for two or three steps and lifts her hind-paws into the air — so she does really save herself a little. When she finds a bone, she snatches it and is forced to run away with it. Of course,

no one is after her; but just the natural dog instinct of secreting herself makes her take the unpleasant journey across the yard. She then starts to sit down and enjoy the bone at leisure, but bethinks herself just in time, how wet it is; so she straightens up and nibbles a little. Again she finds her hind-legs bending, and again saves herself. After repeating this manœuvre several times, she at last compromises by making a rest out of her tail to balance herself, as a kangaroo does, and then partially squats, her haunches supported by her elbows.

I must go to work now — I really want to write a long letter, for I have a lot of talk to you about.

I might just as well have gone on, for I accomplished nothing, and was interrupted by a guest who brought her sewing and stayed all the afternoon. Mocha was much interested. She sniffed delicately all around the edges of the guest's spats; she then followed the line of her shoes, and then took a good long contemplative smell of the soles. From there she went to the edge of her skirt, and then pushed an inquisitive nose determinedly into her work-bag. All this activity was punctuated at intervals by raising her head and taking a general and comprehensive sniff at the whole aura of the guest.

I suppose all this is to her what a good exciting novel is to us. She has never been out in city streets, or in any houses but mine and Carrie's, and she has very little experience with which to correlate her impressions; but they seem not to pall upon her because of that.

Dan'l lies on the newly turned sod north of the asparagus-bed, and watches me work in the forbidden land of the garden. If he can (unseen), he pulls himself along until he is *on* the asparagus-bed, whence he is driven by shouts and objections. He goes immediately,

but looks so lonely and humble that I have to walk round the garden to comfort him each time. It makes gardening an extra-special long process!

This morning, while I was working, there was a rustling in the syringa bush, but no visible cause. Of course, I raised my voice and called, 'Wiggles, get out of the garden!' I then saw Dan'll emerge quietly, and furtively sneak off, pretending he was Wiggles, and never looking back at all!

Once Julie said to me, with a touch of disapproving asperity, 'Of course, I can't feel as you do about dogs. I love babies.'

At the time I was amused, but also a little annoyed, and said, 'Well, one can love both.' But she really was justified, because puppies have a special significance for me, and I'm afraid babies have not — certainly not until they become personalities.

I went to the Bull-dog Club show one spring, and saw there a most enchanting young thing, a few months old. He was extraordinarily well developed in bull-dog characteristics, and I was quite wild about him; but of course he was unobtainable. The next February, at the Westminster Kennel Club show, I saw my friend and recognized him instantly. I turned to the catalogue and verified the recognition, or else I would not dare to tell the tale, even to dog-lovers, for bull-dogs are generally very different in puppyhood and young-doghood. However, there he was, and Blackberry was his name, if I remember correctly. How many babies would have that much individuality in the first few months of their existence?

The mere sight of a dog creates a special intensity of living for the moment. All your senses have memories, which wake and concentrate as you

look at him. You know how each kind of dog feels under your hand, the texture of his coat, the silky places behind his ears, even if he is the roughest of Airedales, the wet, cool tip of his nose, the firm roundness and ripple of muscle in a terrier's haunch, the sinewy hollows in his leg, the delicious earthy smell of the paws, the flowing finished lines of a thoroughbred English setter, and the ineffable look of meekness that crowns his head — all these are sensations of a delicious intensity to the dog-lover.

I think I could be pretty nearly happy if I could spend all my time with them and have a piano and books thrown in.

Sunday. I am just back from a lovely walk up the valley, I took a slice of bread and butter and a tomato and a piece of gingerbread, and started off to Newfane; but when I was in the middle of that hill on the sharp curve this side of Newfane, I saw that there was a river road; so I turned back and followed it up the river, until I seemed so far from civilization that I became a little frightened. So then I climbed down the bank to the river's edge, and ate my lunch. I threw the stem-end of my tomato into the water, and Wiggles was *most* anxious to eat it. He followed it as it floated along, and every once in a while would bite at it! Of course, it would sink a little and he would get a mouthful of water instead! He was so persistent and plucky about it that I finally fished it out and gave it to him! He then sat beside me on a rock, and would occasionally reach out and paw the water a little — the reflections in it interested him deeply. What must they think of things that have such a visual reality, and vanish at a touch?

THE BIOLOGIST SPEAKS OF DEATH

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

I TRIED during the war to tell the American people—so far, at least, as they might be reached through the *Atlantic Monthly*—something of the nature of the German arguments from biology why there must always be war, why there ought to be war, and even why Germany should win in the war then being waged. For I believed that Americans should know something of this feeling and attitude of the German people, or of a considerable, and certainly very influential, part of them. I do not wish to repeat too much of what I have already presented in Atlantic articles. But we need, for the purposes of our present discussion, to recall the essential features of this claim; for this argument from biology of the inevitableness, and even the desirability, of war has been used, and is used to-day, by others than Germans. Indeed, if the German people to-day admit the argument with all of its implications, the result of the war should be accepted by them as a revelation and proof of their evolutionary biological unfitness in comparison with nearly a score of other peoples; and the Germans should not care to recall the argument. But I have heard of no statement from German sources to this effect.

The argument to which I have referred is based on the assumption that natural selection is the all-powerful factor, almost the sole really important factor, in organic evolution. And that, as man as an animal species is subject

to the control of the same major evolutionary factors which control the other animal kinds, his evolutionary progress, or fate, is to be decided on the basis of a rigid, relentless natural selection. It is the argument from a post-Darwinian point of view, of which Weismann, an eminent German biologist, was chief exponent, and which goes much beyond Darwin's own conceptions.

Natural selection itself, as you know, is the outcome of a bitter and persistent struggle for existence, in which struggle the fittest, or fitter, survive, while the less fit become either much modified or extinguished. This struggle has three chief phases.

1. An inter-species struggle, or the lethal competition among different animal kinds for food, space, and opportunity to increase.

2. An intra-species struggle, or lethal competition among the individuals of a single species, resultant on the overproduction of individuals due to natural multiplication by geometric progression. And

3. The constant struggle of individuals and species against the rigors of climate and the danger of storm, flood, drought, cold, and heat.

Now any animal kind and its individuals may be continually exposed to all these phases of the struggle for existence, or, on the other hand, any one or more of these phases may be largely ameliorated, or even abolished, for a given species and its individuals. This

amelioration may come about through a happy accident of time or place, or because of the adoption by the species of a habit or mode of life that continually protects it from a certain phase of the struggle.

For example, the adoption by two widely distinct, and perhaps originally antagonistic, species of a commensal or symbiotic life, based on the mutual-aid principle, — thousands of such cases are familiar to naturalists, — would ameliorate or abolish the inter-specific struggle between these two species. Even more effective in the modification of the influence due to a bitter struggle for existence, is the adoption by a species of a social or communistic mode of existence, so far as its own individuals are concerned.

As a matter of fact, this reliance by animal kinds, for success in the world, upon a more or less extreme adoption of the mutual-aid principle, as contrasted with the mutual-fight principle, is much more widely spread among the lower animals than is familiarly recognized; while in the case of man, it has been, in connection with high brain-development and the acquirement of the power of speaking and writing, the greatest single factor in the achievement of his proud biological position as king of living creatures.

Altruism — or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, to escape the implication of assuming too much consciousness in it — is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors.

This mutual aid, as a biologic or natural factor, has influenced materially, as I have said, the mode of life, the biologic success, and the character of the

evolution of many kinds of lower animals. In their case, it was not, we presume, consciously chosen or consciously developed. In the case of man, however, where also mutual aid has been a fundamental factor in determining the mode of life and the success and character of the evolution of the species, and where in the beginning also it may have been entirely unconsciously taken on, we face an important new thing in relation to it: that is, its conscious development. Indeed, it is the high development of mutual aid, plus a high degree of brain-power, plus the existence of something we call spirit or soul in man, all of these interacting on each other to the advantage of the further development of each, that really distinguishes man from other animals, and makes him human. This conscious development of mutual aid, or altruism, by man demands some further consideration of the problem of war as the biologist faces it.

Man differs markedly from other animal species in having two kinds of inheritance, often confused because of the use of the common term, inheritance, for both kinds. He has a biological inheritance — this is real heredity, inherent in him, and responsible for much of his physical and mental condition, and for that reflex and instinctive behavior, partly indispensable for the actual maintenance of his life and health, but partly no longer indispensable, in his present stage of evolution, as in the cases of various brute performances once necessary to his self-preservation.

He has also a social inheritance, not a part of his heredity, but playing a very important and conspicuous rôle in his life, especially in his less material, his higher life, as we are accustomed to call it — the part of his life that especially characterizes him, and makes especially worth while being human. Man is not born with this social inheritance in him,

as his biological inheritance is in him, but with it all about him, ready for him and certain to be, in some measure, imposed on him. He is born into it rather than with it in him.

This social inheritance consists of tradition, of recorded history, of precept and example — of education, in a word. It is possible because of mutual aid, and speech, writing, and printing. Other animals, especially a few of the higher ones, may also enjoy a certain social inheritance; but man's social inheritance is so incomparably greater and more important in determining the character of his life, that he is in this respect qualitatively different from all other animals.

II

Now, with all this in his eyes, the biologist interested in the problem of the inevitability of war and the desirability of it sees the situation as reducible to rather simple terms. If man prefers, or surrenders himself, to be ruled in his relation to fighting and war by his biological inheritance, then war will persist. Or if he decides that the best way to develop the highest type of man and human culture is to depend primarily on the natural selection based on a ruthless, physical, life-or-death determining struggle for existence, with a survival and dominance of the materially strongest, then war is desirable.

But if he recognizes that he must take into account, in his study of human development, another evolution factor, not less natural, and of proved effectiveness, which is based on the mutual-aid principle instead of the mutual-murder principle, and one which can be backed by all the force of social inheritance to counteract certain opposing influences of biological inheritance, then war need be to him neither inevitable nor desirable.

The protagonists of inevitable war

declare that human nature does not change. The biologist declares that human nature does change, both by virtue of the influences of strictly biological factors, and especially by virtue of the influences of social inheritance. Human nature to-day, which is certainly not the same as human nature in early Glacial time, is quite as much the resultant of the work of social-inheritance factors as it is of factors of biological inheritance. Human nature — not just the part that is inherited, but the whole of it, including the part that is acquired by each generation — not only changes, but can be made to change in definite direction by education; and it can be made to change with reasonable rapidity—a rapidity that seems very rapid indeed to the biologist accustomed to see change mostly depend on slowly modified heredity.

Let us turn now to one or two more of those problems which especially involve in their consideration this matter, introduced by our reference to the war-problem, of the two kinds of inheritance and the relations between them.

The problems that I have especially in mind at this moment introduce conspicuously the subject of human heredity. Is a man what he is because he is born so, or because he becomes so by education, using education in the broad sense of including all environment?

With the work and theories of Mendel and the three botanists, Tschermak, Correns, and DeVries, as stimulus and basis, there has been an energetic pushing on of heredity studies, with a rapid gaining of many facts and much understanding, until now we are able confidently to make statements about the heredity mechanism and behavior that are really startling in their preciseness and practical importance. We can make enough prophecies about the outcome of many cases of mating, to give us sufficient basis to warrant us in mod-

ifying our social inheritance in directions intended to increase advantages or decrease disadvantages derived from biological inheritance. Not all traits are inherited according to the Mendelian order, but many are. This order can be found out if it exists, and then from it can be predicted the outcome of certain matings.

It must be found out by experiment (in lower animals and plants), or observation (in human beings), for each specific trait in each species of plant and animal, and for man. It will take a long time to work out the order of heredity for all the Mendelizing traits, physical and mental, which the human species possesses; but it can be done; and then we can bring to bear the power of our social inheritance, to make human life rapidly better by encouraging the good and discouraging the bad in biological inheritance.

But we do not have to wait until we know the order of inheritance for all our traits before we can begin to use wisely this new knowledge of heredity, which began with the revelations of the Augustinian monk Mendel, about the inheritance of stem-length and pod-shape and seed-coat of garden peas. We can begin on a basis of the knowledge of the heredity behavior of a single trait. Let me give an example.

For a long time the characters considered in studies of heredity were exclusively physical ones. Just as in the beginning days of anatomical study man's body was considered too sacred to be submitted to dissection, so in the beginning days of heredity study man's mental traits were considered too sacred for scientific analysis. But ever since Galton, students of human heredity have paid attention to the inheritance of mental traits and general mental capacity. It is a fascinating thing to trace the descent of genius or great talent through the succeeding generations

of a family. The Bach family contributed an extraordinary number of notable musicians to the world, in several generations. But, if mental capacity is inherited, so is mental incapacity. It has been fairly satisfactorily proved that the mental condition of feeble-mindedness not only is an inherited condition, but may be looked on as a unit human trait, following the general Mendelian order as to its mode of inheritance. If this is really so, — and it is hardly any longer open to doubt, — it has obviously a most important significance in connection with the whole problem of education. It must make us face squarely the situation that there are limits to the educability of certain individuals, and that we should somewhere call a halt on our vain efforts to put the same kind and amount of education into all kinds of pupils.

This fact of the heritability of feeble-mindedness has also an important significance in connection with a particular social problem — that of juvenile delinquency; for it has been proved beyond much doubt, by the studies of Goddard, Davenport, Kuhlmann, Williams, and others, that feeble-mindedness and delinquency are all too often closely linked in terms of cause and effect.

III

Now these three matters of war and juvenile delinquency and racial well-being are but three examples of the many problems of human life having obvious and fundamental biological aspects. But how little has the world, although intensely interested in these problems and anxiously trying to solve them, taken any advantage of the special knowledge offered by the biologist in connection with them. And this despite the fact that it has been in recent years quite the fashion to invite the biologist to talk about such problems,

and even to listen to him with a tolerant interest. But why this fashion of listening to his advice, and at the same time the fashion of not acting on it? Well, it is not all the fault of the public: it is partly the fault of the biologist.

In the first place, the biologist seems unable to escape from the use of a terminology that is to be found only in the larger dictionaries — and these dictionaries are at home, while the public is in the lecture-hall. There are hundreds of interesting and pertinent facts of biology that are to-day awaiting intelligible telling in order to be made use of!

In the second place, the biologist apparently has difficulty in estimating the varying degrees of practicalness of his knowledge. Take the very examples I have used in this paper. If the biologist has nothing more to contribute to the discussion of the tremendously important and pressing problem of war than the assurance that human evolution will carry us beyond war in another geologic epoch or two, he may be listened to with tolerant interest, but he will start nothing to help put an end to war.

Of course, I think that he really has more to offer. I have even tried to indicate what it is that he can suggest, namely, to fight the false notion that human evolution must be left to natural selection, and that war produces natural selection; as a matter of fact, war produces artificial selection more than natural selection, and a bad or reversed artificial selection at that. He can also encourage the right notion that a certain biological inheritance, especially that already vestigial, can be largely offset by social inheritance. In fact, it is social evolution, not biological evolution, that we must chiefly look to for future human progress. Most anthropologists agree that the major differ-

ence between present man and primitive man — not man of the early Ice Age, but primitive man of late pre-historic times — lies less in physical differences and mental capacity, than in the possession by present man of methods and technique based on scientific knowledge not possessed by primitive man; that the difference is chiefly one of social inheritance, and modern man has gained over primitive man in this regard with ever-increasing acceleration. His movement of advance has been like that of a snowball, rolling faster as it gets bigger. Many biologists believe that man is already so specialized an end-product of his evolutionary line, that, as regards physical change and actual mental capacity, he has reached the standing-still stage. Certainly man to-day, as individual, is not to be regarded as superior to man of early historic times, of the times of Greek greatness, or, probably, even of the times of early Egypt and Asia Minor.

In connection with the matter of juvenile delinquency and racial well-being the biologist's contribution of facts and suggestions is of tangible practicality. The biologist says that the normal man who married a feeble-minded woman and started a line of descendants of whom four out of five were socially incompetent, and hence burdens and dangers to society, and who then married a normal woman and started another line of descendants, all socially competent, should have been prevented from making the first mating. Don't call this eugenics — call it an application of scientific knowledge and common sense. Think of it as just as important and just as possible as the enforced isolation of a victim of infectious disease, or of homicidal mania.

But not all the problems of human life, in the discussion of which the biologist ventures to take part, exhibit their biological aspects so clearly as the ex-

amples thus far referred to. The approach of the biologist to these other problems, even his right to approach them, becomes more debatable — but, for that very reason, perhaps, more interesting. Can the biologist, with his methods of analysis and his knowledge of other kinds of life than human life, make any, even least, contribution to those things which most of us demand first from existence, namely, personal achievement, personal service to humanity, personal happiness? Can he show us wiser ways of living? He can unquestionably show us safer ways; and presumably for that reason alone it is quite worth our while to call on him to give us the benefit of his special knowledge and his reasoned recommendations. But merely being safer amid danger is not what many, very many of us, are chiefly concerned with. We want continuing to live to mean something continually larger. Has the biologist anything helpful to suggest about this? Or will listening to him mean more pessimism, hopelessness, fatalism? If so, perhaps we would prefer to be blindly hopeful, ignorantly happy.

IV

I can understand, although I do not share, a certain feeling of repugnance to accepting the situation forced on us by scientific fact and logical induction. I can sympathize with, although I do not accept, the position of those who persist in wishing and trying to look on themselves and human kind in general as of a different clay, endowed with a different breath, and existing in a different sphere from the rest of life. I can feel the egocentric urge that leads to this position perhaps as strongly as those who take it, but I cannot surrender to it as easily. Scientific observation and cool reason prevent. How can one accept eagerly and gratefully

that knowledge about our bodily make-up and functioning which the biologist gives us, and, on the basis of it, proceed to modify our behavior so as to protect ourselves from accident and disease, and help ourselves in the attempt to adapt ourselves to the actual conditions of the world we live in, and yet reject other no less well-demonstrated facts of the same general category, brought to us by the same biologist, but the acceptance of which involves the recognition on our part of our true place in Nature.

I am inclined to find an explanation for this popular inconsistency in two or three different causes. For one thing, some biologists have gone ahead of the actual facts with their justifiable significance, and have presented the world with hypotheses instead of demonstrations, and have insisted on an acceptance of unjustifiable significance. For another thing, one can never get away from letting one's own observations, with all their limitations as to both scope and accuracy, play a too large part in determining one's judgments about any matter, however technical, and however demanding, for correct understanding, a certain special training and equipment on the part of the observer. This is one of the reasons why the professors of political economy and sociology have such a hard row to hoe. Everyone is his own economist and sociologist, because the subjects are, perforce, under everyone's observation, although this observation may really be very limited, and usually is of a most untrained and unmethodical kind. Professors of astronomy, on the other hand, are accepted unhesitatingly as authorities — so few of us have telescopes.

Now the biologists have a position between these extremes. When they talk about microbes and dinosaurs, their statements are accepted at face-value. But when they talk about hu-

man beings, whom they can study quite as carefully as they can other kinds of beings, there are reservations. When the biologists' talk about human beings is limited to statements about lungs and liver, skeleton and ductless glands, it is not questioned. But when their talk is about the behavior of human beings, about their psychology, their heredity, their responses to environment and education, and their position in nature, then it is tested by the miscellaneous personal observations and prejudices and desires and hopes and beliefs of each individual, and it is accepted or not as it confirms or contradicts each one's notions derived from these things. We all, or most of us, think we know human beings as well as the biologist does. Most assuredly the biologist does not know all that is to be known about human beings; and about that which he does not know we must certainly be permitted to accept our own guess as likely to be as good as his. But we are too likely to think our own guess even better than his.

This latter attitude comes largely, I think, from a feeling, after hearing the biologist talk about human life, that his consideration of this life is too academic, too technical, too detached from most of those things that make up our immediate interests and fill our present moments. The matters that occupy our principal attention are our work and recreation, our clothes and food, our household affairs, our health and our looks, our income, expenditures, and savings, the growing-up of our children and the growing old of ourselves, our family and social relations, our personal contacts with people, and our opinions of them. We think, and talk about books and music and pictures, about railways and bridges and motor-cars, about scenery and climate and hotels, about politics and diplomacy and governments. And all the time we give

a fascinated attention to the particular human beings connected with these things, especially the ones we personally know or see. We note and discuss their particular idiosyncracies, their likenesses and differences; we compare them with each other and with ourselves. We are concerned, constantly and immensely, with individuals.

It is right at this point, I believe, that we have a clue to the explanation of the gulf between the biologist-student of human life and the everyday observer of human life. One deals primarily with the species, the other with individuals. One gives his attention to human-kind, the other to particular human creatures. If we knew other kinds of animals as individuals, — and we *do* occasionally, as when we have a particular horse or dog or cat or canary for companion, or scrape literary acquaintance with Lobo the Wolf, or Bre'r Rabbit; I have even come to know individual bees in my glass-sided observation hives, — if we knew other animals as individuals, I say, we should have another point of view regarding them. But, as species, they do not interest many of us very much; although it is exactly as such that they do interest the biologist. And it is primarily as species that the biologist is interested in human-kind. That is why the biologist's information to us about man leaves us cold. And why the daily newspaper's information about men fascinates and thrills us. And yet — and yet — the biologist's information, so far as he can confidently go with it, is of huge importance to us as individuals. Taken into account and acted on, it can make wiser, less wasteful, more capable, happier individuals of us. And it need not rob us of the hopes and beliefs that many of us cherish. It may do nothing to encourage them, but it cannot, certainly at present, make us give them up. And I do not think it ever will.

V

I have had, during the very writing of this paper, the distressing experience of being brought, suddenly and dramatically, to face that problem of human life which to most of us is the greatest of all its problems — I mean the problem of death. One evening, on a train from Chicago to Washington, returning with a companion from a week's association with hundreds of other scientific men, I spent the hours between dinner and bed-time discussing with my companion the possibilities of science in helping us to understand Nature and Life. He was a man who had given thirty years, with all the advantage of great ability and highly perfected training, to scientific study. He was withal a most attractive and lovable personality. We parted at the evening's end with smiles of friendship and mutual encouragement to push on with the task that we had in common. In the morning I found him dead in his berth.

What does the biologist have to tell us of death? Well, first, true to his professional interest, he tells us of the facts and the significance of the death of species. Death of species is at once the revelation and the proof of the struggle for existence, with the consequent survival of the fit. Dead species have been the stepping-stones to new species; their history is the history of organic evolution. Species are unfit, or become unfit, for various reasons; among them, the reason of over-specialization. This is rather surprising, for all organic evolution is a movement from generalization toward specialization; yet, in the very acquirement of this specialization are sown the seeds of species-death. What organisms gain in specialization they lose in plasticity. They become so adapted that they lose adaptability. Progress in one direction involves, as someone has said, the closing

of the gates in countless other directions; progression thus means a succession of lost opportunities. The Irish stag, specializing in antlers, was brought by too large antlers to species-death. The great dinosaurs, lords of their epoch, extinguished themselves by too much muchness. There are even analogies of these biologic happenings in human history. And there are even biologists who see the triumphantly super-specialized species, man, in actual danger of species-death from too much specialization.

But one of the major lines of human specialization is what might be called a specialization in the direction of safety from over-specialization; it is a specialization in general adaptability, not in particular adaptation. Man has become able to follow varying natural conditions. Man's narrow biologic specialization — think of the narrow limits of temperature, oxygen, food, and other conditions, in relation to his mere maintenance of life — is offset by his wide social inheritance and his educability. This gives him the power to withstand and dominate antagonistic nature—even the power to add the forces of nature to his own forces. He fights against natural selection; he substitutes a purposeful artificial selection for it. His possession of consciousness, reason and volition, by which he makes effective a scientific method or technique of successful struggle with nature, seems to insure him against species-death, at any rate in any geologically near future. Cataclysmic world-change would wipe him out easily, so specific is his biological adaptation to present conditions; but slow change—and that seems the geologic rule—finds him well protected, so developed is his power of conscious adaptability and his partial control of the conditions of life. 'What a plastic little creature man is!' said Emerson. 'So shift, so adaptive! His

body a chest of tools, and he making himself comfortable in every climate, in every condition.'

But it is not human species-death but human individual-death that most of us look on as the problem of death. It is here, as always, in *individuals*, including our individual selves, not in *species*, that most of us are principally interested. What has the biologist to say about this kind of death?

Truly, very little. To explain to us that the human body is a machine that differs from other machines with which it may be compared in that, when it is once stopped, it cannot be set going again, is not in the least to solve for most of us the great problem. Is death really just what it seems, and what the biologist describes it to be, or is it what so many would like it to be, hope it is, and even firmly believe it is? Can the human individual have an ethereal spirit existence apart from, or after, his bodily-machine existence? Is man immortal? That is what we insist upon asking the biologist, who assumes a knowledge beyond that of most of us concerning human life.

The biologist, unless he is a scientific bigot, confesses at once the limitations of his knowledge. He does not claim that his description of individual death necessarily tells the whole story. But he claims that it tells it so far as the kind of evidence which he can accept as telling him things he can rely on now permits. Just because a single part in the complex material machine, or association of engines, that was my friend's body, suddenly breaks down, is that the end of his story? One evening, all that nature and man had done for him were available for our good and his happiness. The next morning, because a trivial mechanical disharmony prevailed during the night over what had been for fifty years mechanical harmony, he is nothing more to us or him-

self. This seems preposterous, incredible. Must we accept it, biologist?

Sadly he answers, 'I can give you no comfort. That same waste of Nature's efforts — if it really is waste — is apparent all through the realm of life. This unconscious waste of Nature is no less preposterous, incredible to me,' he says, 'than that every now and then, consciously flying in the face of what seems to be all self-interest, all enjoyment of life, all reason, millions of men swarm out of their homes, to use all their energy, all their native cunning, all their hard-won scientific knowledge, to kill each other, to bring intense suffering to their wives and children, to destroy their accumulated material possessions, to burn the created glories of their artist geniuses, to work, in a word, all the waste and misery that are the inevitable accompaniments of war. Is this less incredible,' he asks, 'than that Nature should tolerate the extinguishing, after a period of functioning, of the complex of elaborately built-up machines which is the human body?' And he adds that the same extinguishing comes to every other animal machine, to all other living bodies. Do you ask for something to continue after death of the pet dog, the favorite riding-horse, the bird you shoot as game, or the insect you crush under your feet? 'I find no proof, scientific proof,' he says, 'that death is not the end of these creatures. And you do not ask me to believe otherwise because of any desire or belief on your part that death is not their end. Well, no more do I find any proof, of the kind I am familiar with and content to accept, that death is not the end of man. I do not say that death is the end, that I have scientific proof that it really is the end; but I have no proof, yet, that it is not the end.' The strong desire and hope, and that next conscious state, belief, which you suggest to me as proof to you that death does not end

all, are not the kind of proof on the basis of which I ask you to accept what I do really feel able to tell you as facts about human life, facts many of which you are inclined to accept on my word.

'Nor have I been able to find proof — the kind of proof that proves things to me — of immortality, by attending spiritist séances, or by reading the volumes of the Society for Psychical Research, or the many other books that recite the experiences of alleged participants in, or observers of, things of after death. I should, indeed, truly be appalled by death,' the biologist says, 'and it would have a terror for me greater than it has even as a possible complete extinguisher of my personality, if it meant that it was the beginning for me of a perpetual personal spirit-existence, in which my thoughts and conversations were to be of the kind exemplified by those recorded in the Psychical Research and spiritist books. I do not wish to spend a spirit-existence responding to calls from earth to describe the quality of the cigars that I am permitted to enjoy in my eternal life beyond.'

But in the same breath the biologist says, if he is not a bigoted biologist, that he has no right to say, and will not say, that there cannot be a human spirit-life.

He cannot authoritatively, and hence will not try to, affirm that there cannot be human immortality. He simply remains agnostic. He does not know.

VI

Then there is the cognate matter of soul in the living body. The biologist sometimes has a difficult time trying to understand what other people understand by soul. If sweetness of disposition or amiability of character is a symptom of soul, as he is told by some, then he finds soul in many animals. I had two tarantulas once in my laboratory,

one of whom was an ugly-tempered morose brute, who, whenever I approached him with playful finger, became angry and, rearing on his hinder two pairs of legs and unfolding his great poison-fangs, made ready to lunge and strike whenever his malicious intelligence assured him that he could reach and wound me. But the other tarantula, of the same kind and found in the same field, would let me fondle him and would walk in friendly fashion up my bare arm, without ever a thought of hurting me. He was a sweetly dispositioned tarantula.

If you say that I should not attribute character or disposition to these spiders, but should limit myself to describing their manner of behavior, because we do not know that their behavior was controlled by their disposition, — chemical or physical stimuli may have controlled it, — then I reply that I can quite as easily and much more confidently describe the similarly contrasting behavior of two human individuals in terms that we usually limit ourselves to in describing animal behavior. The difference is, we have had so much experience with human individuals, that is, have made so many observations and so many experiments on them, that, in our search for the springs of this behavior, we have become accustomed to saying that such and such behavior indicates such and such kind of disposition, a large or small possession of kindness, or, as some might interpret it, soul. If we knew tarantulas better, we might be able to use the same generalization, and discriminate among them as fairly.

Mother-love reveals the human soul, says one; but mother-love is a commonplace among the higher animals and some of the less high. Love and sacrifice of self for family and community prove soul: well, the worker bee works till it falls dead on the threshold of the

hive, with honey-sac or pollen baskets filled with food, which it is bringing home to feed the babies and queen and drones of the hive. Faith in an all-wise and all-kind God proves the soul in us. The primitive Africans have no less faith, although their God is made of wood or mud. John Muir's dog, Stickeen, seems to have had no less faith in his master, at whose insistence he leaped the dangerous glacier crevasse that seemed too wide. Had Stickeen a soul?

But other people mean other things by soul: they mean the creative imagination, the capacity for self-expression of the wonderful things in them. Yet a simple physical injury or disharmony in these material body-tissues means a prompt end to all these wonders. A boy companion of mine was called, because of what he could do in music, a genius. He fell one day from a gate-post and struck his head against a stone. In a few weeks he was as strong a boy as he had been before, but he was no longer a genius. There was no longer any soul in his music. Was it his soul that struck the stone? Soul seems to mean, or at least to require, continuing mental balance.

The brain is a wonderful instrument in some human beings; in others, whole communities or tribes of others, it now enables its possessors to count no more than five. Trained human reason does wonders; so does the untrained instinct of the social wasps and the fungus-farming ants. The Brooklyn Bridge is a triumph of engineering; so is the orb-web of the garden spider. I do not mean that there is no difference between the brain of man, on which seems to depend a part at least of his soul, and the cephalic ganglion of the ant. But may not this difference be one of mass and histologic differentiation and organization, rather than of fundamental kind or quality; may it not be quantitative

rather than qualitative? For all practical purposes, this difference may be such as to make two very different sorts of creatures out of men and ants; but is one to be assumed to be fundamentally foreign to the other? so fundamentally foreign that one means soul and immortality and the other only carnality and clay? Perhaps it is: I do not know.

Much that means soul and human attributes assumed to be peculiarly and fundamentally derived from some source other than one common to other forms of life, has been plausibly shown by biologists and sociologists to be a highly developed derivative of more animal-like attributes. Love may be a beautiful outgrowth from the animal necessities of reproduction and protection; charity, from the requirements of an advantageous development and exercise of altruism in the case of an animal species that has adopted the mutual-aid principle in evolution rather than the mutual-fight principle; hope and belief may be the by-products of a brain-development that has outrun utility, even as the Irish stag's antlers outran advantage in size.

Emotion itself is a great problem. There are fundamental emotions or conscious states, such as fear and hunger and sex-interest, which are plainly closely related to the animal part of our life; and other less fundamental, or derived, emotions, such as desire, hope, and confidence leading to belief, and doubt and depression leading to despondency, which are apparently a product of our more intellectual life. But that is to say that they differ from the fundamental emotions common to other animals as well as ourselves only because of our more elaborate and superior nervous development. These derived emotions are among the particularly distinguishing attributes of human life as compared with animal life, and

play a great part in all of our everyday living. We see more of them, are impressed more by them and think more about them, under ordinary circumstances, than we do about the more fundamental emotions; but how quickly and powerfully the fundamental emotions dominate us, under circumstances that strip off for the moment our veneer of social inheritance and of so-called peculiarly human qualities. The war revealed this vividly, although it also revealed how some individuals had arrived at a stage in human evolution which enabled them to dominate their brute-inheritance in a most wonderful and encouraging way.

An authorized lecturer, representing a certain organization with many adherents, stated in an address in Washington the other evening, that the world is a mental phenomenon, and hence that all the things we know in it are controllable by mind, or, indeed, are simply manifestations of mind. That rather seems to put in the hands of each person possessing mentality the power to do things to, or with, this old world, and the conditions of life on it, much as he wills to do them.

I must confess that the biologist sees the world differently. He finds it composed of a lot of things, and sees going on, in and about it, a lot of things that are hard to reduce to mental phenomena and hard to make amenable to his desires and control.

In Stanford University a number of years ago, I used to walk through an avenue lined with trees — I believe they were trees — to the beautiful quadrangle of buildings, with a companion, now a distinguished professor of philosophy in an important Eastern university, who proved during our walk each morning, by what was to me a verbally irrefutable logical argument, that there were no trees along our way and no quadrangle before us. However, when,

after successfully avoiding the tree-trunks, we reached the quadrangle, we entered it quite naturally and unsurprised, and went on under its arcades to take up our duties in our respective classrooms in it. We, or rather the professor of philosophy, had simply had a pleasant after-breakfast exercise in mental gymnastics. I had done my gymnastics — other gymnastics — before breakfast.

The biologist is willing to bet his life that much of the world really exists in a material sense. If the philosopher and I were standing on a railway track, with a locomotive engine tearing toward us at fifty miles an hour, he might prove to me, if there was time, by his interesting play of words and logic, that nothing was there, and hence nothing was going to happen if our non-existent bodies continued to stand still on the non-existent railway. But I should win my bet that something very distressing would happen, unless we stepped off the track, and that pretty quickly.

The biologist is a homely and practical-minded person, who is little given to over-refined logic and debate, but much given to observation and experiment. His laboratory tells him what a precarious and fragile thing life is, how material and condition-ruled and circumscribed a living creature is. But his wife and child and his own consciousness tell him how much more, how immeasurably more, there is in life than he learns in his laboratory. It is this extra-laboratory observation and realization of the possibilities and actualities of human life that make it, even to the biologist, the vivid, many-colored, suggestive, and thrilling thing it is — the thing so full of occasionally realized great moments and of glimpses of infinitely great possibilities, that sometimes it seems all mystery, all something more than of this world, and hence all something quite hopeless to study

by the methods of his science, indeed quite hopeless even profitably to wonder about. Why not take it and make the most of it?

And then comes the insistent question: Ah, *how* make the most of it? And he becomes again the patient, struggling student of biology, the student of the laws or conditions of life.

VII

The goal of the biologist — however unattainable, or most limitedly attainable, arrival at it may now seem to be — is to be able to speak with confidence of the future behavior or fate of living things; of living things as individuals and as groups and kinds. The biologist really aims at being able some time to speak confidently about the future and destiny of human-kind.

If the biologist finds himself quite unable to say much that is worth listening to about the future of human beings after death, he is at least ready to venture some suggestions about the future of the human species in its material relations to the world and world-conditions it lives in, and about the possibilities or probabilities of its further development or evolution.

This evolution is a fundamental element in life. Primarily, it simply means change; but history — geologic and biologic history — has shown that this change has been progressive; it is change forward and upward. What causes it, we do not know, despite our glimpse of some of its factors; what it really is, we do not know, despite our sight of its results. 'Some call it Evolution, and others call it God,' sings William Caruth. But it is real. Human life to-day is what it is, because of it; human life will be to-morrow what it will be, because of it. Is the biologist in a position to hazard prophecy as to the future course of human evolution?

As Conklin has pointed out, progressive evolution of special lines of animals and plants has limits fixed by its very nature. Now man has gone a long, long way in the progressive evolution of his body and its functions. But it is apparently true, that for ten thousand years there has been no notable progress in this evolution. If evolution is carrying man forward, — and we do not doubt it, — it is doing it in a different way. This way seems to be the way of social evolution, based on man's social inheritance and the biologic factor of mutual aid. If so, we have to see man of the future as the possessor of an ever more elaborate and higher development of social inheritance, and more and more capable, by virtue of this social inheritance, of an inhibition of the vestigial brute carry-overs in his biological inheritance. That means, in the ultimate analysis, that future man can be consciously determined by man to-day; that human evolution has been turned over to human-kind itself to direct. What an opportunity, but, at the same time, what a responsibility!

Here is where the biologist becomes the preacher and exhorter. Here is where biology and the appeal to reason, where technical knowledge and common sense, where science and religion join. The soundest of science leads us to the conclusion that man, by virtue of the possession of a social inheritance, as contrasted with the biological inheritance which is all the inheritance that other animal species have, — a social inheritance which gives him the present realities and the future possibilities of a social evolution, in addition to his more personal evolution, — has in his own hands a great instrument for determining the fate of himself as species, the future of mankind. This, of course, is what the preacher and the poet have always said about man, though on a basis of other conceptions as to how

man has been given this power. But whatever the foundations may be for the agreement between scientist and preacher in their common conclusion, the interesting and important thing is that they do agree, and hence that they can reinforce each other in appealing to man consciously to direct his efforts, with all his advantage of scientific knowledge and all his strength of belief, to the production of a higher—a socially and morally higher—future-man type.

Biology is not a science for its own sake alone. It is a science eminently useful and practical to man, and at the same time it is a science highly inspiring to him. For if it be depressing, as it

may be to some, though it is not to me, in that it teaches him that man's life is close brother to all the rest of life; yet it is inspiring, in that at the same time it reveals how wonderfully much has been done by Nature in making man, and how now man has been let into partnership with Nature for making better man.

We are not a foreign matter, or being, imposed on Nature, but Nature's own proudest product. And the power we have for our further and higher development is not our own unaided power, but our own and Nature's in combination. It is a combination that should have almost limitless possibilities.

INDUSTRY IN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

IN speaking on this subject, I am conscious of great diffidence. I know little of industry, and still less of undeveloped countries; on both, many of my hearers could instruct me. I have therefore not attempted to advocate any very definite conclusions, but only to analyze the problem, and to set forth various solutions that have been suggested, or seem possible.

The problem of industry in undeveloped countries arises in three different forms, according to the nature of the population in the country concerned. There are countries that are practically empty, countries with a barbarous population, and countries where the popu-

lation is more or less civilized, though not industrialized.

The case of a practically empty country does not arise very often, although the Yukon gold affords a fairly recent example. But in earlier times, this case was the most important. The whole of America and Australia come under this head, because the Red Indians and the Australian aborigines were too few and too feeble to count as populations. The settlement of the Western states of America, and subsequently of Western Canada, encountered only slight obstacles from the Indians, and was to all intents and purposes the development of an empty continent.

This case does not present the difficulties belonging to the development of already populous countries. In the development of empty but fruitful regions capitalism is seen at its best. Its harsher features do not appear, while its energy and enterprise are stimulated to the highest degree. The manner in which capitalism tackled the American West was admirable. It is true that there was corruption, and cruelty to early settlers, of the sort described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But when we compare the rapidity and prosperity of the expansion from the Alleghanies to the Pacific with the painful and laborious process by which the Atlantic seaboard was made habitable, we cannot but admit that modern capitalism is capable of wonderful feats. The task of developing empty regions is, however, nearly complete, and capitalism is less admirable in its more modern enterprises. This is one reason why, as a system, it commands much less respect than it did fifty years ago.

The outstanding example of the development of countries with barbarous populations is Tropical Africa. The problems that arose there were chiefly — (a) problems of competition among European powers, and (b) humanitarian problems. The former of these I shall leave out of account for the present, as I propose to deal, at the end of this paper, with the question of national rivalry. But the humanitarian problem is more of the essence of our discussion, because industrialism in its early phases tends always and everywhere to be very cruel, and this tendency is most developed in dealing with barbarous populations. The instance of the Congo under King Leopold is familiar. But one gathers that the Rand mines, in another way, involve almost equal damage to the native population, through the spread of disease — especially of consumption. Wherever industrialism

comes across a barbarous population, it tends to use it up recklessly, just as it uses up raw material. This is part of the general character of wastefulness, of living for the moment, in a way that must lead to ultimate bankruptcy. And something of the same character is visible wherever an unindustrial population is industrialized, even though the population is not in other respects uncivilized.

The third class of undeveloped countries, namely those that already have a civilization of their own, is the most interesting class in itself, and also the one that specially concerns us in China. It is in this case that the really baffling and perplexing problems arise, and in this case also that the most interesting diversity of solutions has been attempted. Consider, for example, the three cases of India, Japan, and Russia, each of which affords lessons from which China has something to learn.

The development of industry in India has been in dependence on British capital, and subject to the condition that it should not damage our trade, especially the Lancashire cotton trade. It has been peaceable, quiet, and gradual, with probably less sweating and child labor than there would have been if a foreign power had not been in control. On the other hand, from the standpoint of a patriotic Hindu it may be urged that the development has been too slow, as also that it has not been sufficiently all-round to make India self-sufficient. It is doubtful, however, whether these are evils except from the standpoint of Indian patriotism; from an international point of view they may even be advantages. I leave out of account, for the moment, the effect, for good or bad, of British domination on Indian civilization.

In Japan, a quite different course has been pursued. Japanese industry has arisen in connection with Japan's strug-

gle for independence and power: it has been closely connected with the maintenance of the army and navy. Patriotic needs have dominated the whole development, which has been almost entirely native after the initial stages. This is an heroic course, of which the purpose has been to preserve national freedom. Hitherto this purpose has been successful. But, in order to succeed, it has been necessary to keep nationalistic feeling very intense, and therefore arouse hostile feeling in the rest of the world. It is doubtful whether the ultimate result will not be a clash involving the ruin of Japan, by a process not unlike that which brought about the ruin of Germany. This is always the danger of any policy involving a high degree of national passion, except in a nation capable of defying the whole of the rest of the world. And there is at present only one such nation, namely, the United States.

The course adopted by Russia is different again, though in many respects it is analogous to that adopted by Japan. Russia is virtually undeveloped, and the Bolsheviks desire, above everything, to bring about a great industrial development. The hostility of the world has forced them to consider ways of doing so with little or no outside help, and their Communism requires that the whole development should be undertaken by the State. Their experience hitherto tends to the conclusion that they cannot succeed in developing their industry unless they have a certain amount of outside help, partly in the way of machinery, partly in the way of skilled workmen and technical experts. The development of an industry from the start without any assistance from more advanced countries is a matter of at least a generation, and Russia cannot afford to wait as long as that. It has therefore been necessary for the Bolsheviks to make themselves so for-

midable by arms and propaganda, as to force the capitalist governments to make peace with them. In this, it would seem, they can now succeed, if they show the necessary moderation.

Among all these ways of developing industry, it appears that there are two pairs of alternatives: the development may be native or foreign, and it may be capitalistic or socialistic. It is, of course, also possible, in theory, to have no industry at all. We may therefore consider our problem under three heads. (1) Why not remain industrially undeveloped? (2) Should development be native or foreign? (3) Should development be capitalistic or socialistic?

II

Why not remain industrially undeveloped? — The case against industrialism, considered apart from the balance of forces, is very strong. The world existed without industrialism until the end of the eighteenth century, and in many ways the spread of industrialism has been the spread of devastation. In Great Britain, the destruction of ancient beauty through the growth of factories and mining villages was the despair of every poet from Wordsworth to William Morris; while child labor, long hours, and starvation wages used to call forth the protests of philanthropists and social reformers. Nowadays, we have in the main mastered the evils that philanthropists deplored, and accustomed ourselves to the ugliness that pained the poets. But in a country like China, the process of destroying beauty is still so visible that even the most hardened industrialist can hardly be indifferent to it. As one travels up the Yangtse, it is not too much to say that the only ugly objects one sees are those due to industrialism, from factories and oil-tanks down to sardine-tins. The destruction of handicrafts and all the

unconsciously artistic traditions embodied in them is part of the same evil. At last the very nature of human beings seems to change: they become machine-made, all on one pattern; no longer self-sufficient individuals, but cogs and bolts in a vast machine.

But the æsthetic indictment of industrialism is perhaps the least serious. A much more serious feature is the way in which it forces men, women, and children to live a life against instinct, unnatural, unspontaneous, artificial. Where industry is thoroughly developed, men are deprived of the sight of green fields and the smell of earth after rain; they are cooped together in irksome proximity, surrounded by noise and dirt, compelled to spend many hours a day performing some utterly uninteresting and monotonous mechanical task. Women are, for the most part, obliged to work in factories, and to leave to others the care of their children. The children themselves, if they are preserved from work in the factories, are kept at work in school, with an intensity that is especially damaging to the best brains. The result of this life against instinct is that industrial populations tend to be listless and trivial, in constant search of excitement, delighted by a murder, and still more delighted by a war.

The intensification of war is one of the great evils for which industrialism is responsible. Pugnacity is such a strong instinct in *homo sapiens*, that most men will kill as many of their fellow men as is compatible with securing their own living — doing the killing, so far as possible, by proxy. Industrialism has increased the productivity of labor, and therefore the proportion of the population who can be set aside for the purpose of killing each other. Short of the complete decay of science, there seems no easy way of escaping from this evil. But this is a subject to which I shall return later.

For all these reasons, I cannot regard industrialism as an unmixed blessing. I think about half the Socialist indictment of capitalism ought to be an indictment of industrialism, or, at any rate, of the earlier stages of industrialism. In the early stages it must involve ugliness, the cruelties of a life against instinct, and unprecedentedly ferocious wars. Perhaps its later stages may compensate for the horrors of its beginnings; but that remains, as yet, a purely speculative possibility.

Whether an unindustrial country should become industrial would be, therefore, a very doubtful question, if there were, in fact, any option. Russia and China, to take two important examples, would do well, I believe, from the point of view of the happiness of their populations, to remain unindustrial, if that were a real possibility. But the pressure of the outside world makes it impossible. The only real choice is whether they shall industrialize themselves or be industrialized by foreigners. The world's supply of coal and iron and oil and the other raw materials of industry is limited. When the older industrial nations begin to feel a shortage in the home supply, they look to undeveloped regions to supplement the deficiency. And before that stage is reached, industrial enterprises in new countries begin to be a profitable investment for capital, provided governments can be induced to undertake the expense of military and political protection. The control of raw materials is one of the great sources of national strength; so that in all the Great Powers patriotic and pecuniary motives run hand in hand. The attitude of Soviet Russia toward oil and Persia suggests that the adoption of Communism makes very little difference in this respect.

The essence of the matter is that industrially developed nations are stronger in a military sense than undeveloped

ones, and that they have powerful motives for undertaking, themselves, the exploitation of unused resources in industrially backward countries. It follows that industrially backward countries must either submit to foreign domination (which inevitably accompanies or follows economic exploitation), or must develop their own resources and at the same time create sufficient military forces to keep other nations at a distance.

This latter course is difficult, and requires that advantage should be taken of some exceptionally favorable opportunity. It has been adopted by Japan and Russia. Russia is still in the experimental stage, but Japan has had, so far, notable success. An essential part of the cause of Japan's success was the mutual jealousy of England and Russia before 1907. If Russia succeeds, an essential part of the cause will be the mutual jealousy of Japan and the United States. But if we could imagine a really vigorous league of nations established, such opportunities would hardly occur, and the nations that were still undeveloped then would have to remain permanently subject to foreign domination.

III

But this brings us to our second question, whether there is, from an international point of view, any advantage in native as against foreign development. This is a question as to which the extreme patriot and the extreme internationalist can have no doubt. The extreme internationalist will say that it is a matter of entire indifference whether China, for example, is developed by the Chinese or by the Europeans and Americans. The extreme patriot will take the view that his own country ought to be developed by its own resources, while every other country ought to be developed by foreign

resources. This, I imagine, would be a not uncommon attitude in Japan; nor is it unknown in other countries.

For my part, I do not think the question admits of a general answer, since there are considerations on both sides, which incline the balance one way in one country and the other way in another. On the side of native development there is the broad argument for national independence in general, namely, that it increases self-respect and initiative, that it avoids the virulent hatred likely to be felt toward dominant foreigners, and that it is capable of producing a more stable international situation than a system in which some nations are tyrants and others are reluctant slaves. It might also be urged that a native capitalist is likely to be less ruthless and inhuman than a foreign one; but this is often doubtful.

On the side of foreign development there are, in many countries, arguments which seem to me at least as strong as those for native development. Industrially advanced countries are, speaking broadly, the most civilized, the best governed, the most enlightened generally. From the point of view of intellectual progress, stability in politics, and freedom from the tyranny of custom, the influence of such countries is likely to be good. One may take the example of South America, which has been developed by Great Britain and the United States. There is, I suppose, no doubt that the needs of the financiers who invested there, and the influence of the businesses they established, have been very beneficial, and have done much to promote all that we call civilization. I am not denying that there have been great cruelties in dealing with Indians and negroes, but they would probably have occurred in any case, and they belong rather to the race-problem than to the problem of industrialism. They could not be worse

than those perpetrated by the Spaniards during their first century in America, when there was no question whatever of industrialism.

Another grave objection to native industrial development in an industrially new country is that it cannot avoid being intensely militaristic, since foreign nations can be kept at a distance only by force. The necessary intensity of militarism can, as a rule, be kept in being only by creating a strong anti-foreign feeling, which is bound to develop into brutality and imperialism. Japan has run through this whole evolution; Russia is still in the middle of it. But we see in both cases the absolute necessity of a powerful army, in order to ward off the hostility of other nations. Without a powerful army, no industrially new nation will be allowed to develop its own industry; with a powerful army, no nation will abstain from conquest and oppression.

Moreover, the anti-foreign feeling will be directed, not only against foreign military and economic aggression, but also against foreign ideas. Japan has adopted just so much of foreign ideas as is necessary for military and industrial efficiency, but (I imagine) no more. Russia has adopted a creed of her own, which, though nominally international, stimulates nationalism so long as no other country adopts it. And Russia is far more impervious than she used to be to Western intellectual influences. That, of course, is an effect of the blockade; but the blockade is an effect of Russia's desire to develop her own industry. Economic and intellectual intercourse go together, and when one is stopped, the other can hardly continue undiminished.

These arguments in favor of the foreign development of industry are, however, academic as addressed to strong nations, and unnecessary as addressed to others. Every nation will develop

its own industry if it is strong enough, and every nation will develop another's industry if it is strong enough. Perhaps China is one of the very few countries where the question may be decided on other grounds than mere force. It would perhaps be possible to rouse a patriotic movement here, analogous to that which secured the independence of Japan; but such a movement could succeed only if vigorously led by men of European education. If such men feel that further foreign intellectual influence is desirable, they may abstain from creating the kind of fierce anti-foreign feeling which would be necessary in order to keep the development of Chinese resources in Chinese hands. And even if a certain anti-foreign feeling is thought necessary, intellectual motives may determine its direction. Japan, America, and Russia all have a chance of acquiring supreme influence in China, and the whole development of China will be very different, according to which of the three succeeds. The question as to which succeeds may be in part determined by the sympathies of the educated Chinese. As between America and Russia, their sympathies will be determined very largely by their attitude to Communism. This brings us to our third question.

IV

Should development be capitalistic or communistic? — Until the Bolsheviks acquired power in Russia, it was always assumed, even by Socialists, that Socialism was possible only after an era of capitalist development. This was the view of Karl Marx, as Kautsky pointed out in a criticism that roused Lenin to a very bitter reply. The Bolsheviks take the view that they can develop Russian industry practically from the start on communist lines. What existed of Russian industry before has been so nearly

destroyed by the Revolution, that Russia is now practically a new country industrially. Many among the Bolsheviks have had business training in America, and would like to introduce American technical methods. They are up-to-date, modern men, anxious to sweep away from Russia all trace of mediævalism, and to make Russia one of the great manufacturing and producing nations of the world. Hitherto, we have succeeded in preventing them from beginning this undertaking, by blockading them and keeping them busy with a series of wars. Now, however, our fear for India, and America's jealousy of Japan, give hope of a time when the Bolsheviks will be allowed to try their experiment — an experiment of the greatest importance to the human race, which those who prevent it evidently expect to prove successful, since otherwise they would have no motive for preventing it.

The question whether industry should be developed communistically is not unconnected with our previous question, as to whether development should be native or foreign. Native development must, in general, be slower and less efficient than foreign, and must be put through in spite of foreign opposition, both in the way of war and in the way of attempted corruption. Consequently native development probably involves a period of hardship, which will be endured only if there is the stimulus of a strong enthusiasm. A strong enthusiasm is easier for a cause like Communism than merely for the enrichment of native rather than foreign capitalists. The power of resistance that Russia has shown during the last three years would hardly have been possible after the preceding three years of disastrous war, but for the fact that a number of able and energetic Russians were inspired by an intense and heroic belief in the merits of Communism.

I do not propose to consider the merits of Communism as an economic system; I am concerned with it, at the moment, solely as a national policy in relation to industrial development and the international situation. From this point of view its chief merit is the enthusiasm that it inspires, the new hope that enables it to put vitality into men who would otherwise despair, and the theoretical internationalism, which, although prevented by capitalism from bearing fruit in the present, yet remains as an ideal and may ultimately prove the salvation of the world. The chief demerit of Communism is exactly correlative, namely that, in practice, it involves more nationalism and militarism than is involved in letting foreign capitalists develop the national resources, as China has done to a certain extent. And Communism, even if it were universal, would not bring peace if it were still combined with nationalism. A communist Russia and a communist Japan might fight for the exploitation of China just as fiercely as if both were capitalistic. In fact, if Communism were firmly established and fully accepted in both countries, the result would be that a war would not rouse even that degree of opposition which occurs at present among Socialists, who urge that the benefit does not accrue to the working classes; for under Communism the benefit, if any, would accrue to everyone, and pugnacity would always make people expect a benefit, however little rational ground there might be for such an expectation. National Communism, even if it existed in every nation, would therefore do very little by itself to bring an end of wars. It is only internationalism, embodied in a strong international authority, that can do this.

There is only one method of securing the peace of the world, and that is the creation of an international authority

for the control and distribution of raw materials. Such an authority would, of course, be useless unless it were supreme from a military and naval point of view. During the war it existed more or less. But it will be a long time before people are as anxious to prevent a war as to win it; and until that time it is hardly to be hoped that they will tolerate in time of peace what they endure gladly in time of war. I am therefore not at all optimistic as to the prospects of an international authority for the control and distribution of raw materials; I say only that there is no other radical method of preventing wars.

At the same time, the growth of national Communism suggests possibilities, less radical, but perhaps more realizable. During the war and since, so much use has been made of the blockade that in future no prudent nation will allow itself to depend upon foreign sources of supply for any vital necessity. I should myself now support a policy of making Great Britain self-sufficient as regards food, which I should have regarded as absurd before the war. It is possible that the world may become organized into a few great states, each invulnerable at home and economically independent of foreign supplies. It is possible — I do not say it is either desirable or probable — that Russia may acquire some degree of control over the whole of Asia. If that should happen after Russia achieved a certain measure of industrial development, Asia and Russia together would be invulnerable, and no one would have any motive for attacking them.

The whole of North and South America, owing to the Monroe Doctrine, is one state from the point of view of external policy, and is already too strong to be the subject of external aggression. Russia and America are empires not subject to naval power. If the British Empire could achieve an alliance with

America, the parts of the world subject to naval power would be brought into the same block. In that way, a stable governmental organization of the world might be brought about — the world might be so completely mapped out that wars would no longer seem profitable. It might happen that in the Anglo-Saxon block industry would remain capitalistic, while in the Russo-Asiatic block it would be communistic. Such a division might become just as stable as the division between Christianity and Islam.

Apart from these possibilities, however, there are others that are less remote. We may assume that every civilized country will attempt henceforth to be economically self-sufficient; certainly every country that wishes to adopt Communism will have to be, since, otherwise, the capitalist nations will inevitably starve it into surrender. There will thus be a tendency, assuming that Communism spreads, for nations to become more and more isolated one from another, politically, economically, and intellectually. It is not improbable that for a while they will wage wars for the possession of raw materials. But I think that communistic states, with the theory of internationalism that is involved in Communism, would be far more likely to come to agreements about raw materials. And the trade of each country would be conducted as the government desired, not according to the interests of private capitalists. There would be less foreign trade, none of the friction and hostility caused now by competition of foreign goods in the home market, and therefore fewer irritants to arouse the anti-foreign feelings of the masses. I believe, therefore, that, in spite of the isolating effect that Communism would have at first upon the nations adopting it, it would tend in the long run, if it were adopted by all the Great Powers, to promote interna-

tional agreements and put an end to wars. And if that were once achieved, all other benefits would follow: international government would soon grow up, and nationalism would gradually fade away, owing to lack of stimulus.

V

The conclusion of the argument which we have been conducting is this: that the development of industrially backward countries is in no degree desirable, but is unavoidable owing to the greed of other countries; that, if it is done by foreign nations, it involves oppression, as a rule, though not always; while, if it is done by the backward nation itself, it involves a very intense militarism in order to prevent foreign interference; that, if it is to be done by the backward nation itself, it is probably better done communistically, since in that way some of the evils of the capitalist stage of industry can be avoided, and the necessary enthusiasm can be more easily generated; and that, although national Communism affords no guaranty of peace, it is probably more likely than capitalism to lead on to an international control of trade and raw materials which would ultimately bring about the cessation of wars.

For these reasons, I cannot but think that the method the Russians have chosen, painful as it is for themselves, is on the whole the best method of developing industry in nations situated as they are. Would it be possible for

China to imitate Russia in this respect?

One finds in China a great desire to develop industry without the evils belonging to capitalism in partially developed countries. I am, however, very doubtful whether it is possible for China to escape these evils. Russia, in spite of Communism, is having to face many of them, such as long hours, low wages, and child labor, owing partly to industrial inexperience, but more to the hostility of the capitalist world. China is less able than Russia to face this hostility, and has need especially of the assistance of America, both intellectually and industrially. I do not think there is enough education or enthusiasm or industrial experience in China to make successful Communism possible except in dependence upon Russia, and dependence upon Russia might in the long run entail just the same evils as dependence upon any other foreign country, with the additional disadvantage of the enmity of all the other powers. It is not impossible that the force of these arguments may lessen with the lapse of time; but for the present, if I had the control of Chinese industrial development, I should look to America, and in a lesser degree to Great Britain, rather than to Russia. And I should endeavor to avoid a too great subjection to any foreign nation, with a view to the gradual acquisition of Chinese industry by the Chinese. Meanwhile, I should not forget the desirability of Communism whenever the international situation made it possible.

JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

IV. THE LOVER

THERE is no justice in the world. Romeo climbed a lady's balcony to immortality; Clifford Lambert shinned up a porch pillar, to pay court at his loved one's window, and found himself next day in Juvenile Court.

Clifford, like another Shakespearean, loved not wisely but too well. Six nights in a movie theatre had taught him the true principles of courtship as they are not, and a grandfather from Tipperary had endowed him with the bold heart that is supposed, no less fallaciously, ever to win fair lady.

As stated, Clifford loved not wisely. For it was upon Annette that he had set his heart's affection. Annette wore an inverted question-mark glued to her fair forehead, and snared young hearts outside the same drug-store inside which she bought her 'Bon Ami Rouge — 642 — for Brunettes.' As a side line, prescribed by a state whose twenty-three counties stood solidly against illiteracy, Annette attended school — the same school at which the helpless juvenility of fourteen summers compelled Clifford's presence.

At the feet of Annette, then, figuratively speaking, Clifford set forth his collection of vows and oaths, acquired weekly from the very best Byrons of the screen. Annette responded not. For Annette was one of those who believe in hearts for hearts' sake. She counted her new hearts as a doctor does his appendicitis cases, or a lover

of antiques his chairs. But when she once acquired a heart, — had, so to speak, entered it in her day-book, — it became historic. What she had Annette desired not. And so, having assured herself that the eyes of Clifford were upon her, she passed on 'in maiden meditation, fancy free.' Which may be an excellent method with the adult male, but found small success with fourteen and the grandson of a Tipperary sire. It was then that Clifford acquired a revolver.

It was a big revolver, short of snout and bristling like an English bulldog. As a weapon, offensive or defensive, it had long ceased to function. But as first aid to a threat, it was in excellent repair.

'Unless you marry me,' wrote Clifford, with the revolver laid conspicuously on the corner of his desk, 'I will shoot you. Oh, my darling, do not drive me to them straights.'

'Straights' did not look exactly as it had been written by Owen Moore, but it was pleasantly reminiscent to Clifford of other dissipations. Then he walked three times past Annette's desk, with the revolver protruding conspicuously from his back trousers' pocket. The last time, he dropped a note, but as dignity compelled him to walk on without glancing to the right or the left, he did not see Packie Smith's foot dart out and drag it in. Annette, seeing all, saw nothing.

Then Clifford relented. 'If you will go to the drug store with me to-night and get some ice-cream,' he wrote, 'I won't shoot you.' And he folded up the paper and tossed it on her desk.

But the eyes of Annette were for her geography only. No lover should be goaded too far.

When his peace overtures were scorned, the disciple of Jack Dean lost all caution. He snatched a pencil and wrote furiously, dotting his *i*'s and crossing his *t*'s resoundingly. Then, negligent even of the wary eye of the teacher, ever alert for the too peripatetic, he walked straight up to Annette's desk, and himself laid his ultimatum, unfolded, under her eye.

Annette's red cheeks told him she had read it. But she gave no other sign.

A minute later, Annette went to class, and Packie Smith's quick, dirty little hand shot out and snatched the missive.

At that moment, Clifford's love became immortal and Clifford's hate undying. 'I'll see you behind Johnson's woodpile,' he hissed to Packie.

And Packie thumbed his nose at him and, having added a postscript of his own, passed the lover's letter down the aisle.

That very night it was that Romeo climbed shadowy balcony and clasped his love to yearning arms. Peering under the cornetists' sounding brass from chewing-gum row, Clifford saw Love's labors won. It gave him an idea. An hour later, he too climbed a balcony, and tapped at Annette's window. But it was not the voice of the loved one that answered his summons. A strong right arm reached out in the half-darkness and, grasping Clifford by the collar, dropped him over the railing, revolver and all, like a puppy dog.

Next day lover and loved one met before the bar of justice. And since no *affaire du cœur* is complete nowadays

without a third, at the witness table sat Packie—dirty little Packie, scoured from head to foot. On the judges' desk lay a very smutty sheet of paper, on which, had the Bertillon expert applied his microscope, might have been found the thumb-print of every boy in Clifford's room.

'Clifford Lambert and Annette, come up here,' said the judge.

Annette took a powder-puff from her bag; deliberately she gave a little dab to her nose, and another little dab to her chin. Then she minced to the judge's desk.

'Clifford,' said the judge, 'did you threaten to kill this girl?'

'No,' said Clifford. His manner was of one upon whom the eyes of a large audience are fixed.

'Then what did you say to her?'

'I gave her her choice of three things.'

'What three things?'

'Death, marriage, or spoiling.'

For the fraction of a second, in the judge's eye there was the far suspicion of a smile, but his voice, when he spoke, was solemn. He held out the paper to the boy.

'Clifford, suppose you read that. Read it aloud to her and to me and to Packie. Packie, come up here.'

The nobility went out of Clifford like a flattening sail, and his face turned red. But he read: 'Darling, be mine. I cannot live without you. As God is my witness, I have tried and I cannot.'

Clifford stopped. The judge waited.

'Well. Come, Clifford, I have not much time.'

Clifford read on. 'Will you not flee with me to-night? What is a parent's wish against our eternal love?'

Clifford stopped again. And again the judge waited.

'That 's all,' said Clifford.

The judge leaned over. 'There at the bottom—what Packie said. Read that too.'

It was Packie who flushed now. Clifford gave him a look in which a dozen murders were concentrate. Then he read doggedly on: 'Get onto the movie dope, kids. He thinks he's Jack Dean. String him along; he'll be going to a beauty doctor next. Annette's dibs on it too; she's promised to tell

us the next time he—' Sudden sobs interrupted Clifford's reading.

'This case is dismissed,' said the judge.

It is recorded in the unwritten annals of the Jackson School that a fight was had that night behind Johnson's woodpile such as even William Farnum, in his screeniest wrath, never dreamed of.

TO EVERY WOMAN

BY MARGERY SWETT

My years have walked through quiet ways
That have not bruised my feet too much,
And I have never seen my joys
Turn black beneath my touch,
Nor tasted wild, sweet, willful love
And all its discontent;
And yet, most strangely, on a road
I walk not, I am spent
By joys and agonies of which my years are innocent.

On golden hills the mad red grapes
Press Bacchus' purple kiss against my mouth;
The druid forests hold gaunt shapes
That I have knelt to; and the south
Pulls at my heart with every swallow fleet;
Young children clasp my thighs, and all about
The dust of Calvary lies hot against my feet.

I sometimes think all joys were mine
That women ever knew,
All woes and throes, all soft sunshine,
All tears, all dreams, all dew,
And all awakenings; that I
A hundred times have climbed bleak hills
To watch my lover die.

FAIR ROSEMONDE

BY E. BARRINGTON

In her little low house at Rouen the holy Canon of the Chapel of St. Nicholas noted down these words of Dame Petronille, woman formerly to Eleanor, Queen of Henry Fitz Empress, the Second Henry of England. Even then, at the end of her life, she trembled very exceedingly in revealing these secrets of the great. Yet, for admonition, they should be known. And what is here writ is true.

I

Of the Lady Queen Eleanor I would fain say little; yet must I, since all was of her shaping, and as she sowed so she reaped, and by the justice of God will so do for all eternity.

No greater Lady of birth and right dwelt ever in this world; for she was herself Duchess of Aquitaine, that land of the Trouvères and of song, and to the holy French King Louis was she wife, and after, wife to Henry of England, great lords both. Wherefore of this world's glories was she full fain and of them she fed full, and for this her immortal part mourneth in great torment.

I saw this lady first when she sat Queen of a Court of Love in Bordeaux, her chief city. By the river she sat, under a bower of roses — roses about her in myriads; and so strong was the scent of them that the Lady Alix de Coustances, seated at her feet, swooned from the heat and perfume. But the young Duchess drew it in smiling, and it flushed her face like strong wine. A rose herself, all color and bright flame she seemed among those other roses.

The Duchess Eleanor had plenteous hair, dark as night and braided about her head with jewels, for she would not follow the custom that a maid's tresses should fall about her shoulders or braided to her knee. On her head she had a garland of red roses and about her neck sparkling jewels set in fretted gold in the design of a peacock with spread tail, very precious, of Saracen's work, that her suzerain and lord to be, the holy King of France, had sent her. This lay on her bosom, splendid in the sun. She had a kirtle of cloth of silver that fitted her shape and full breast, and over all she wore a long white pelisson of great brocade from Byzantium, edged with fur of ermine because she was a sovereign Duchess. Very haut and proud was her face, and her long golden eyes that, seeming to see nothing, yet saw all. She had a trick of looking sidelong and smiling at a man beneath her lashes; and if on this he dared a return, she would flash a look at him that made him shrink. Yet a very magnificent lady, tall as a young poplar, and showed beneath her robe her silver brodequins that men said were the smallest in Christendom. But I have seen smaller.

Before her stood Bertrand d'Arles, the trouvère, and all round her sat the ladies and nobles to hear him sing, and the song he sang to his lute was a chanson of her own making. Wherefore she listened with a flush of pride and a musing on her that for once softened her into a girl.

And thus he sang: —

'In the orchard the dawn is breaking,
 Look forth, ma douce amie!
 See o'er the dewy hills the sun is waking —
 Monseigneur Dieu! what hath he done to me?
 Lo, how the sweet night dies before his shining,
 Slain of this cruel baron the high sun,
 And I, that for my lady's arms am pining
 Must weep and weep to see my joys foredone!
 Monseigneur Dieu, sitting enthroned on high,
 Remember me, how for my love I die,
 And grant the pity of her soothfast kiss,
 A little bounty dropped from thine own bliss.'

She smiled a little when he ceased, and even I could see in the glance she cast from her long amber eyes that there was a secret thought between her and Bertrand; and he was such a man as a lady might well favour, — lean in the body, eagle-faced, — and sang indeed like one of God's choristers.

A Court of Love followed, where was tried the piteous case of the young Comtesse de Saintonges against her old husband; but all this I have forgot. Only I see the Duchess Eleanor seated above the rest, dark and glorious — a great lady.

Very soon came the news that the French King, Louis the Saint, had asked her in marriage, most deeply desiring the marriage between her rich lands of Aquitaine and his kingdom of France. My brother, the Seigneur de Vermandois, laughed aloud when this news came to his Seigneurie; and when his wife asked him why, he said, —

'From a marriage of the dove and eagle what should follow? No peace, but rending!'

And on her replying, 'But our Eleanor is no dove,' he laughed again and said no more. After, I knew that the French King was the dove, and he had need to be to bear with our haughty Duchess.

For she would have none of Paris. Sunless and cold she held it after her warm and languid Provence. Cold and cloistered also the court of the saint; and ever and again she would come riding down at speed of horse and man

to Bordeaux, and laying aside her dolorous royalty, be once more our Duchess, and sit by the clear waters, crowned and throned amid roses.

It was on one of these days that she chose me to be a woman about her, knowing my mother had served her mother with loyal heart. For her sake she loved me a little, but she could love none greatly — no, not even Bertrand d'Arles! So I entered upon the service with great fear, for blows and hard words were plenty in our lady's chamber, though in public all was summer sunshine, for this lady would be loved and feared.

All the joys of this world she tasted, and would have sweetened her lips on the next; for when St. Bernard preached the Crusade at Vezelai, the Queen-Duchess must needs make a plaything of that also. A fair penitent, she knelt before the high altar, and, receiving the Cross from his hand, wore it upon her shoulder like a knight Crusader, and she and her ladies sent their cast-off distaffs to the knights and nobles who shunned the Crusades, to shame them. So that on the Pentecost, when the King of France marched for the Holy Land, the Queen-Duchess and her ladies went with him as fellow soldiers.

No need to tell that journey and the shame she brought on the King! as well may witness Raymond de Poitou, and even the infidel — the Emir Sal-u-din. And from this Crusade of bitterness and defeat she returned, loathing the monkish King, crying aloud for freedom from him and his cloistered ways, weary of her very life because of him, sullen and black-browed with anger.

Behind her chair I stood, when he who should be King of England, Henry Plantagenet, surnamed Henry Fitz-Empress, was presented to her, the shaven King leading him by the hand, and saying, —

'Madame my Queen, show favour

to this damoiseau, Duke of Normandy, who shall rise higher.'

I saw the red glow in her face as he knelt to kiss her hand, for though younger by ten years than she, he was a great gentleman already. Short of hair, gray-eyed, clean-lipped like a boy, strong of arm, light of foot, he moved like a woodman — a hunter and a soldier rather than a man of palaces and councils. The courtiers called him Courtmantle, for he went in jerkin and hose, but yet very splendid with fur and jewels; and for me I compared him with Monseigneur Saint Michael, so much a warrior he seemed with his fighting face and gold head above his furs. He was a goodly sight for such eyes as hers, and when he was gone she sat staring into the wood fire — for it was Christmas and cold — until the monk King returned; then she flouted him until the blood stood on his lip as he bit it striving for patience.

Three years later she demanded her divorce of him as in the fourth degree of kinship, and well I knew the cause, knowing also that she would gain it, as what did not our Eleanor gain when she would! But it was ill to gain, for the King held that Aquitaine and France were one, be he and she what they might, and it was wrenching a cantle from his heart to break that bond. But she had the ear of His Holiness, and what she would she had.

So she departed, taking her great inheritance with her; and when Henry Fitz-Empress heard what was done, he knew her mind, and counted her lands and gold and weighed them against herself, for he loved her not. Piers the Norman that was with him at Courte-lai hath told me that, when the letters came, he frowned all day a black Plantagenet frown, sitting in his chamber of dais; and the next day he sent letters, asking her in marriage, and for answer, he had the one word, 'Come.'

With great pomp they were wedded, and with pomp they sailed for England; and I, who was ever near the Queen-Duchess, wondered in my soul how she should live in that gray land of rain and mist. She shivered when we landed and drew her pelisson of vair about her, and King Henry said, —

'Fair Lady, lose no heart, for the sun shines merry here also when the leaves wax long and green in the shaws. And my English love a laughing Queen; therefore greet your new kingdom with smiles.'

II

But if she smiled then, she smiled little when we came to London, to the Tower, for among her ladies was Rosemonde de Clifford. Of her I knew nothing, but it seemed the Queen knew more, for I saw her black brows draw together as the noble demoiselle came up to kneel and kiss her hands, averting her glance from Henry, who sat beside Eleanor on a Chair of State. And henceforth I watched.

Very tall was this lady and slender, with great gold hair, braided above each ear like a cup, so that her face was set in gold as the faces of saints in a Book of Hours — pure ivory it seemed against a glory, having little color in cheeks or lips. Her eyes were a green blue like the beryls in the clasp of the Queen's Missal, and the lashes so long that she could look through them unseen, as birds do in the reeds; and so she looked upon Eleanor and dropped them. Her gown of blue sendal fitted her body closely and was set with goldsmiths' work about her long throat, and on her head she had a network of gold chains set with blue jewels. She held herself with a stiff grace, not gliding and languishing like the ladies of France and Provence, but straight like a young saint on a Church banner. No saint was Rosemonde, but most gentle,

patient, and sweet-voiced — with long cool hands, ready to plead or pray, swift in alms-giving, pitiful to man and beast. But this I knew not then.

'Iseult of the White Hands!' whispered our Eleanor bitterly to me, as the fair de Clifford drew back among the other ladies. Very learned was Eleanor in all the loves of bygone days and had herself made a lai on Sir Tristan and the two Iseults — the dark and the fair. But Henry was no Tristan — a swearing, fighting Plantagenet, a lover of the tall deer, no lover of the harp; and had our Eleanor been wise, she had shut her eyes and gone her way. For all kings are not as the monk King of France, to whom a woman was a painted picture; and when she had him, she loved him none the better for the milk that ran in his veins, for a man must be all fire for her and steel for others. But this she did not find — no, not with Bertrand d'Arles, who sang of her as a thing divine, and when he laid his harp aside found solace in Marguerite Spagnolles. This we knew right well, but she did not know.

In the Tower was her son born — a lionceau indeed; and the King laid him in his shield and held him up to the barons that crowded the Queen's chamber. His face was hard and flushed as if with pride, and he cried, —

'Lords, let us receive with joy what God and Madame give us! Here is a boy shall carry the Leopards and Lilies into France and further. Welcome him, Barons all!'

And they clashed their swords, and the Queen turned as she lay and looked on the King. The child she never heeded.

But Rosemonde was not long a Queen's woman. She grew paler and paler, and her eyes feared like a bird's when the hawk hangs on steady wings above him. This I knew, for I watched and pitied.

Later, when the Queen sat by the window that looks out upon the muddy river of the English, the Lady Rosemonde sat before her upon a low tabouret, her hands folded in her lap, an image of patience. Thinner she had grown, so that the small bones showed in her face, and her shape was like a willow wand under her close cymarre. Her hands were so white and frail that in my heart I also called her Iseult Blanchmains as did the Queen. She sat among the ladies as if she were not of them and had no friend at all. And the thing grieved me inwardly, for to me she was ever courteous and sweet of speech.

And the Queen said, 'See — the King passes!'

And we looked out and saw the Royal barge, with Thomas of Ipswich, Lord Mayor that year, sitting at the King's feet, and at his elbow a Bishop, and they rowed down to see the ships at Queenhithe. So the King looked up to the window and saluted with his hand, Eleanor waving her kerchief; and I saw the blood rise slow in Rosemonde's white cheek until it burnt red and brought the water into her eyes under the hard stare of the Queen. A blow had been less cruel than that stare! And when it was past, she rose and knelt before Eleanor, and, in a voice that trembled, she said, —

'Lady, a boon. I ask of the Queen's Grace that I may go down to Hever, to my father's house, for I have a wasting upon me and weakness.'

The Queen's eyes pricked her like steel from head to foot as she knelt with her eyes on the ground. They searched out every secret of body and soul. Indeed, I pitied the damsel, for Henry was a very splendid lord.

'There is none to take your place, fair lady,' said Eleanor. 'She whom King and Queen delight to honour is well beside them. And in this grim

Tower I have need of your skill with lute and voice.'

'Madame, my sister Aloyse is a sweet singer. And, moreover, she is skilled in broidery. I pray you accept her service for mine, for I am ill at ease.'

'I also!' said the Queen, and all the ladies looked upon each other. 'But I must needs endure, and why not Rosemonde de Clifford? Dismiss it, damsel, and content yourself. What! have we not pleasures and merry-makings at court to gladden a maiden's heart? And for the wasting and fever, my own leech shall heal it.'

As she said this, Rosemonde stretched out her hands like one blind and fell forward, swooning at the Queen's feet; and all the ladies looked again upon each other and none gave any help. None but I — and I feared not Eleanor, for I was not high enough for her wrath, or so I thought; and with me the storms came and went. So I raised this Rosemonde in my arms, and summoning the gentleman of the antechamber, we bore her to her bed; and there she lay so long with her lashes sealed upon her cheek, that, thinking her a dying woman, I sent for Maître Pierre, the Queen's leech that she had brought with her from Provence — a learned man, small and gray.

He, doing all his knowledge bade him with strong essences and cordials, at length made the fair dead image tremble, and it was then I said very earnestly to him, 'Sir, is it death?'

And he replied, looking pitifully upon her, 'No — alas! ma bonne dame, but life. Guard well your lips, for this is a King's secret.'

'But the Queen's Grace?' I asked, trembling.

He shrugged his shoulders French-fashion and went his way, a small bowed figure in his gray robe; and turning, I saw her eyes were fixed upon me and staring like a lost soul.

'I have heard,' she said. 'Oh, if it be thus, let me die. Have pity! I would die and be at peace. It is still and quiet in Winchester where the tombs stand in the dimness and the incense floats about them. There a woman may lie and none disquiet her — no passion in the night, no hard eyes in the day; but day and night in a silence of great peace.'

The pity brought the water to my eyes. None ever knew this Rosemonde but loved her, so child-sweet she was, so piteous in gentleness; and nothing witting, I kissed her brow that was cold as marble and the sweat in drops upon it.

'What should I say? Trust me for silence. Speak with the King this night that he may bid her let you go. Talk not of death, sweet lady. She that bears a King's son need not despair. His arm is strong.'

'But how to see him, I know not,' said Rosemonde, lying stark before me, and her voice like a whisper. 'I am beset with spies. With the King I have not spoken in three months; yet must I see him for his sake also, for this is a greater matter than a woman's sorrow and shame. Write I cannot, nor he read. Mother of Mercy, what should I do? There is no way.'

Then in my folly and pity I said, —

'There is this way. To-night I will guard you, and to this the Queen's Grace will agree, that I may spy. And I will speak with the King. What token is between him and you?'

She thrust her hand in her thin bosom and pulled out a ring set with a small gold lion and a balas ruby in his claws.

'He will speak with whoever wears this. But I am watched, and since Jehanne my woman went I have had none to trust. For God's pity, help me now, and I will pray like a soul in Purgatory that though I lie in flame you may sit in Paradise.'

And so, by the choosing of fate, was I made privy to the King's love of Rosemonde. I did not choose it, Saint Katharine knows, but I pitied her as a mother her child, and also I feared for very great harm to all these noble persons. So I left her lying, her long limbs folded beneath her gown like a lady on a tomb, and returned to the Queen.

She had none with her but a page, and him she dismissed to the other end of the hall, where he stood, looking upon the steps. And then she caught my hand.

'Eh bien, Petronille, what has she said? How I loathed her as she knelt before me, her eyes on the ground, pure as a saint to see and with her heart of hell! She would go, would she! But I will keep her here, and her shame shall be her gibbet.'

'Madame,' said I kneeling, 'I know not if you are right or wrong. This is a matter that needs watching and discretion, for the de Cliffords are great barons. Certain it is that she is ill at ease. One should be with her this night. I desire not to intermeddle in great matters, yet if it be your will, I will watch this night, and mayhap she will speak —'

The Queen's face shone with fierce joy; I sickened, seeing.

'Excellently said, my good Petronille. Stay not only this night with her, but many. You she will trust. Your face is like the picture of Saint Anne in the Church of Ouen, and she has no friends. That has been my care. But though my spies could watch her, they could not win her heart. But you will do this and tell me all. Is it not so, my Petronille?'

I bowed my head meekly, but I would not speak. Surely it should be devils that serve the great, for it is devil's work they do! And before I could rise from my knees, the King

entered, bright-coloured of blood with the sharp wind on the river.

I stood behind her chair, as he kissed her cheek lightly, telling her the doings of the voyage down the river and the shouting of the people, and how they should dine with the City of London come summer; and she smiled as if well pleased, and presently, I laid my hand over the Queen's chair, and looked at him.

He was yawning as if wearied, but I saw his eye catch on the ring and stay. He looked straight and hardily at me with a question, and behind the Queen's back I laid my finger on my lips. He continued his tale, and though she watched as ever, she saw nothing.

Two hours later, when Eleanor sat with my Lord Prince, the King called me into the small bower chamber, and looking behind the doors to see we were private, he faced me.

'What says my lady?'

'Sire, that she would see you. She has that to say that brooks no delay.'

'So!' he said, and looked upon the ground. Then again, —

'But you, Dame Petronille, what do you in this matter? You are the Queen's woman. Is it spying or honesty?'

'It is pity. Let Madame Rosemonde herself tell you of it.'

'Madame?' he said, and up went his eyebrows, as if he laughed. He read my meaning.

'La pauvrete! she has no friends,' he said, half sighing. 'If indeed you are one, Dame Petronille, it shall be for your good. Take an earnest!'

And he lifted a long gold chain from his neck, and would have flung it over me, but I stepped aside.

'Not so, beausire. I have done nothing. But this night I watch with the Lady Rosemonde, and there will be no spies. Come, therefore.'

'I will come,' he said, and strode away with his dog.

III

I alone was present when he came to the chamber where she lay, white as death, but a beautiful girl certainly, with the eyes that take men captive and a body like a swaying reed in her slacked gold loin-belt.

He came, wrapped in a long gown of silk, a noble crimson with the French lilies on it in silver. Great comely men were the Plantagenets, all ruddy and gold, and used this like a weapon with the hearts of women. Even now Eleanor loved him after her fashion — a love so shot with hate and jealousy that she would as lief have killed as kissed him. I stood by the vaulted door on guard, and because I dared not move I heard their speech, and the first word caused me to totter where I stood.

'Wife,' he said, softening his lion's voice to her ear, 'what is this? Come, smile on me and have good cheer. A King is your man, and who shall harm the Rose of the World?'

She said only, 'Husband,' and was silent. Then again, 'Shame!' — and I could hear the sob in her throat.

And he, caressing her, —

'What shame? Ma mie — ma belle amie, were we not wedded of God and Holy Church, and that before ever I took the Queen? Is this not known to Wilfrid of Hampton, the mass priest of Hever, and is it not known to you and me? Then what shame? Doth that not suffice?'

And Rosemonde, sighing bitterly, —

'For me, beausire, it hath sufficed, and I have endured the looks of women and the smiles of men. But for the child — the heir of England — this I cannot endure. Speak out or slay me.'

'Ma mie, would I not set you by me on the throne if that might be? Would I not wear my rose on my helm for all to see? But I cannot. See with me that this cannot be! If it could not then,

how now, that the Queen is beside me and her son born?'

'And my son?' Her voice was like a cry.

'What shame? The sons of Kings are royal and their mothers go proud and tall because of them! This shall be — What name shall he bear? William, from the Conqueror his ancestor, and Longsword because of the great sword I will gird on his thigh. And he shall be a haut Duke and ride with the Lilies and Leopards on his shield.'

'And the bâton sinister?' she said faintly.

'We will make it a charge of honor. Sweet, fear not! Smile as you smiled at Rouen the day I saw you first in your long gold gown, when you leaned from the balcony to see the knights ride in two by two.'

'How can I smile? I die with grief and shame. Who will believe, for none can know, that with mass and ring was I made your wife and true Queen of England. For that last little I care, as well you know, but for the child —'

There was silence, and I knew the man was seeking in his heart how he might bend her will. Alas! he knew her well. Not Bertrand d'Arles played more skilfully on his lute than this man on the souls of women, and most of all on the soul of this sweet lady. So, after a while, he spoke.

'Rosemonde, your mother is with the saints.' (I could hear her weep.) 'But there is a mother of more than your earthly body — there is this land of England. How often hath not my rose entreated me to toil for England, to fight, to pray for England. Remember you not that day at Shene when the thrushes sang in the coverts and all the world was white with May, and you spoke proud and high? "For this dear land I would die. What is there I would not give for England?" Now, therefore, give! For if I put away the Queen, I

put away Aquitaine from England. I challenge France, and you will see this land a province of the French King, and men of England will curse the name of Rosemonde de Clifford. My lady, I am in your obedience in this thing, for I am your husband and the father of this child to be. Choose therefore for me, and from your dear hand will I take dishonor if it be your will. But you shall know first what must be.'

Now I, listening, knew well that Henry would take his own way in face of God or Devil; but this she did not know. Love is blindness and a great weeping. Never have I seen aught else in this world, nor ever shall!

Again there was no word. But alas! I knew and he knew also what would be her mind; for this Rosemonde was a very great lady, true and high and gentle — the dove and the eagle in one sweet flesh. But I caught my breath to hear, and he doubtless did likewise.

And she said, 'England,' and paused. And again, 'England!' like one musing.

And he said not a word.

Then, very softly, she spoke.

'Lord, I am English born and bred. Neither my child nor I would hurt this land that is our mother. True words have you said. It is expedient that one woman perish for the people. I did think — I believed that this our secret was but for a while; but since it is not so, since it is for England, I will endure. Had you but told me —'

And then again she was silent. She would not chide where she loved. The Plantagenet was safe in the shelter of the England that as yet the Plantagenets loved not, for they were but Normans at heart.

He clasped and kissed her.

'O Sweet, most sweet, what a lady have I loved! O worthy to be Queen of the world and not only of this little land! God do so unto me and more also if some day — some glad day — you

sit not on my right hand, the Queen of the King and of all he hath.'

His voice died away in a murmur of love and worship. So it is with men who triumph.

'The Queen?' she said, and I heard the shudder in her voice. 'She knows! Her eyes pierced me like daggers.'

'But I will hide my Rose in a thicket so full of thorns that she shall find no way through. I have mused long and I remembered fair Woodstock by the river, where the meadows are cloth of gold with buttercups, cloth of silver with daisies, and the thrushes sing all day. There is a little house in the heart of the Maze — a house like a bird's nest all hid in leaves, and there shall my Sweet sit, and Dame Petronille, who is the wise and kind, shall be about her, and I will come through the Maze like a knight errant to La Belle au Bois Dormante, and wake her with a kiss.'

I had not thought he could be so gentle. Certain it is he loved this Rosemonde with what love he had; but I think it was little enough, though she, poor soul, fed on it, believed it, worshipped him for the scant measure, as is the way of women. So in all things he triumphed.

At the last he strode out, and his brow darkened, as he beckoned to me.

'If the Queen knows this, Dame, as well I believe, that poor sweetheart's life is not worth the purchase of an old pantoufle! and Woodstock Maze is the only hope for her and me. The Queen is cunning, but my love and I will outwit her. Who is on my side — who?'

So he said, like the King in the Holy Book; and I answered, 'I, beausire!' — for indeed I loved that Rosemonde, as did all who came near her, excepting only the King that thought he loved her well.

It needs not to tell of the plotting; of how I asked good leave from the Queen-Duchess to return to Aquitaine, be-

cause I could not endure the damp of England — and indeed I endured them ill. She gave unwilling leave, but, as I think, suspected nothing, and gave me a jewel at parting, a gold asp with eyes of diamond sparks, but I never wore it, for I loathed the coiled murderer.

So I rode to Woodstock, with Simon of Winchester for my guard; but my heart was heavy, for I knew the mind of Eleanor, and had seen her downcast eyes when she asked delicately and smoothly of de Clifford how fared his daughter the Lady Rosemonde.

But when Simon threaded through the Maze, guiding me, I banished fear, for I thought no creature not a sleuth-hound could nose without the clue through those intricate ways. I scarce could see the sun, and we turned and twisted and doubled in the close walls of green; and there I might have wandered until God's Angel trumpeted, but that Simon held the clue; and what it was, he would not say. So at the long last we entered the little garden close in the heart of it, and there stood the little low house, brown and quiet like a wren's nest in a hedge, and at the door was Rosemonde clothed in apple green, and her great hair in two mighty gold plaits that fell to her knee, twisted with pearls — the very Queen of the wild woods.

The time drifted away in that quiet place like flowers falling — it made no sound nor stir. The days grew to months and the great day came, and we had not seen the King. Simon of Winchester, a good, simple man, but not, as I think, understanding all that hung on his tongue, told us how the Court was at Windsor or Shene, and where not, and how the King had taken ship for Normandy, but would soon return.

So the day came and passed, and we were now one more in the House of the Wood, for the little William Longsword lay in his mother's arms, and praying

for forgiveness, I could but liken the poor soul to the Queen of Heaven, so fair she was, so mother pure and sweet. And then was her poor heart torn again, for ere long came Simon with the King's Sign-Manual to convey the child into safe keeping at York, and his mother must see him go.

But two days later the King came, winding through the Maze by the clue known only to him and to Simon. Great joy was there in the meeting of him and Rosemonde. No longer pale and thin, she bloomed forth like a rose-royal, the Empress of all the garden. I, who have seen the courts of Aquitaine, France, and England, do say that never was such a lady as she, with a beauty of light and laughter about her, beyond all naming or painting, so that where she came the hearts of all naturally waited upon her, and she had been a Queen of hearts had she been a peasant.

So he made great joy of her, she sitting at his feet, and I saw her sigh when he told her that next day he rode to the sea and so to Harfleur.

'Sad life to be a King's wife!' she said; 'lonely days and weary nights and a heart that knows not rest.'

'Yet would you forget the King, if you might, Rosemonde?'

'That would I not! Better a heart that aches with love than a dead heart. But better still, a cot here in the woods, with my King for a simple archer and my little son on my knee, and I to bake and brew for them, and the weary crown forgotten.'

So she sighed; but for Kings is no refuge from the crown but in the high tombs where they lay down sceptre and state.

He stayed but a few hours, and as he went I, looking, saw tangled about his spur a little ball of brodering silk, and I thought, Can it be the clue? But she was at her prie-dieu, and I said nought.

Days went by and Simon had brought confections and sewing silks and gold threads, and a message from the King that in three months he would return, and that with the child all was well.

IV

Now on a certain afternoon the air was hot and still, with a leaden sunshine such as comes before thunder. The birds were still in the trees, and on the little garden-plot the rose-leaves fell as if dropping from the heat, and fluttered to the ground.

I sat at the broidery frame, stitching the gold borders on the robe of the Queen Dido forsaken and weeping, in a design that Rosemonde's ghostly father, Wilfrid of Hampton, had made for her, when I heard a step on the grass, and before me came a woman, bending, as if she traced her way by something on the ground. She wore a close coif and a veil that hid her face, but I knew the Queen-Duchess.

Now at such times it is not thought that moves hand or foot — it is the passion that makes the mother deer face the lion if no better may be; and when I saw her put by her veil and gaze at the house that sheltered us, with those fell, fierce eyes, yellow as a lion's, I thought not at all. I fled like a lapwing to Rosemonde where she lay upon her bed faint with the heat, and cried in her ear, 'Fly, while I hold her in talk. Fly. Take sanctuary in the nunnery at Godstowe.' No more; and seeing the white terror of her face as she sat up stark and still, I walked forth of the door quiet as a gossip at a christening and did obeisance to Eleanor that stood and steadily regarded me.

'Greeting, Dame Petronille!' she said, in her hard voice that with her yellow eyes had brought her the name of the Shrew of Aquitaine. 'Greeting! Is this the France you sailed for so many

months ago? Well indeed for you that you are out of England, where the English Queen has still a word to say concerning her subjects.'

So she mocked, but at that hour I knew no fear.

'Madame la Reine, I have obeyed the King's command. And there is none in this house but me.'

She smiled a smile I knew — a cruel smile if ever the great Devil set one on the mouth of a woman.

'The King is in France, the Queen in England. Give way, Dame Petronille! I would see the Rose of the World that a King hath plucked and flung by!'

And still I knelt before her and clung to the skirts of her great velvet robe.

'Madame, there is none but me.'

And this I thought was truth. But as I held her, she, like the she-wolf that she was, drew a dagger of jewels from her girdle. I knew it well — had I not seen Bertrand d'Arles give it her with kisses? She struck at me — and whether she meant it for my throat, God knoweth; but it glanced and took me in the shoulder, and I have the mark now. And even then Rosemonde came forth, white and tall, and stood before the Queen.

'Spare this poor faithful heart, Madame,' she said. 'What is her crime? It is I only that have sinned against you. I give myself to your mercy. But for her I ask grace.'

'My mercy!' The smile of the Queen was dreadful. It crooked her lips like an old woman's, and indeed I saw her for the first time old, with the deep lines about her mouth and her throat bagged like a vulture's.

'What do you standing, wanton?' she cried. 'Kneel — kneel before your liege lady!'

And folding her hands very sweetly, Rosemonde knelt and spoke.

'Great wrong have you had, Madame, though not as you have thought. I

kneel to beseech your pardon for more than myself. I have sinned against you — though I knew it not.'

The leaden sun struck us with blows like a strong man armed. So hot and still that the earth, like the Mouth of the Pit, knew neither coolth nor refreshing. I huddled against the sundial and the blood soaked slowly in the woolen of my gown; but still I watched and prayed.

'Bold to sin and craven to ask mercy! Crawl lower, Rosemonde de Clifford! Swear that never in life will you see the face of my Henry again.'

And Rosemonde, meekly, —

'Would I had never seen it, for it was to his great losing. Madame, I swear this if it lie with me; but for him I cannot swear, and you know it.'

How could she but know that the poor lamb spoke the truth? Who should let the King from his heart's desire? I saw her eyes darken and gloom. Very terrible the woman was, in her coif and gorget stiff as a knight's armor, and the haggard vulture's face above it.

'That is true, and being true there is but one way. So dainty a lady should choose her death. See, Rosemonde, when first I set foot on English shore I knew I was mocked of the King and you.'

'Never that, Madame,' she replied patiently — the sweet soul was ever patient! 'The King's Grace honored the Queen. But true it is he loved me before ever you set foot in England.'

So she held the King's secret!

'Loved!' God's pity for Rosemonde! That word had slain her.

'What are words between us two?' said the Queen. And I feared with deadly fear, for I saw her mood was like iron upon her, and stilled her voice and dulled her eyes. She looked like one drunk with wine. 'See here, woman — I have brought this cup and this dagger. Choose.'

She took from her bosom a small

closed cup of gold, set with green stones, and I knew it for that Sal-u-din the Emir gave her when there was that between them that Christian Queen should scorn. And in her other hand was the dagger still wet with my blood. And a faint giddiness took me so that, though I could hear and see, no word could I say.

'Choose!' she whispered: 'the swift stroke or the sleep that lies in this cup. And because I am crowned Queen and Christian woman, I say the cup is the easier way. It is sleep and sleep without pain or dream. Choose, for with either choice the waking is in hell.'

She held out the cup with a hand that did not tremble and in the other the dagger, and Rosemonde, white to the lips and kneeling, said, —

'Madame, I have a little son. Have then pity on a mother. The nunnery at Godstowe is close and sure. Neither King nor baron may enter. Give me leave to hide my head therein.'

And she, —

'Could I breathe the air you breathe? Could I live if you have life? Talk no more, but choose, for the thunder comes quickly.'

And even as she spoke fell some slow drops of rain like blood upon the grass.

Then Rosemonde, still kneeling, put her hands together like a young maid at the Mass, and she prayed, —

'Crowned Queen of Heaven, Mother and Maid, have pity on my extremity, and on my child. For love's sake and my King's.' And again, 'Merciful, have pity, for I have wept and suffered. Receive my spirit.'

Having said this, with one hand clasping the gold reliquary that the King had given her to wear in her bosom, she stretched forth her hand and said in all simplicity, —

'Madame, for this small mercy of the cup I thank you. You have had wrong. I ask your forgiveness.'

But never a word said Eleanor as she unclasped the cup. Sure, if hate could walk the world as a woman, it were thus and thus. So Rosemonde, kneeling, received the cup and drank, and it fell and tinkled as it fell. And the thunder broke upon us like a leaping lion.

No sleep — no sleep for Rosemonde! for the Queen lied in her throat. Sharp pains, rending agonies, dread anguish of soul and body tore her. She fell writhing, with the pains of hell upon her, and Eleanor smiled.

‘Madame, the dagger, the dagger! O mercy of God, slay me!’ she shrieked; and her shrieks pierced the air, and sure they pleaded like angels at the throne. Was it for eternity she shrieked? — God He knoweth, and not I: but it pierced my ears — my soul; and still she shrieked, and I swooned at long last, and even in my darkness heard the cries of soul and body rent apart in torment.

Now when I waked, the thunder was rolling fearfully away in the distance, and in the wet fresh air a bird sang, and there was a clear shining. I dragged myself to my knees, and looked about me, and beside me lay Rosemonde, gray and still in death, like one wearied and at peace at the end, and her hair like wet seaweed in the grass; but the reliquary was in her hand. So Simon of Winchester, coming later, found us. He knoweth.

Later, Rosemonde was coffined, and in Godstowe stands her tomb covered with a pall of gold that the King gave with many masses for her soul, and upon it these words graved: —

‘Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda.’ (In this tomb there lieth not Rosemonde, but the World’s Rose.)

But who shall know the hearts of the great? For I looked that he should see the Queen no more, nor touch her hand in this world nor that to come; and this was not so, for she bore him children, and he and she ruled as King and Queen to his life’s end. Also, very speedily he found him a new love, the Lady Aloyse of France; and God He knows that should not have been, for reasons many and heavy. But these matters are above a simple woman like me.

Only this I know — his sons were his scourges, and in and by them no peace had he, and he loathed the face of the Queen. And it is told that as he rode against them in battle he said this to the son of my Rosemonde: —

‘True son of mine are you — true son of a true mother, and England is yours as mine. For these are but misbegotten whelps.’

So sin and shame fulfil their day.

Blessings also. For strange it is and true that in the arms of the son of Rosemonde this King died at Chinon, deserted of all else, and laying his head on her son’s bosom as one content.

And, O King that sits above the thunder, Judge of the world, deliver us from evil Kings and Queens and all their deeds!

And let all of their charity pray for the soul of this Rosemonde, who with much sorrowing passed through pain to God’s mercy.

RELATIVITY AND THE ABSURDITIES OF ALICE

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

'YES, that's it,' said the Hatter with a sigh. 'It's always tea-time and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.'

This sounded pleasant enough, but, of course, odd too, which was due to the fact that Alice lived before 1908. Since that time, and especially since 1913, a number of gentlemen wearing glasses and looking wondrous wise, and no doubt as wise as they look, have proved to us that it can always be tea-time if we care to figure it out properly and get away from a commonplace three-dimensional existence.

To-day any budding physicist can tell you without cracking a smile that 'a conception of the physical world in its objective four-dimensional scheme would merely be an abridged statement of the correspondence of the subjective time-space experiences in the realm of the various senses, *and nothing more.*' Remember, it is not the Hatter speaking now, but the average serious-minded young man or woman at college, who has been taking notes of the lectures on Relativity given by the Professor of Mathematical Physics. The words used above happen to be those of an Oxford Don, but the professors at almost any other University can put the case just as succinctly. Perhaps at the University on the Cam they discuss gravitation, space, and time more than elsewhere, which is natural when we recall that Sir Isaac Newton himself and Lewis Carroll were once undergrads there and, later, professors. The Cambridge Professor of Astronomy

is easily a leader in demonstrating the new Einsteinian theory of gravitation. Sir Isaac never had a theory of gravitation, only a law; but Einstein has both theory and law.

Our professor says that if we would only let him 'interpose some kind of dispersive medium, so that light of some wave-length could be found traveling with every velocity and following every track in space-time, then, if we were looking at a solid which suddenly went out of existence, we should receive at the same moment light-impressions from every particle in its interior, supposing them self-luminous. We actually should see the inside of it.' Now, this would surely have satisfied Alice, for she did so want to know what the flame of a candle looked like after it was blown out. But even Alice did not yearn to see the insides of things-in-themselves; and besides, if it is to be always tea-time, as these professors can easily bring about, it will perhaps be more pleasant not to see more than the insides of the tea-cups.

Alice's friend the March Hare had a watch which he looked at gloomily. He had used butter on it, the best, too; but, as the Hatter said, 'Some crumbs must have gotten in as well.' But that is a trifling matter compared with the six clocks that our professor has on his mantel, all good time-keepers and set right. Yet he can make you view them in such a way that the clock on the extreme left indicates noon, the clock next to it points to eleven, the third clock to ten, and so on. If the mantel-

piece were long enough and he had clocks enough, he could turn to-day into yesterday; and we could all say together, 'How queer everything is to-day, and yesterday things went on just as usual.'

On this side of the Atlantic, a professor at Columbia tells us in a snappy little volume that, if we could only look far enough straight before us, we would in time see our back hair, if we had any. Or if a man goes to the top of a high mountain and aims a gun in any direction and shoots, provided the bullet goes fast enough, it will whiz round the world and on its return hit him behind the ears. Which goes to prove that it may be dangerous to stand back of some marksmen.

Or, again, let a man start for Arcturus. By terrestrial chronology, it will take one hundred years, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles each second. When he arrives at Arcturus, some professor of mathematical physics at the leading University will say, 'How do you do? I timed your start. Of course you have not had breakfast yet?' The explanation is that, traveling with the speed of light, the yard-stick or light year shortened almost to zero in the line of travel. Now here we have one way of getting eternal youth.

Alice longed to be able 'to shut up like a telescope'; and she thought she could if she only knew how to begin. That's just it. One must know how to make the right beginning. And the modern theory of general relativity does seem to prove that we have never started right on earth. We thought we were standing still, while all the time we were hurrying so fast that it makes one's hair stand up on end just to think of it. Why, since you began this article, say five minutes ago, you have flown through space thirty-eight hundred miles.

And that is not all. For no one can be sure of his shape now; because size depends upon speed. All motion is relative. If Alice had moved fast enough, she could have diminished her weight. All students of physics to-day know that mass and energy are essentially the same thing.

Einstein's law is practically this: 'The gravitational mass of a body is equal to its inertial mass.' If, when we were reading Alice long ago, we had in a moment of forgetfulness written the above on our final examination papers in mechanics, it is a certainty that it would have cost us our degree. What distress of mind it would have caused our old instructor if we had said such things — that is, assuming that professors really feel keenly such errors! And to-day the point of view has changed. If a conscientious old instructor in mathematics insists that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, he will soon be enlightened. Or if someone quotes Herbert Spencer's dictum that the proposition concerning parallel lines not meeting at infinity is undemonstrable, because no one could go there, mathematical proof is forthcoming to show that the lines may meet because of a warp in space which makes them geodesics. Up to now we have lived in a three-dimensional world, but the coming generations will be satisfied only with a fourth.

Now the greater part of the mass of matter is due to concealed energy. What will happen when we come into knowledge of the control of sub-atomic energy? for these small fry move with terrific velocities. Shall we soon be able to release this energy, and later to harness it? Some marvelous discoveries are being made. Alice in dreamland underwent remarkable transformations; but the physicists are changing substances and analyzing structure of atoms in a way that makes Lewis Car-

roll's wildest flight of fancy seem humdrum. Even the grin of the Cheshire cat, which remained after Pussy faded out, is simplicity itself compared with a hydrogen atom losing its electrons and becoming a different gas. The chemists construct all nuclei out of hydrogen nuclei, which means that the ninety-two elements, some not yet found on earth, can be traced back to a common ancestor — the hydrogen or helium nucleus.

And here, strangely, Einstein's work has a direct application. It seems that the mass of a helium nucleus is not just the sum of its four alpha particles *plus* two electrons, but an extra mass due to the energy of formation. (It is C. G. Darwin speaking, reviewing the work of Aston and others with positive rays.)

Surely we are near the transformation of the elements. We can now knock off a few hydrogen particles from nitrogen and oxygen. A new mechanics — the mechanics of the atom — is here; and the old laws of classical dynamics must yield, for they fail to meet requirements. Nearly every month a new chapter is written in this story of the structure of matter. We have moved — we no longer live in Flatland. We do not have to measure our angles according to Euclid: he has had his day. Even that greatest generalization of the human mind, Newton's law of attraction, proportional to the masses and inversely as the square of the distance, gets a jolt. For light seems to have pressure and weight. Sunshine actually punches the earth with a fist that weighs one hundred and sixty tons. A ray of light from a star grazing the edge of the sun is bent, not because of refraction, but is *pulled in* by gravitation as if it were a stream of bullets. The bending has been measured. At the last total solar eclipse, two parties sent out to Brazil and Africa by the Royal Astronomical

Society secured about a dozen photographs in the twelve minutes the eclipse lasted. The positions of certain stars (about seven) are displaced. The shift is not just the amount which a gravitational pull on the light would produce, according to the old law of gravitation, — and Sir Isaac himself hinted that such a thing might occur, — but twice the amount, which fits in nicely with the new law of gravitation, and is very close to what Einstein had said in advance it would be.

May we not say with Alice, 'Curiouser and curiouser! Now, I am opening it'? Gravitation fades out of the scene as a force, and becomes a distortion of space in the presence of matter. It makes one think of the Cheshire cat and its grin.

The new law also accounts for the discrepancy in Mercury's perihelion, which has bothered astronomers for some years. It may, however, be said that most of us did not worry much over this erratic swinging of the long axis of the planet's orbit.

But to return to Alice: Rule 42 read that 'all persons more than a mile high should leave the Court.' Now we know how to get around this rule. On the trip to Arcturus, we saw that change of mass with speed is the same as the time-length change. Hence, if a person moved so fast that his mass was doubled, his size would be reduced one half.

Shades of Augustus De Morgan, return from the mists beyond the Styx! They say, but do not yet prove, that the ratio of the circumference to the diameter is altered when we introduce matter at the centre. Let us suppose that they succeed in squaring the circle — then what becomes of the Budget of Paradoxes?

A resounding chorus smites the air. Minkowski, Lorentz, Larmor, Planck, Silberstein, Eddington, Cottingham,

Crommelein, Davidson, Schlick, Slosson, Weyl, and all the rest sing in a hearty bass, Space and Time are deprived of the last vestige of physical objectivity.'

Einstein's tenor rings clear above the rest: 'Let those who are unfamiliar with physics no longer feel like the wanderer who was unable to see the forest for the trees.'

HOW ABOUT THE FARMER?

A COMMENTARY ON 'SPECIAL PRIVILEGE'

BY JOHN D. WILLARD

I

'The Menace of New Privilege,' in the February *Atlantic*, voices an orderly protest against the further development of class-cleavages by the grant of class-privileges. In principle Mr. Alger will have the hearty support of thoughtful citizens, yet his choice of illustrative material, and his interpretation of motives and conditions, challenge much dissent. It is with intent to correct misapprehensions, while accepting and confirming principles, that this paper is written.

The major contention of the article is that farmers have been granted initial privilege by the Clayton Amendment of the Sherman Anti-trust Act, and that the motive actuating present efforts to clarify this rather obscure legislation is the desire to form coercive monopolies for price-fixing. It is repugnant to one of judicial training and experience that certain groups may do things under protection of the law, and other groups may do the same things only in violation of the law. Nor is it strange that the lawyer assumes the law to be the criterion and basis of analysis, even while appealing to principle

rather than statute in the support of his argument.

The statement will hardly be challenged, that anti-trust legislation came as a result of abuses. Business groups were able to control sufficient amounts of certain commodities to create artificial price-levels. In some cases this was accomplished by the formation of overhead corporations, syndicates, or trusts; in others by the informal agreement of those in control of like enterprises. To curb this evil, the legislation directed against restraint of trade was developed.

That the evil existed, and that some correction was needed, requires no argument. It is necessary, however, to discover whether the resulting laws, and the Sherman Anti-trust Act in particular, are of such a nature that they can be equally enforced upon all; or whether in the enforcement certain groups are effectually curbed, while others may practice clandestine evasion with impunity. To the jurist the application of the law is a sacred duty; to the citizen, who, in the last analysis,

is the sanction for the law, the all-important matter is whether the law is accomplishing, or is even capable of accomplishing, the purpose for which it was enacted.

The exempting clause of the Clayton Amendment first declares that labor is not a commodity within the intent of the law. Popular interpretation of the matter is that laborers and farmers have joined hands to secure special privilege. Analysis will discover a common reason for the exception of both from the restraints of anti-trust legislation.

If exemption were not granted to labor, could the statute be enforced equally upon all? The relatively small number of employers has always made conference possible—not to say conspiracy—as to the wages to be offered; while the extremely large number of laborers, together with their usual lack of means and education, has made secret agreement and conspiracy impossible for this group. The ordinary business luncheon offers adequate opportunity for a group of employers to reach agreement as to wages; in fact, a conspiracy by employers in restraint of the purchase of labor could be made by telephone, and with only the most remote probability of detection. The existence of business mens' clubs and associations, often limited to those interested in a single type of industry, is too obvious to need more than passing comment. It must be recognized that such associations are vitally necessary, and serve a constructive purpose in the welfare of industry. The only matter pertinent to this discussion is that the Sherman Anti-trust Act, without the specific exemption of labor, could do no more than create an effective weapon to be used against those who sell their labor, while remaining quite ineffective against those who buy it. Equality of restraint could not exist in fact, although existent in statute.

Under present conditions the specific exemption of labor from classification as a commodity enables equality both in law and in fact. Either group is able to achieve its ends only as an over-supply or under-supply of labor gives advantage through the interplay of demand and supply; the Anti-trust Act restrains neither party in the bargaining process.

Likewise, it would be impossible to enforce the Sherman Anti-trust legislation equally in the case of buyers and producers of farm-products. The number of wholesale buyers of all our larger crops is very small compared with the number of growers. Buyers are of necessity in touch with one another; conspiracy could not be effectively stopped. The growers are always widely scattered, and any collective effort could not escape detection. The geographical dispersion of farmers makes frequent getting together impossible, and effectively precludes clandestine agreements.

For instance, the greater part of the milk used in the city of Boston is distributed by three large corporations, and comes from thousands of farms scattered through more than forty thousand square miles of territory. Can it be maintained for a moment that the law, without the exemption of farmers, can be made equally effective in checking possible restraint of trade on the part of both buyers and sellers? Instead of creating a privileged class, the exemption of farmers ensures equality of opportunity.

II

Need for improvement of marketing methods is recognized in the Atlantic article by six distinct references. The field of distribution is described as a singularly inviting and undeveloped one. The progress made by farmers' co-operative marketing movements is ignored, as is also the more important

fact that, unless they were exempted from the operation of the present Anti-trust legislation, farmers would attempt improvement of marketing conditions only at their peril.

With the assertion that marketing methods need improvement, all well-informed persons must be in agreement. Productive processes have been vastly improved; experiment stations, research agencies, colleges of agriculture, and the great system of county agricultural agents are succeeding in establishing more efficient production practice and in eliminating production wastes. The same agencies recognize to-day that the major task is now to improve marketing methods. Students are agreed that gluts, shortages, and the resultant wastes are caused by lack of adequate information as to supplies on hand and shipments *en route*, and by lack of adequate storage facilities and credit to ensure an even flow during the normal consuming period. Farmers are unable individually to effect a steady flow of output, to protect themselves against losses through improper handling by common carriers, and against misrepresentations of buyers as to quality. They are most keenly alive to this situation, for they have improved their methods of production, only to find that their gains are swallowed up in the losses of distribution — losses which, up to the point of retailing, are usually passed back to them. They are eager to do their full part in effecting real improvement; and yet, if they were not granted legal exemption from anti-trust restrictions, every effort on their part to improve marketing conditions would invite prosecution as being in restraint of trade.

It is a calamity if a two-weeks' supply of lettuce arrives in New York in a single day; yet, without the exemption contained in the Clayton Amendment, farmers who discuss the day's market

receipts and price-levels, with a view to planning an evenly distributed supply for the balance of the week, would be guilty of conspiracy. Likewise, it means loss for all concerned if a month's supply of oranges reaches Boston in one day, and a part must be wasted or re-shipped; yet without legal sanction the producers who endeavor to effect a steady flow and to avoid the ruinously low prices of gluts, or the prohibitively high prices of shortages, would be in danger of the courts.

'To try to understand marketing conditions and rules, to try to meet market demands with a corresponding supply, to avoid, wherever possible, the creation of glutted markets, and to try to organize a marketing system under which unnecessary losses are avoided and unnecessary costs eliminated, is a course which common sense imperatively demands . . . the coöperative trust movement has no such plans or purposes.'

It rests with Mr. Alger to define 'the coöperative trust movement.' If he means the few groups that are making futile efforts to ignore the forces of demand and supply, perhaps the charge can be supported. It cannot be supported against the great farmers' coöperative marketing movement as a whole. The California Fruit-Growers Exchange could not function except under the exemption given by the Clayton Amendment, yet it has achieved a monumental success along the very lines which Mr. Alger indicates as necessary. It marketed \$40,000,000 worth of product during the year 1919, yet without any effort to fix a monopoly price on its commodities. It estimates with remarkable accuracy the total output that it has to sell, and the normal consuming season for this output, in order to move the required amount toward the market each week. It effectively avoids gluts and shortages by

securing steady arrivals at all markets. In many larger cities the output is sold at public auction; in Boston, for instance, the daily offerings include lots as small as eight boxes of oranges up to car-load lots; and numbered among the buyers are wholesalers, jobbers, hotel stewards, retailers, corner-fruit-stand owners, and hucksters. The price is fixed absolutely by the relation of demand and supply. Costs of marketing by the central organization have been reduced to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of the sale price, this being accomplished by standardization, shipment supervision, and the creation of an effective information service. Yet it should not be forgotten that the old association of exchanges had to reorganize on the basis of the Clayton Amendment, or face prosecution, although its purpose and practices were precisely what Mr. Alger has indicated as most needed.

Nor is this an isolated example. The Iowa wheat-growers, in contrast to the Kansas wheat-growers, temporarily held back their wheat, only to effect a steady flow, and with full expectation of taking the auction prices on the boards of trade. The Southern Produce Exchange, various potato-growers' exchanges, the fruit associations of the East and of the Northwest, the tobacco-growers of the Connecticut Valley, and scores of other smaller organizations have set a new mark in efficiency, to the benefit of both food-producing and consuming groups, and without the ruthless and purposeless destruction of necessary distributive agencies; yet all these would stand in peril without the legal sanction of the Clayton Amendment. Farmers are employing managerial brains in their marketing, though handicapped in some instances by the under-supply of properly trained managers. The great majority of farmers are convinced that the benefits of co-operation are to be secured along the

lines of economy and effectiveness, and not of coercion.

I can agree heartily with Mr. Alger that coercive or arbitrary price-fixing in the interests of a single class or group is most pernicious. I am equally convinced that in the great majority of cases it cannot be made effective. Since the appearance of the February issue of the *Atlantic*, it is evident that the Kansas \$3.00 wheat movement had little effect on the market. Even one of the most complete of the so-called monopolies — that of the prune-growers — found itself unable to ignore the equation of supply and demand. I cannot agree with the argument that the Lever Act was unjustly lenient to farmers and allowed any kind of gross profiteering by them. Costs of farm production cannot be measured with the same degree of accuracy as purchase costs in the case of middlemen, or as in factory production, where material, labor, overhead, and output are known, not only by averages, but by individual plants and machines. Nor could the Lever Act, by any stretch of imagination, be made to fit the conditions of the producer in the matter of hoarding. Crops mature on a seasonal schedule, and farmers who produced more than was required for their own use were of necessity in possession of a supply which, in any other hands, would have been excessive.

The exemption of farmers from the provisions of the Lever Act was not inspired by the intent to create class-privilege: it was a common-sense recognition of the fact that efforts to enforce it with regard to farmers could result only in a ridiculous failure, and would have been little short of calamitous, could it have succeeded.

With two of Mr. Alger's minor contentions I am unable to agree. It is not customary to retail shoes at the usual jobbing price by the case, or to sell a

pound of nails at the price of a car-load lot, or to sell coal in New England at the Pennsylvania mine price. What, then, is the grievous iniquity in establishing one price for milk to retail bottle-trade, another to hotels, and still another to factories using car-load lots at the source of production? And if the producers of milk undertake to improve methods and conditions which the corporate distributors have been unable sufficiently to improve with years of opportunity, why make it unlawful for the producers even to try? Such, however, would be the deterrent effect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act without the Clayton Amendment. Nor can I agree that in the appeal to the Federal Reserve Board for assistance, the farmers of the South were asking the use of 'public funds,' any more than the merchant patrons of the New York banks, who sought extended credit, based on Federal Reserve rediscounts, in order to postpone the evil day of liquidation and mark-downs. In both cases the basic funds were private deposits in national banks and trust companies; in both cases the borrowers sought to avoid loss; in both cases the government could do no more than sanction the extending of credit, the amount being limited by the amount of reserves; in both cases the ultimate consumer would have the bill to pay.

To summarize: the farmers' coöperative movement offers more hope for improvement of marketing conditions than any other factor in our present

marketing situation. Positive achievements to date are but prophetic of what the future holds. The American Farm Bureau Federation is employing the very best experts that money can secure, in its effort to get the data necessary for further constructive programmes. This huge organization recognizes the futility of attempting to evade the equation of demand and supply. The majority of farmers' organizations seek to effect their results by eliminating waste and uncertainties caused by ignorance of market conditions.

The Clayton Amendment makes possible the positive results already gained by coöperative selling organizations. It equalizes a business relation in which the disadvantage would be wholly against the farmers, were there no such exemption. It is insurance against class-stratification. Class-cleavage would inevitably result if the advantage were left wholly with the buyer, as was the case in the Boston milk territory up to ten years ago; a cleavage which was begun by failure in the past to give the farmers equality in opportunity and in fact.

I hold no brief for the anti-trust legislation as a whole; perhaps it should all be relegated to the scrap-heap. I do insist, however, that, if it is advantageous to preserve the present law, the exemption contained in the Clayton Amendment, or a similar exemption, is vitally necessary to preserve equality of opportunity, to ensure justice, and to prevent the very social stratification that Mr. Alger deplores.

THE GREAT STUPIDITY

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

I

THE cynic who delights in registering human stupidities need never be at a loss for masterpieces to add to his collection. But the masterpiece of masterpieces, the Great Stupidity of these latter days, is surely that of the Britons and Americans who, thoughtlessly or wickedly, say and do things calculated to make bad blood between their two countries.

With those who do so wickedly I am not here concerned. They are not stupid in the ordinary sense of the term, but only as all criminals are stupid. They deliberately subordinate to motives of personal cupidity or spite the manifest interests of their country and, ultimately, of the world. There are, perhaps, more atrocious evildoers, but none meaner or more despicable. In saying this, I have in mind individuals and groups on both sides of the Atlantic.

I put aside also the Irish. Were I an Irish-American, I should probably make use of my opportunities to embroil the two countries with whose destinies that of Ireland is so inextricably interwoven. The historic case of Ireland against England is an enormously strong one, and recent history has enormously strengthened it. No doubt there have been black crimes and egregious blunders on both sides; but that is no defense for England. It was for her, as the stronger party in the case, to show wisdom and magnanimity; and these qualities have been sadly to seek in the record of her deal-

ings with Ireland. Irish-American tactics are not, in my eyes, far-sighted, but they are extremely human. There is no use in quarreling with our fellow creatures because they are not angels.

It is the thoughtless mischief-makers — the people who are moved by mere ignorant and silly prejudice — who are guilty of the Great Stupidity. Here again I have my eye on individuals, on both sides of the water; but the culprits, in the mass, run into hundreds of thousands — into millions. They are more numerous, no doubt, in America, but they are more inexcusable in England. Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us — bad reasons, but comprehensible. In England, on the other hand, we have no sane reason for disliking America — or, rather, we have precisely as much reason as the English have for disliking the Scotch, or the Scotch the English. The mutual antipathy of Scot and Southron was, as we know, pretty strong in the eighteenth century; and it lingers on to this day in certain quarters. Our neighbors naturally chafe us more than total strangers. Small differences of temperament, of accent, of standards, of sense of humor, irritate us more in people who are, on the whole, similar to ourselves, than in those who are wholly and inevitably dissimilar. Just to this extent is mutual dislike between Englishmen and Americans comprehensible; but everyone knows that these family jars arise from the foibles of our nature, and are

corrigible by a very slight exercise of rational tolerance. The time is long past when the sense of unlikeness-in-likeness between an Englishman and a Scot led them to doubt or ignore the solidarity of their interests.

A patent, yet seemingly unconquerable, fallacy promotes ill-feeling between nations, and is not without its influence between Britain and America. All of us, I suppose, dislike with some intensity a good many of our own countrymen: but we do not, because Mr. Smith is a snob, Mr. Jones a bounder, and Mr. Thompson a tattling bore, go about asserting an unconquerable dislike for 'the English' as a nation.

Many English people, on the other hand, will profess to dislike 'Americans' in general because they have met two or three of that nation whose manners displeased them. Could there be any greater stupidity? I, for my part, know hundreds of Americans, and have met thousands. I do not profess to love them all, any more than I love all Englishmen. There are even some general traits of American manners, — let us say, for instance, the practice of indiscriminate introductions and hand-shakings, — which, I think, might well be amended. But do I therefore dislike America? On the contrary, the more I see of her, the more I am convinced that there is no country in the world where the average of human worth, the percentage of admirable human beings, is higher. The average may be somewhat pulled down, no doubt, by the large importation of the mere refuse and wreckage of Europe; but people are not necessarily worthless because they are unfortunate.

This large importation of alien elements is, of course, a factor in the problem by no means to be ignored. It lends color to the old protest — which Mr. Chesterton repeated the other day,

as if it were something new and startling — against the bracketing of England and America as 'Anglo-Saxon' nations. The term Anglo-Saxon always was unscientific, although not more so than most racial appellations. Ethnology is a science that revises its nomenclature every ten years or so. But though the word corresponds to no ethnological fact, it has a quite real historic and sociological meaning. To be sure, people of British ancestry are no longer largely predominant, in the United States; but it is no less true that the Republic remains, in its laws, traditions, and ideals, predominantly an Anglo-Saxon community. No Englishman in America feels himself in a foreign country, as he does in France, in Italy, or in Spain. America is different, but not foreign.

It is this very fact that makes American travel comparatively unattractive to many English people. Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, remind them of English provincial cities on a somewhat larger scale. They have none of the picturesqueness, the romance, the obvious foreignness, of Vienna or Moscow, of Lisbon or Genoa. It takes some effort of imagination to see in them the romantic and fascinating places they really are. It is much more of 'a change' to the Englishman to cross the Channel than to cross the Atlantic. Only after a time does he find in America that peculiar charm which England has for the Scot. He says, 'This is no my ain hoose, I ken by the biggin' o't'; and the very subtlety of the differences gives him greater pleasure than he receives from the obtrusive foreignness of 'Picturesque Europe.'

II

To an Englishman who is not entirely devoid of imagination, America brings a sense of incalculable enlargement of the powers and privileges con-

ferred upon him by the accident of birth. His mother-tongue has made him free of this gigantic, this illimitable civilization, with all its stupendous achievements and its fabulous potentialities. He is akin by blood to the people who remain, in spite of all admixture, the leading factors in that civilization;¹ and he has no doubt that the non-English elements — all but one — will mean ultimate enrichment of the composite stock. For the calamitous presence of the African element he ought to feel co-responsible, since it is largely due to the sins of his forefathers. America, to put it at the very lowest, is a product, an extension of English history. It is born of the follies of English kings, the bigotry of English prelates, the greatness and the littleness of English statesmen, the indomitable tenacity of British pioneers, the liberal conservatism of British nation-builders, and the magnanimity of two world-heroes who, though they never saw the shores of Britain, were none the less of the purest British blood. An Anglo-Saxon nation it certainly is not; but a creation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit it as certainly is. The Englishman is either an ignoramus or a fool who does not recognize in his kinship to America an inestimable enhancement of his birthright.

It is not for a Briton to say how far an intelligent American ought to be moved by similar sentiments: how far he ought to feel his kinship, by blood or by adoption, to Britain and her history, an extension of his personality, an enrichment of his heritage. Perhaps I may, without offense, put it in this way: if my ancestors of the fourth or fifth generation had emigrated to America, instead of staying cannily in Britain, I

feel sure that no conceivable folly of British politicians, or tactlessness of British tourists, would for a moment tempt me to renounce my hereditary share in the splendors of Lincoln and Durham and Salisbury, the unique beauties of Oxford and Cambridge, the associations of Stratford-on-Avon and the Lakes, of Edinburgh and Westminster.

There are, after all, features in English history which ought to appeal to the very Americanism of Americans. Not to go back to King Alfred or King John, they ought to remember that, if their immediate ancestors 'threw a sovereign across the Atlantic,' it was their remoter forbears who, along with ours, 'garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks' — taught kings that there were joints in their cervical vertebræ. It is easy to argue that that act was, at the moment, impolitic; but does anybody wish it undone? Does anybody doubt that it was, both symbolically and actually, one of the most august of historic transactions?

Again, the reflection that England has, four separate times, at intervals of a century, been largely instrumental in shattering gigantic dreams of World-Autocracy ought not to discommend her in American eyes. She saved not only herself, but the Reformation, when she shattered the Spanish Armada. William of Orange and Marlborough saved Europe, and ultimately America, from falling under the domination of France. Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo baffled the grandiose ambitions of Napoleon. And, last but not least, it was British tenacity, leagued with the splendid valor of France, which brought the furious megalomania of Germany crashing to the ground. In all these historic crises Britain was, in a very real sense, fighting the battle of Americanism.

Nothing can ever undo the fact that,

¹ Of the twenty-nine Presidents of the United States, only two — Van Buren and Roosevelt — bore non-'Anglo-Saxon' names; and Roosevelt, at any rate, was of partly Anglo-Saxon blood. — THE AUTHOR.

in the last and greatest overthrow of autocracy, America bore her part along with Britain and France. She 'won the war' in the sense in which the last straw broke the camel's back; but she was a very substantial last straw, and no one can tell what might have happened if that straw had been withheld. Can anything be more ungenerous than to forget and belittle our gratitude to America on the ground that she ought to have come earlier into the struggle? I do not myself think that this is the case; but supposing it were so, are we to repudiate an obligation because it came a little tardily? Could there be a clearer sign of a base and paltry soul? Was it in a spirit of hypocrisy, or simply with an eye to the political exigencies of the moment, that Mr. Winston Churchill said, on the Fourth of July, 1918, —

'Deep in the heart of the people of these islands, the heart of those who, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, are styled "our British brethren," lay the desire to be truly reconciled before all men and all history with their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age, to dwell once more in spirit with them, to stand once more in battle at their side, to create once more a union of hearts, to write once more a history in common. That was our heart's desire. It seemed utterly unattainable, but it has come to pass. However long the struggle, however cruel the victory, that supreme reconciliation will make amends for all. That is the reward of Britain; that is the lion's share.'

These words were spoken on the eve of victory — are they to be falsified, forgotten, expunged from the international record, with all the fine phrases that were current in the hour of need? Is there to be no limit to the pettiness of spirit that is leading us to throw away

with both hands all the most precious fruits of the great struggle and the great sacrifice?

III

Whatever be the reason, the fact is indisputable that, after our glorious comradeship in the greatest of wars, an impression is abroad on both sides of the Atlantic that Anglo-American relations are worse than they were before 1914. It was possible for Mr. Bernard Shaw to stand up a few months ago, and say that there was only one nation who hated us more than the Americans, and that was the French. Of course, this was fundamentally false; but it is sad that it should have even the superficial plausibility requisite for a Shavian paradox. The fact that such things can be lightly said and lightly accepted is a testimony to the prevalence among us of what I call The Great Stupidity. If it had been true, Mr. Shaw ought to have rent his garments and strewn ashes on his head before giving voice to such disastrous tidings.

That things have gone askew since the Armistice is, of course, true enough and deplorable enough. But to magnify light-heartedly some temporary disillusionment into a permanent, or even serious, breach between the two countries is to treat the situation with a mischievous levity which is entirely out of place in view of the enormous interests at stake.

Let it not be thought that in appealing to the interests at stake I am lowering the plane of my argument. My plea is, first, last, and all the time, based on frankly utilitarian common sense. Sentiment has no absolute value. It is not a good-in-itself, but only as it ministers to the human well-being. That is the justification even of mother-love and of the love of man for woman; it is the sole and ample justification of the mutual respect and affection which ought

to exist between Britain and America, which does exist in many British and American hearts. If I thought that the welfare of the world, or even of Britain, would be promoted by misunderstanding and enmity between the two countries, I would unhesitatingly join the ranks of the mischief-makers. But that opinion, as matters stand, cannot possibly be held by any rational and honest man. Therefore, I dismiss the deliberate fomenters of hatred (Irish apart) as either criminals or lunatics, while the inadvertent, thoughtless, babbling mischief-makers I set down as victims of the Great Stupidity.

The essence of the situation can be stated in very few words. If Britain and America stand back to back, they are so utterly unassailable that no external enmity need cause them one moment's uneasiness, and they can devote themselves without let or hindrance to the solution of their manifold and pressing internal problems. If, on the other hand, they insist on standing face to face, exchanging glances of suspicion and covert defiance, and even (oh, folly of follies! oh, crime of crimes!) arming against each other, they leave their backs exposed to assaults from many quarters, while they wantonly spend their labor and their substance on that which profiteth not, or profiteth only the profiteer. If they live in amity and act in concert, they have the world at their feet; and the world can afford to leave them in that position, since they have no instinct and no motive to trample on it. Their desire is to live freely among free peoples; nor is there any justice in calling this profession hypocritical because history has brought them into relation with certain peoples as yet incapable of self-government. They possess at this moment — it has been forced upon them by circumstances — that *Weltmacht* in pursuit of which Germany stained her soul and

forfeited her place among the nations. They possess it just so long and in so far as they make the most of that unity of sentiment and purpose which their common origin and common language seem to force upon them; but they can easily throw away their magnificent position of advantage, by listening to the mischief-makers, and drawing apart instead of pulling together. The future of the world depends upon whether enlightened magnanimity or pettifogging meanness shall gain the mastery in the souls of Britain and America.

I am not concerned to deny that the danger of the situation arises more from the American than from the British side. There is more active ill-will in America than in England. The average American citizen has been very imperfectly awakened to his citizenship of the world, and, in the lassitude following upon the war-fever, is even inclined to abjure and deny it. Disregarding the plain evidence of his senses, he yields, consciously and deliberately, to the illusion of the Atlantic, and vehemently assures himself that that ocean still exists, as it did in the days of Washington, Monroe, and Canning. He sees (what is quite true) that England needs America more obviously and immediately than America needs England; and he infers (what is quite false) that to admit the solidarity of their interests would be to acquiesce in a bad bargain. His secular tradition of aloofness, reinforced in some cases by historic rancors and antagonisms, blinds him to the enormous access of power, and economy of resources, that would result from a firm friendship and a working agreement between the two great English-speaking nations.

It is not for me to argue against this quite natural, though unenlightened, frame of mind. It is for Americans to demonstrate to their countrymen the advantage — nay, the imperative need

— of enlightened magnanimity. My humbler task is to appeal to my own countrymen not to make the situation more difficult by impertinent criticism, ignorant condescension, and, in general, by silly chatter. It is an old but very true remark that community of speech, while it is undoubtedly the great bond between the two peoples, is also a fruitful source of misunderstanding and irritation.

IV

Sheer ignorance and lack of imagination lie at the root of all that is wrong in the British attitude toward America. We do not begin to realize the magnitude and the majesty of the phenomenon with which we have to deal.

Ask the average Englishman what he associates with the words 'New York,' what mental picture the name evokes for him, and there are ten chances to one that he will express himself in terms of vague depreciation and distaste. He will tell you of a noisy, nerve-racking city, whose inhabitants are so intent on the pursuit of the elusive dollar that they habitually bolt their food at 'quick-lunch' counters, and seek to soothe their chronic dyspepsia by masticating either chewing-gum or big black cigars. He has heard of a clattering abomination called the Elevated Railroad; he has probably never heard of the Subway — most wonderful, if still inadequate, system of urban transit. The word 'sky-scraper' is, of course, familiar to him, connoting, in his imagination, a hideous monstrosity, which the Americans have somehow evolved out of the naughtiness of their hearts. He thanks his stars that such freaks are impossible in England, where municipal wisdom has established a strict correlation between the height of buildings and the width of streets. Furthermore, he has heard of Tammany, a conspiracy of corruption, which keeps

the city ill-paved, ill-lighted, and a prey to the alternate — or simultaneous — tyranny of brutal Irish policemen and indigenous 'gunmen,' who will shoot you as soon as look at you. Here, or hereabouts, his knowledge ends; and he will present this meagre caricature in a tone of pharisaism, congratulating himself that London (or Manchester, or Glasgow, as the case may be) is not crude and corrupt after the manner of New York.

No doubt there are shreds and patches of truth in the picture; but they are wholly inessential. The essential fact is that New York is by far the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world — a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination. Throned between its noble estuaries, it proclaims, in one majestic symbol, the supremacy of Man over Matter. Here we feel, for the first time in the modern world, — what the Roman of the Empire may have felt in a minor degree, — that, for all our puny proportions, we belong to a race of titans. The sky-scraper was, in its beginnings, ugly and unimaginative enough; forty years of development have made it a thing of beauty, of power, of grandeur. And it is still — I will not say in its infancy, but — in its adolescence. The Singer building, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Woolworth building are not likely to be greatly overtopped. The sky-scraper, essentially a street tilted on end, is also inevitably a cul-de-sac; and a too long cul-de-sac is uneconomic and inconvenient. Besides, the development of the tower form — immense height on a relatively small base — is practically confined to Manhattan Island, with its rock foundations; in few other places would architects dare to pile up such enormous weights to the square foot. But there is boundless room for the lateral development of the moderately

high building — the building of, say, 15 to 25 floors. Every year that passes adds some new triumph to the cyclopean architecture of New York. Park Avenue, though it contains no buildings of excessive height, will soon be like a boulevard of Brobdingnag — without any of the rude disproportion, however, that we might look for in the palaces of giants; and it is doubly impressive when we reflect that, unseen and unheard, the railway traffic of half a continent is gliding to and fro beneath its central gardens.

But this is no place to go into details. My point is that the miscalled skyscraper — the high building — is not a monstrosity, but a thing of great imaginative daring, sometimes ugly, no doubt, but more often truly grandiose and colossal. It first came into being, for topographical reasons, in the congested toe of Manhattan Island; but, in a modified form, it is certain to spread through all great cities. I do not mean that such windy cañons as lower Broadway and Wall Street will arise in London and Paris, but that in all populous places great islands of beautiful architecture will stand out above the sea of ordinary five- and six-story houses.

The typical New York office-building has enormous advantages. Go to see a publisher or a lawyer in London, and you find him installed in stuffy, dusty, insanitary chambers, perhaps in a converted dwelling-house of the eighteenth century, or two such dwelling-houses inconveniently run together — at all events, in a dingy rabbit-warren of a place. In New York you are shot up in an express elevator to the twelfth or fifteenth floor of a vast building. If your business is with a lawyer, you pass along a spotlessly clean corridor, paved and lined with white marble, and you find him in a sunny, airy suite of rooms, high above the noises of the city, and looking out, it may be over the noble

Hudson to the New Jersey shore, or over the series of gigantic bridges that span the East River — otherwise Long Island Sound.

If, on the other hand, your visit is to a publisher, you pass along no corridor, for the probability is that the elevator will land you right in his waiting-room. In all likelihood he occupies one whole floor of the great building, — half an acre of glass-partitioned space, — a busy hive of multifarious industry. It is comfortably heated in winter, admirably ventilated in summer: the grubbiness and stuffiness of London are entirely absent. The publisher's own sanctum is probably in a corner, with magnificent views in two directions over the endless expanse of the city, with its cliffs of masonry and its innumerable plumes of white steam. Air and sunshine penetrate everywhere — glorious sunshine being amazingly prevalent in New York.

Business has put off its grime, and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. And we make it our foolish pride that we are earth-bound, and boast of our determined propinquity to the gutter!

People often ask why the practical Americans use four syllables to designate an appliance which we denote by the single syllable — lift. This is at first sight paradoxical; but after a few days in America, you realize that the two words are admirably appropriate to two very different things. The American elevator exhilaratingly elevates, the British lift laboriously lifts. I confess to taking great delight in the swift, sensitive machines that rush you up in the twinkling of an eye to the twentieth floor of a great hotel or business building. They are to the crawling, doddering British lift as a race-horse to a pack-mule. The tone of mind that professes to shrink in horror from such achievements of 'mechanical civilization' is one

of the innumerable phases of the Great Stupidity.

But 'elevator architecture,' though the most prominent feature of New York and other American cities, is not the only evidence of the constructive genius of the race. In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway-stations in Europe — Frankfort, Cologne, and the Paris Gare d'Orléans — are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and travertine, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central termini, with the Union Station at Washington not far behind them. Each of the great New York stations is a city in itself. There has been nothing like them in the world since the Baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla. The Library of Congress and the Public Libraries of New York¹ and Boston are stately and splendid beyond comparison; and even Detroit, which holds only the seventh place among American cities, is housing its library in a superb white-marble palace. In domestic architecture, again, America easily holds the first place, having gone ahead with giant strides during the past quarter of a century. The typical brownstone dwelling of old New York was cramped, stuffy, and inconvenient. To-day the country or suburban homes, even of people of quite moderate means, are models of convenience and comfort — the abodes, in every sense, of the highest civilization.

¹ In New York the other day I wanted to look up an illustration in a book of my own. I applied to the publisher of the American edition, but he had mislaid his file-copy. 'Never mind,' he said, 'you can get it at the Public Library.' He took up the telephone on his desk, and in the course of three minutes he said to me, 'You will find the book awaiting you at such and such a desk in such and such a room.' I went to the Library, and there it was! Let me commend this incident to the attention of the British Museum authorities — without any disparagement of the courtesy and slow-but-sure efficiency of that great institution. — THE AUTHOR.

V

I have dwelt thus far upon architecture because it is the outward and visible sign, if not of inward and spiritual grace, at any rate of a people's energies, and, in no small measure, of its imagination. It may seem that I have weakened my effect by overworking my superlatives; but I know not how to convey the sense of stupendous magnitude in words of one syllable. And it is the stupendous magnitude of America, from every aspect and in every dimension, on which I wish to insist. Nature has made her huge, and man, in his efforts to tame her and harness her vastness, is only working to the scale set by nature. I am not, I think, insensitive to the historic associations of England or of Italy, of Egypt or of India; but in America the imagination is thrilled by the very fact that so much of her history is pre-historic. It is only yesterday that the first explorers blazed their trail into her pathless hinterlands and launched their canoes upon her mighty waters. Is there anything in nature so majestic and spirit-stirring as a great river? And are there any nobler rivers on earth than those of America? The traveler who does not study up his map in advance is constantly coming un-awares upon majestic yet uncelebrated streams, which in Europe would be world-famous.

Not long ago, journeying from Massachusetts into New Hampshire, I found the train following for hours a beautiful river for whose existence I was quite unprepared. Inquiring its name, I learned that it was the Merrimac, and was further informed that it drove more spindles than any other river in the world. A little later, business took me to Binghamton, New York, and again a beautiful river lent dignity to an otherwise undistinguished town. Once more I had to confess my ignorance: this was the

Susquehanna, just entering the State of Pennsylvania on its way to Chesapeake Bay.

Yet these are, so to speak, hole-and-corner rivers, not to be compared to the great arteries of the continent. The superb expanse of the Hudson puts Rhine and Danube to shame. No less grandiose than romantic is the confluence at Pittsburgh of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, with the tiny little blockhouse of Fort Pitt still occupying the tip of the tongue of land, overshadowed by the giant buildings of the City of Steel. And the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite in the mighty Ohio; and the mighty Ohio itself is but a tributary of the still mightier Mississippi, the Father of Waters. Without any disrespect to the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges, great rivers of the past, I venture to find these great rivers of the future every bit as thrilling to the imagination.

There is no mass of territory on earth that combines so many natural advantages as the United States. Other vast political units, such as Russia, China, Brazil, Australia, suffer from marked natural disabilities. The United States has temperate climate, great and varied fertility, enormous mineral resources, magnificent waterways, and two, or rather three, great stretches of seaboard, with many noble harbors. It borders on the Tropics and the Frigid Zone, and it faces the sea-fronts of Europe and Asia. In spite of all its diversity, it is a natural unit; and its unity has been vindicated and consecrated in a great war. With all its hundred million people, it is still greatly underpopulated. Unless human unwisdom should defeat the manifest tendency of things, the coming century will see it, incontestably and in every respect, the greatest of nations.

And this giant Commonwealth is English in speech, English in tradition,

to a large extent English in race. Should we not esteem it a marvelous good fortune, which has linked us to it by so many impalpable yet indefeasible ties? And is it not the height of folly to ignore or make light of this providential relation? Is it not the depth of stupidity to convert what ought to be a source of strength and assurance to both nations into a fertile seed-plot of misunderstanding and disquietude?

VI

The present juncture of mundane affairs is not one in which any nation can afford to neglect sources of strength, or, in Shakespeare's phrase, to 'woo the means of weakness and debility.' It would scarcely be extravagant to cite the ancient jest, and say that, if America and England cannot hang together, they stand a very good chance of hanging separate. Their solidarity is the one sure cornerstone of world-peace; and world-peace is indispensable to the fortunate solution of the internal problems which confront America no less menacingly than England. The founders of the commonwealth, while they sought religious and political freedom, brought with them, unchastened and uncriticized, the then current European views on the subject of property, with the result that the enormous resources of the country have been in a very great measure grabbed and exploited by individuals, to the detriment of the community at large. It is very doubtful whether the United States can properly be called the richest country in the world. It is the country of the richest men — a wholly different proposition. And that very fact is bound to make the inevitable economic readjustment a matter of great difficulty. Capital holds gigantic power, and is not going to see it impaired without a bitter struggle. There is a quite real sense in which

it is to the interest of capitalism to foment suspicion and hostility between the Republic and the Empire; for insecurity is the one possible excuse for militarism, and militarism is the best ally of capitalism all the world over. It is hard to say how far this motive is consciously present to the minds of some, at any rate, of the people who are deliberately working to keep the two nations apart. But the Machiavellian mischief-maker might safely be left to do his worst if babbling ignorance and stupidity did not play into his hands. It is against this inadvertently disastrous influence that the present note of warning is raised.

Democracy will, indeed, prove itself to be incapable of self-preservation, if the mass of the people in England and America can long be blinded to the fact that their only hope of a just and (more or less) peaceful solution of the economic problems of the future lies in a cordial understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. If they are going to let themselves be dragooned into wars, or even beguiled into shouldering the burdens of competitive armaments, the reign of social justice is indefinitely postponed, and can be reached only through bloody revolutions.

In the avoidance of such convulsions, moreover, lies the chief hope that the world may escape the gigantic and devastating color-wars with which it is otherwise threatened. Only by presenting an unassailable front to the possible mass-migrations of yellow and black peoples can the white peoples maintain their supremacy over Europe and America, and the present equilibrium of the races be perpetuated. If the colored races see no hope of mass-expansion, they will automatically check their fecundity, and remain content with the extensive portions of the planet which they at present possess, and from which they are not in the slightest danger of

being ousted. If, on the other hand, they see a reasonable chance of supplanting the white occupants of any considerable extent of territory, they will in all probability justify the fears of the alarmists who prophesy race-wars of unexampled magnitude and horror. It is hard to believe that, after the experience of 1914 to 1918, the white peoples will be guilty of the suicidal folly of failing to show a united front. But a firm Anglo-Saxon understanding is certainly the keystone of the arch of the white world; and should that keystone split, who shall set a limit to the disintegration that may follow?

VII

It may seem an anti-climax to descend from world-wars to pin-pricks; but pin-pricks have before now altered the course of history, and gnat-stings have worked greater devastation than fire and sword. The practical upshot of all these reflections is an appeal to men of good-will on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially to my British fellow countrymen, to realize the enormous importance of Anglo-American relations, and not to throw away in childish levity or petulance the priceless advantages which history has conferred upon them. In dealing with America, let us always think twice before we speak once; and when we are tempted to speak unkindly or patronizingly, let us bite our tongue. Let those of us who know nothing of America at first-hand beware of showing off the second-hand prejudices and misconceptions that cluster round the word. Let us remember that we ourselves may say things about England which we should regard as impertinences in the mouths of strangers; and do not let us blame Americans if they are prone to the same foible. Let us not set up a foolish claim to exclusive proprietorship in the Eng-

lish language, and treat 'Americanisms' (which, five times out of six, are good old Anglicisms) as linguistic misdemeanors. Let us realize that any sort of flippancy is painfully out of place in dealing with Anglo-American relations, and that tact and delicacy are even more indispensable among relatives than among strangers.

This is not to say that serious, competent, courteous criticism ought to be tabooed. The time is long past when Americans were morbidly sensitive to the slightest unfavorable comment on their polity or their manners. They are very busy criticizing themselves (is not *Main Street* the popular novel of the day?), and are no more resentful than other people of outside criticism founded on knowledge and animated by good-will. It is the thoughtless jibe, the ignorant assumption of superiority, — in a word, the pin-prick, — that stings and rankles.

I will conclude with one or two examples. Sir Owen Seaman, in the preface, or prologue, to the latest volume of *Punch*, took it upon himself to read America a lecture in which a very thin veil of good-humor did not conceal a rather bitter undercurrent of ill-feeling. This document was too long to be discussed at length. I will only say that, even if Sir Owen's reproaches had been just (which was far from being the case), he was under no compulsion to utter them, and would much better have held his peace. Furthermore, an Englishman who cites the attitude of England during the Civil War as a model for America to-day reveals a disconcerting depth of ignorance. The attitude of the British ministry and the British upper classes toward the cause of the Union is perhaps the episode in our international relations which Americans find it hardest to forgive.

A week or two after this editorial pronouncement, there appeared in the

same paper a brief paragraph that affords an excellent example of the things we had much better leave unsaid: —

'A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years.'

Probably the wit to whom we owe this scintillation intended no ill. He had his tale of bricks to supply, and it seemed to him the simplest thing in the world to throw one of them at the alleged tardiness of America in coming into the war. It did not occur to him that, even supposing she was unduly deliberate, she came in at last, came in superbly, saved a precarious situation, and has therefore claims upon the undying gratitude of all sane and right-thinking Englishmen. How base to go back to past faults, — if they *were* faults, — which have been redeemed, many times over, by conspicuous and decisive benefits!

No doubt it is taking a very heavy line to find baseness in an irresponsible comic paragraph; but my point is that, where Anglo-American relations are concerned, irresponsible flippancy is wholly out of place. Such a paragraph can at best do no good, and may do immeasurable harm: neither the world nor the paragraphist would have been perceptibly poorer had it been blue-penciled. I suggest that, when Mr. Punch is tempted to indulge in such merry jibes at the expense of America, he should recall and follow his own sagacious advice — 'Don't!'

Another form of mildly offensive insularity which might well be discontinued is the habit of pulling a wry face over American expressions, not because they are inherently bad, but simply because they are American. Here is an example from a review by Mr. J. C. Squire of a translation of the Goncourt *Journal*: —

'It is an excellent free version; but one may just wish that Mr. West had not spoken of a pavement as a "sidewalk." We shall be getting "trolley-car" and "hand-grip" acclimatized next.'

I do not pretend, of course, that any sensible American would take offense at a little faddish Anglicism like this; but it none the less indicates a sort of pedagogic habit of mind toward America, which is quite unreasonable and can do no good.

The pedagogue is in this case particularly ill-inspired. The Americans disclaim responsibility for 'hand-grip,' — a term unknown to them, — and may fairly inquire in what respect the illogical and inaccurate 'pavement' is preferable to the logical and accurate 'sidewalk.' The thing to be expressed is the portion of a street or road appropriated to pedestrians; and this, always a 'sidewalk,' is often a 'pavement' only by courtesy; while there are many 'pavements' which cover large areas and do not serve the purpose in question. It would be pedantry, of course, to suggest that we should drop the word 'pavement' because of its inaccuracy; but it is a much more futile pedantry to take offense at the more precise, descriptive, and (incidentally) more English term, because it happens to be preferred in America. As for 'tram-car' and 'trolley-car,' neither word is such a thing of beauty as to dispose me to perish in its defense. For my own part, I think the word 'street-car' preferable to either; but that, too, I fear, is open to a suspicion of Americanism.

The vague and unformulated idea behind all such petty cavilings is that the English language is in danger of being corrupted by the importation of Americanisms, and that it behooves us to

establish a sort of quarantine, in order to keep out the detrimental germs. This notion is simply one of the milder phases of the Great Stupidity. The current English of to-day owes a great deal to America; and though certain American writers carry to excess the cult of slang, that tendency is not in the least affecting serious American literature and journalism. Much of the best and purest English of our time has been, and is being, written in America. Not to speak of books, one may read the better class of American newspapers and periodicals by the hour without finding a single expression with any local tinge in it.

I do not say that the 'Pure English' movement, which is being actively pressed in America, is wholly superfluous. There are undoubtedly classes of the population which deliberately employ slovenly and degenerate dialects; but are there none such in England? The broad fact remains that no such degeneracy is traceable in literature or in the better sort of journalism. If English journalists make a show of arrogant and self-righteous Britishism, it is quite possible that a certain class of American journalists may retaliate by setting afoot a deliberately anti-British movement, and attempting (as an American writer has wittily put it) to 'deserve well of mankind by making two languages grow where only one grew before.' Already there are symptoms of such a tendency, and, though I do not think they are very serious, they point in a disastrous direction. Let us not foment them by a thoughtless and offensive insularism. To make our glorious common speech a subject of carping contention would be, perhaps, the most gratuitous and inexcusable form of the Great Stupidity.

DOING BUSINESS WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY PHILIP HEMENWAY CHADBourn

I

My chief requested me, as a personal favor, to go to the Crimea to help liquidate his affairs. So off I went; but if I had known in advance what I was going into, I think I might have turned back.

You see, when the corporation evacuated Batoum, they chartered a ship and took all the merchandise to Sevastopol. Smith was in charge. He had succeeded in selling most of the stuff for roubles. I came along just at the time when they had millions of roubles; but that was only part of the story. To make the final realization in trade in Russia, you had to buy something real with the roubles, which was not so difficult; but you had also to get a government permit to export anything from the Crimea; and nearly everything was forbidden to export. The one product in demand in Constantinople was barley; wheat too, of course, but Wrangel, not having much wheat country, absolutely forbade the export of it. So we made a contract with the government that we would buy barley and ship it, ourselves, to Constantinople, consigned to the representative of the Russian government there. He was to sell it and pay us a fixed price representing about 75 per cent of the market-price. The government made the balance at clear profit, having invested nothing and done nothing. Considering, however, that we were to buy the barley fairly cheap with roubles, it left us a potential profit of about 35 per cent also.

Well, we completed the agreement with the government in Sevastopol, and Smith made the contract with a Jew, an ex-banker from Genichesk, to go with Smith, one of our men, up to Genichesk, the centre of the cereal country, to buy our barley and ship by railroad to Feodosia. We had the old Jew, a trunk full of millions of roubles, and \$2500 worth of bailed jute-sacks loaded into a box-car at Sevastopol on the evening train for Genichesk. Smith was to go along to check the Jew, and pay for the barley as he received the railroad bills of lading.

Adams and I motored down to the station to see them off. We broke a spring on the way, so walked down. The station was quite a distance away, and we got there just as the train was pulling out. The train was so long that we could not identify our car, but thought, of course, that Smith was on board. As we walked slowly up the hill, what should we see but a two-horse carriage tearing toward us, with Smith and his 'Russian Princess' in it. His farewells had been too long, and he missed the train. The Jew, sacks, and money were gone.

Adams certainly blew him up, but I suggested that we borrow a flivver from the Red Cross; which we did, and sent Smith off at dusk with the chauffeur, and promised him a heavy bonus if he caught the train about twenty-five or thirty miles up the line. He dashed up to the station there just as the train was

leaving and jumped aboard in true movie style.

A few days later I went by boat from Sevastopol to Feodosia, touching long enough at Yalta to pick up some exquisite water-colors done by celebrated Russian artists who had a colony there. At Feodosia I got in touch with all the authorities, secured a big government warehouse, and got ready to receive the barley as fast as Smith and the Jew shipped it down. About ten days from that time we expected our ship, the *Anna*, flying the Italian flag, which we had chartered to bring a cargo of Fords, gasoline, and other stuff, which we sold to the Russian government for cash at Constantinople, to Sevastopol, with just enough coal to take her straight back to Constantinople; not enough to call at Feodosia.

Adams had to raise heaven and earth to get coal by bribery from the Russian government to make the trip to Feodosia. When she left, Adams jumped over to Feodosia in the Chevrolet we had; but all this time no barley had arrived. It seems that the military authorities had forbidden the use of the railroad at that time for moving anything but government freight, on account of a great dearth of good-order cars (all the sidings were full of bad-order rolling-stock, mostly in need of only trivial repairs). I had kept Adams informed, even to the extent of having the resident general at Feodosia telegraph by conversational telegraph (where the people stand at the instrument at both ends and talk direct back and forth) to our Admiral, M——, in Sevastopol, to tell him that no barley had arrived; but Adams had not authorized the buying of barley in Feodosia, hoping against hope that it would come from the North. So he arrived just ahead of the *Anna*, and we decided to buy in Feodosia.

The first lot we found was held at

2400 roubles the pood (36 pounds). Adams made the error of refusing it, thinking that by acting very independently he could force the price down a bit. But when the small clique of speculators who controlled all the barley in town saw our empty ship standing there, knowing we had to buy, they held a meeting, made a combine, and in twenty-four hours the price went from 2400 up to 4000 roubles the pood, and we were stuck, with the standing-by costing us \$300 or \$400 per day. So, late one afternoon, after having exhausted every means, we jumped into the car and started the long trek up to Genichesk.

You will note on the map the long sand strip about 40 miles long. We followed a country road over this when we were overtaken by night. It certainly is a desert — not a house, and no water; we used salt water in the radiator after our water-feed had broken on us twice. It was a desolate ride in dangerous country. We finally made a village on the main land south of Genichesk, and spent the night in a little hut. Next day we found we could buy barley in Genichesk for about 1500 or 1600 roubles the pood. Before leaving, we had arranged for the *Anna* to come up there if we found it necessary. The engineer and I together had measured his coal, to be sure he had enough. So Adams started back to Feodosia, and I was left alone in Genichesk, to buy a couple of thousand tons of barley.

II

Genichesk is the last place in creation to be stranded in, especially as I found it after ten occupations — four Red, four White, one German, and one Ukrainian under General Petrula. The place was absolutely flooded and partly in ruins from Denikin's naval bombardments, lasting over four months during

the preceding year. Not even window-glass remained in the windows. I found a little room on the ground floor (nearly all the houses are one-story), in a courtyard, back of a Jew's café. The one window, without glass and about three feet from the ground, looked out on a deserted field containing the dismal ruins of a huge flour-mill. The population of the town was 85 per cent Bolshevik, and it was full of a floating population of malcontents. This big field was filled with hobos every night.

Being the only American in town, and it being well-known that I came to buy a huge quantity of barley, I went to bed every night for two months, beginning with 300,000,000 roubles under my bed and my army Colt under my pillow, expecting nightly to see a shadow appear on the window-sill to relieve me of my treasure, if not my life. My money, by the way, filled three big suitcases. I had nothing else with me except a toothbrush; no clothes at all, because the plan was that Adams was to send all my personal luggage up on the steamer *Anna*. But when he got back to Feodosia, the *Anna's* captain had heard of the floating mines, which the Bolsheviks turned loose at Tagansog, and which floated down through the Straits of Kertch, jeopardizing shipping. So, since the Sea of Azov was not stipulated in our charter, he flatly refused to come; and to shut off the ruinous expense, Adams had no choice but to send her back to Constantinople empty. But, unfortunately for me, he inconsiderately sent all my luggage on her, as previously arranged when she was to come to Genichesk; so I had n't a change of clothes, and all I had on was summer underwear, the little two-piece check suit, and a spring overcoat. During October and early in November up to the time I left, it snowed and I nearly froze.

As Adams liquidated things in Sevastopol,

I gradually received more personnel, until, by the time I finally got the last grain of barley loaded, I had a cashier, six assistants, twelve girls sewing and checking sacks, fifteen to twenty teamsters with teams, five weighers and five checkers, and five to six hundred laborers. I had to create this organization out of nothing, find scales (huge affairs and very scarce; I operated six in a line, six men on each), needles, string, shovels, brooms. It was a battle royal from start to finish, and the complete story of the unthinkable obstacles would fill a book.

I began work at five in the morning, with my courtyard full of teams, the scales loaded on wagons,—I had to take them from place to place wherever I bought the barley,—a gang of girls and workmen. Every night, from dark to midnight, my tiny room was full of peasants, middlemen, Jews, Greeks, and what not, haggling about barley. I would buy in my room at night, issue my orders for the morning about how much was to be taken, and from what places, some lying way out in the country. I hired the only cart in town, a tumble-down wreck, No. 7; and as I had gangs operating in several places simultaneously, I drove from place to place, to control the weights and prevent stoppages in the work. At one place a scale would be broken, and I'd back to town, eight or ten miles, to have a blacksmith make some part; another place would have run out of string to tie the sacks; always trouble, rows, and stoppages. Then the teamsters would arbitrarily stop work, paralyzing everything; and when I arrived on the scene, the workmen, who got paid by weight handled (they sacked, tied, and weighed the barley and put it in the teams), would stampede me, barking and foaming at the mouth, demanding a heavy indemnity for the potential pay lost.

I forgot to mention that, when a courier arrived, saying the Anna was not coming, I was in a mess. I had not only bought a pile of barley subject to my taking delivery in from 48 to 72 hours, but I had chartered a fleet of lighters to load the Anna. At Genichesk ships have to stand way out in the roadstead, about eight or ten miles away, and all the barley has to be loaded and *trimmed* into lighters, then laboriously unloaded in the roadstead, during fair weather only, and trimmed into the steamer. I had to demobilize the lighters, break the contract I had made with the Greek for them, and find warehouses, at a moment's notice.

All the regular warehouses had been taken over by government for its own grain business. So I located two erstwhile shops, now empty of merchandise, and three empty dwellings, and diverted my barley into them. One place had been a huge shop, with beams under the floors about 12 by 12 inches, and the landlord had told me I could pile it as high as I wanted to. About a week later, while making the rounds of all my warehouses at dusk, to see that all the watchmen were at their posts (as windows and doors were gone I had to have at least two men sleeping on every lot of barley), I went into the cellar of the shop and saw that the floor was sagging. I could n't sleep all night for fear that she would go through during the night, and the Jew landlord would come down on me for about ten million roubles damages. Early in the morning, I sent a man to pay him a week's rent and to take a receipt releasing us from all liability, since, I told him, our boat was coming, and we were going to take the barley down to the quay. Then I had fourteen teams working as fast as they could get it out. When the place was empty, the floor looked like a roller-coaster; the huge Russian brick chimney stoves had all been pulled away from

the walls, and the flues had fallen in. Needless to say, the owner was wild, but I had his signature. I have gone into this one instance just as an example of the daily fight to save your skin.

The difficulty in securing more warehouse space, and the double cost of handling, and the inability of the teamsters, and the fact that, when Adams found another ship, we would have to rush it into the lighters to save demurrage, decided me to take the long chance of piling all the barley in one huge mountain on the quay. It was a long chance, because the fall rains might break at any moment and make a heavy loss on the pile loaded in the steamers, where it ferments and spoils a whole hold-full. Also, it was forbidden, because all the quay belonged to the government. But I got the big pile started, then went voluntarily to the port commandant myself, and told him that my men had made a mistake and put it there instead of on another vacant space farther from the quay; but hoped he agreed with me that, since our boat was coming in two or three days, it was hardly worth while to move it. He agreed with me after he trumped up a few storage rules, which made me pay him a nominal fine of about 75,000 roubles (\$3 then).

So day by day the pile of barley grew, and to my great relief the pile of roubles under my bed diminished; meanwhile I kept wondering where our boat was. When the Anna refused to come, Adams went tearing off in the decrepit Chevrolet, riding nights all over the Crimea, trying to find another ship. By great luck he picked up the Truvor, about 2000 tons, belonging to the Russian Steam Navigation Company. He chartered her for \$30,000 for the one trip to Constantinople, and sent her round to Genichesk. But while she was *en route*, the Bolshevik navy sortied from Toganrog on the mouth of the Don, and came down to Genichesk roads and shelled

the fleet of merchant boats that were loading barley, sinking one before they were driven off by a white destroyer from Kertch. But that fracas caused the government to close the Straits of Kertch for two weeks, before the Sea of Azov was declared safe for ships to enter.

That was a trying two weeks, with the inevitable autumn rains drawing nearer, and the situation on the front, twenty or thirty miles away, growing graver since the Polish peace had released many Bolshevik divisions, which were being steadily concentrated just north of us. Also, another part of our merchandise had been sold to a Russian coöperative society, which was to pay for the stuff in barley delivered to us in Constantinople. All along, the amount I had to accumulate was governed by the amount they furnished. They had sent two steamer-loads to us in Constantinople, and were working on the third in Genichesk, while I was working on our stuff. At the last moment they fell down on the quantity they had guaranteed.

When I arrived in Genichesk about September 1, I commenced buying at 1400 roubles the pood. By this time — October 10 — my buying had run the price up to 3500 the pood; not only that, but the government, which was buying in large quantities, made a fixed price of 1400, so that anything over that was illegal. For the latter half of my buying I had to make out one set of contracts based on the government price, for both sides to show, if necessity arose, while we had another contract covering the real transaction. But I had completed my original purchases before the trouble came. Then, the government, knowing that this business was going on and finding it almost impossible to buy for their extremely low fixed price, and being afraid to requisition because of the passive hostility of the erstwhile

Bolshevik population, sent a bunch of officers dressed as peasants out along the roads leading in from the villages. Early in the morning they stopped the peasants driving in with their barley, kicked them off, took the reins, and drove into town as if they were the farmers themselves. They were met along the road in the outskirts by the agents of some of the big buyers, who arrived on the scene after I was nearly through, thank heaven! These chaps offered high prices, paid the money, and were promptly put in jail under martial law. Then the commandant issued an order that anyone caught paying more than the government fixed price would be shot; and I was 10,000 poods short, because the coöperative society fell down on us at the last moment, and arrivals from the country completely stopped, when it was seen that the higher prices could not be had.

I knew there were certain small stocks held here and there in town, and I scoured the place and had to resort to all sorts of expedients to make up my amount. I got 3000 poods out of one man by sending a special courier all the way to Sevastopol, to fetch new shoes for himself and family. I had to promise to take another man to America; but I got the barley, paying the high prices, of course, on the side, trusting that my Yankee citizenship would save my life if I were caught.

III

When we got the official news that the Sea of Azov was opened again for commerce, I waited breathlessly for the Truvor to arrive. But day after day went by, and finally our man, whom Adams had sent on her, arrived overland after three days in peasant carts. He reported that, during the time they were held up in Kertch, while the Sea of Azov was closed, the Kertch agent of

the steamship company worked 'in cahoots' with the Kertch naval commandant. The latter had the coal on the Truvor requisitioned by naval order, and the former sold it all over town at fancy prices, the two presumably dividing up the boodle; but with the tragic result that, when the Sea of Azov finally opened up and other boats flocked in, with the Bolsheviks and the rains getting nearer daily, our fine big boat stood there without coal, the victim of graft.

I sent a man to Sevastopol again (where telegraph and post were absolutely hopeless), and Adams made another of his mad trips over the Crimea in the car. During one of these trips he ran through the country of the Grean Army (Simon-pure Briggs) at night. A bunch of men jumped into the roads with rifles, yelling, 'Halt!' He 'doused the glim,' ducked, and put on full speed. They fired, but missed, fortunately.

When at last a steamer full of coal arrived at Kertch, the company replenished the Truvor's bunkers, and it was one great day for me when I stood on my own mountain of barley, the tallest thing in town, and through my binoculars (which by great chance I had brought along with my gun and toothbrush) saw the Truvor come over the horizon. She was accompanied by a tug and a huge steel barge, which held 50,000 poods at a time.

I could write a book about my trials and tribulations with the Stevedores' Union of Genichesk. When it came to the job of loading the Truvor, I sent for the president and secretary of the Union, and asked them to make me a flat price per pood, to apply to the whole pile transported from where it stood on the quay and trimmed into the hold of the steamer. I had to have something of the sort, otherwise I should have been lost. From quay to hold there were something like twelve

or fifteen different operations, each having a separate price per pood; then a scale of prices for every additional yard of carry from different parts of the pile, all these prices applying from 7 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.; then time and a half, from 4.30 to 6.30, and double time after that. The complications, the unreliability of any agreement, and the impossibility of keeping control with so many gangs working at once, were obvious; so I insisted on a flat price for any time, day or night, from quay to hold. They gave me a price about 40 per cent higher than it came to after adding all the devious operations together. So I took the second long chance and made an arrangement during the night with the officers of a regiment of made-over Bolshevik prisoners, to turn loose the following morning with 500 men. Also, I took on the officers of an armored train, as one gang of 50 or more. The soldiers' and officers' lump price, quay to hold, was 100 roubles the pood; the Union's price had been 480 roubles. That made some difference on 150,000 poods, as our roubles cost us 10,000 to the dollar.

At five o'clock the following morning, Sunday, we turned loose in full force. Since the Union owned all the facilities, such as shovels, gang-planks, etc., I had to scour the town previously and improvise our own equipment out of whatever I could find. All day Sunday I had six endless chains of men running from the barley mountain, through the scales, into the barge. Night came, and I decided to work all night. Everyone was aghast; there was no lighting, and the port authorities forbade me. But I talked them into it, and got our auto down onto the quay, and cocked the two lights, so that one lit up the row of scales and the other the deck of the barge. It was bitterly cold, and I walked up and down all night, too nervous to eat or sleep.

It was touching to watch the tattered gray figures of those undernourished soldiers, bent double under the 200-pound sacks, struggling and tottering up the long narrow planks between the quay and the barge. Many collapsed under their burden, but luckily none fell off into the water. To get the maximum load into the barge took careful and continued trimming (shoveling up underneath the decks, so that she was full to the top everywhere, even farthest away from the hatches). This work is the worst of all, because of the blinding and choking dust. The men put down there to do it slacked as soon as left alone, and none of my men would stay down there. So I spent about half of my time in the hold myself, urging the men on, and throwing out handfuls of cigarettes.

Monday morning, the first gang went back to work, and Monday afternoon at five o'clock barge 56 was loaded as she had never been loaded before; all done in thirty-six hours, and the wiseacres had assured me it would take at least three or four days.

Then we had to pick out 50 men to go out to the roadstead on the barge, to load the barley into the Truvor. When the soldiers heard that we were going to supply the bread for those who worked out in the roads, I was nearly mobbed by hungry men begging to go. I put two of my own men on the barge, to superintend the trimming into the Truvor, and keep track of our own sacks. Most of the barley was in bulk, but I had 8000 sacks full, which had been the double bulwarks around my big pile.

During the loading of the barge, I kept asking the barge captain if he was sure we had water enough along the quay to load her to capacity. He told me not to worry; but when our little tug pulled the first time, the barge did not budge. We tried all kinds of man-

œuvres until dark, even getting another steamer to help; but she was stuck fast in the ooze. So we gave it up when it was quite dark, and I struggled up the hill to my hole in the wall, sore to be frustrated after I had made all arrangements for night-work in the roads, but quite ready for my first snooze in forty hours.

On the way up I had to pass through angry mobs of professional stevedores, whom I had put out of work by using soldiers. They mumbled all kinds of threats at me, and I kept the old Colt cocked that night, expecting that my open window might be rushed. Early next morning, however, there was a wind off the sea, which drove about a foot and a half more water into our inlet, where the barge was; so we finally got her off, to my infinite relief. Almost half of the barley was on board.

While I was at the house, settling up a lot of accounts, the commandant's adjutant came in, stating that I was wanted immediately at his office. I was scared to death, because I had bought so much barley above the government price. I was afraid he had decided to get my hide. When I got there, whom should I see, glowering at me from a corner of the room, but Gabriel Ivanovitch, chief of the Stevedores' Union, and erstwhile Bolshevik Commissar. The commandant told me that he could not sanction my employing non-union labor, and from then on, all labor in port would be under the direction of the Union. If the soldiers chose to place themselves under the orders of the Union, they could continue to work.

I explained that I had wanted the Union professional stevedores from the start, but that the price made for the job was exorbitant. So after a lot of wrangling we compromised on a new price, which was still about a 50 per cent saving over the stevedores' first demand; so we all shook hands and

departed. I had won by taking the long chance, and saved about 10,000,000 roubles; but the incident showed on what thin ice the military authorities were skating; they were absolutely afraid of the local population.

I was congratulating myself all the while that the first barge-load was out in the roads, discharging. I went home to get my field-glasses, to see if I could see the big buckets of barley over the side. To my horror, when I came out on the water-front, I saw my barge aground again on a sand-bar about half-way out. All that day they struggled, and finally got her off at dusk. During the night I went down to the shore, to see if I could see the flares on the Truvor to light up the winch and hatch; but all was dark. The following afternoon the tug came back, and I made her turn about and take me out to see what was wrong. They had been loading all day all right, but the preceding night the men had refused to work, and the officers sent out to command them, finding vodka on the ship, had proceeded to get paralyzed. Both duds were sitting up on deck, allowing the barley to pile up under the hatches, without being trimmed up against the sides of the ship. So I got the officer out of bed, and I stayed in the holds all night bossing the trimming. I looked in a mirror in the morning. I looked like some gray gorilla — absolutely covered, so that my eyelashes were solid cakes, ears full, and hair like fuzzy wire.

Next morning I went back to town and got hold of two steam mud-scows, which were engaged in the barley-loading business. The hopper bottoms were of the kind used to be dumped out and were covered with boards; so the barley had to be piled in in sacks. They carried only 10,000 poods each, but that was enough so that the big barge would be able to clean up my pile in one more trip. According to the new labor ar-

range ment, I had to take what labor the Union president sent. He picked his own men for my job, of course, because they could make more money on it, owing to the fine way in which I had laid everything out. I was satisfied, because I had them now at a fair price, and one of the professionals worked about three times as fast as the inexperienced soldiers.

They loaded the two scows in the afternoon, and I went out with them. They tied up on the other side of the Truvor, and it did me good to see all four hatches working all night long. I remained in the hold, as with the double flow of barley the trimming required constant attention. It was really awful when the barley got up to within eighteen inches of the under-side of the 'tween-decks. The poor men and myself had only that crack around the edge of the hatches to breathe through, lying flat on our stomachs; they kept scooping it back and up. As each huge iron bucket, full of barley, came down from above, a great tidal wave of thick dust gushed in like an avalanche, with great force, and so thick as to extinguish temporarily the light from the hatch. It was a terrible scene.

IV

The whole foregoing story I had to repeat with a second loading of the barge, with variations of unforeseen difficulties and obstacles. Only we had no more night-work on shore, because Adams had to dash off to Sevastopol again. The time in which we were compelled to export all the barley, according to our contract with the government, had expired, owing to the heart-breaking delays with our steamers. The government had granted an extension before Adams had left Sevastopol. But when we went to see the ministry's representative in Genichesk,

he said he had seen nothing of it, and could not clear the Truvor without it. So off Adams went to see what had happened. He never returned, but went to Constantinople again in a United States destroyer; but he sent me by a courier an official copy of the extension. When I showed it to the local representative, he acknowledged that he could then clear the Truvor. He told a clerk to make a copy of the extension. I followed the clerk into an outer office, and while he was copying it, another clerk looked over his shoulder and said, 'Why the representative has had that all along; he received it ten days ago.' So the cat was out of the bag: the ministry's representative was trying his best to hamstring us because I had consistently refused to bribe him.

I must cut this short, as we are getting into Constantinople. I went out to the ship again, and found scores and scores of sacks full of barley being dropped into the sea, because the workmen insisted on piling slings twice too high, and when they swung over and hit the side of the ship, five to ten sacks off the top would crash into the sea. But they had kept right on in that fashion until my arrival, and my men had not been able to stop them. Moreover, the Truvor's captain had declined to furnish a big sail-cloth to hang from the gunwale into the scow, so that falling sacks would slide back to safety.

I went back to town, to make the necessary farewell official calls, and found the commandant dying of typhus. I liquidated all the multitudinous affairs, paying off all employees and laborers, returning all rented property such as scales, and the rest, and finally flying from a dozen or more men who were pursuing me for bribes or damages. I locked myself in the cabin of the tug-boat captain and threw myself into his

bunk. All the documentary formalities on the ship, with various and sundry port authorities, were trying, because any one of them could have held us up under some pretext, and they had to be carefully handled; some had to be bribed to do their routine duty.

Finally the hatches were all sealed; the tug left with the barge, and all the dusty, tired workmen and sack-girls, for Genichesk, and we were all clear, ready to raise anchor the following dawn. When I heard the anchor coming up, I got up and took my last look at that desolate town of Genichesk, with the big shell-hole through the dome of its cathedral. But I found myself trembling like a leaf, and after I fell back in a narrow bunk, I did not know anything more until the gun on a Wrangel destroyer in the Straits of Kertch barked at us to stop.

The other side of the Straits was Bolshevikia, and we crept through at night, all lights out, because the Bolsheviks had placed artillery on their side, to pick off steamers that tried to pass. We had a rough but safe voyage to Constantinople, and it was a great day when we finally dropped anchor off Seraglio Point under Leander's Tower. We arrived too late in the evening for the inter-Allied control; so the captain refused to let me go ashore until morning; but I felt my dear ones calling me, and also the twinkling lights of the great city lured me on; so I bribed the boatswain with fifteen Turkish pounds to take me ashore in the dinghy, after the captain had gone to bed.

The man I left behind in Genichesk, to clean up some details about sacks, and so forth, having escaped safely with other refugees, states that the Bolshevik cavalry captured Genichesk, and all and everybody that was in it, exactly twenty-four hours after I cleared the Truvor.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN CHINA: A REPLY

BY CHANG HSIN-HAI

M. PAINLEVÉ, French Prime Minister before M. Clemenceau, made, on the return from his recent official visit to China, a few remarks to his interviewers to this effect: 'Everywhere I go in this great Republic, I find new forces at work. All the departments of the national life are showing change and animation. The great movements toward modernization are all but invisible; but gradually and slowly they are doing the work of transformation at the very roots of this ancient civilization, and in time they will manifest themselves in all vigor and strength. I see great promise for this great land.'

M. Painlevé had the double advantage of making a personal visit to the country upon which he made his observations, and of having a keen and philosophical mind, which is not satisfied with the veneer of things, but penetrates into their very heart and essence. His conclusions, which some will perhaps regard as over-enthusiastic, are, nevertheless, perfectly sound. We must constantly bear in mind that, with the mental habits inherited from centuries of a unitary civilization, and with an extent of territory larger than that of the United States and a population exceeding that of any other country in the world, it is no simple task for a people to adapt itself to a new environment, which is *absolutely* foreign to it. The new ideas which M. Painlevé saw stirring the minds of the different classes of people in China must of necessity be slow and steady in their operations; and to those who are not familiar with Chi-

nese life must seem negligible quantities because they are invisible. But they are not negligible. Anyone will admit that if one set of forces plays in any great measure upon another set of forces, it is bound to introduce new phases of activity. Now a set of forces, visibly embodied in all the concessions, extra-territorial rights, treaty ports, and many other privileges forced from her in the last three quarters of a century, has been acting on China, with the inevitable result that she is no longer treading her ancient path; nor is it any more possible for her to do that, even if she wished, than for America to keep herself immune from the influence of European thought.

But the peculiarly interesting and fascinating fact in Chinese life to-day is that, not only is there no passive attitude toward new ideas from the West, but there is every attempt to encourage the people to partake of the discussion of these ideas to the widest extent. For twenty years already, this interchange and communion of ideas has been going on, and to-day, to say the least, the complexity is bewildering. There is no branch of knowledge — from the serious studies of philosophy, literature, art, religion, to the more practical problems of engineering, agriculture, and commerce — that has not been carefully examined and considered. This is a different attitude, indeed — one which we seek in vain, perhaps, in the entire history of China.

It is true that there are objecters who regard this new social ferment as of

dubious value, and whose philosophy of life is not in consonance with this youthful optimism. They maintain, perhaps not without reason, that the idea of progress, for which the Western peoples have shown such a predilection, is beginning to be seriously questioned; and that, instead of placing their ideal state somewhere in the future, these peoples, too, are beginning to revert to previous ages for inspiration, and the solution of current problems. This, as philosophical thinking, certainly deserves much of our respect; but the peculiar form of society that obtains in China makes it somewhat unwarrantable and unacceptable there. The immediate interest of the Chinese people to-day does not, and should not, consist in making experiments with political theories such as would make a contribution to the world-history of ideas; rather it must be of a practical nature, in order that we may create a satisfactory *modus vivendi* in relation to the rest of the world, for the simple end of self-preservation. It is this end that is responsible for the transformation of the old society upon the basis of the West. China is still, at present, in a confused and chaotic condition; but there is every reason to hope that the intricacy will be unraveled, and the whole body of her people will march along the road of prosperity.

I

In the construction of the new society, the leaders of the people have wisely taken into consideration the all-important question of religion. Mr. Paul Hutchinson did well to call the attention of the world to the keenness and zeal with which the religious problem in China is being taken up.¹ As in other realms of thought, there is no unanimity of opinion. All the different systems

¹ 'The Future of Religion in China,' in the *Atlantic* for January, 1921.

of religious ideas, with which China in her past had come in contact, and the new system introduced from the West, are receiving an equally attentive hearing. There is no one that towers above all the rest. Although it is natural that those which are indigenous to the country should receive a more favorable consideration, in general the people do not embrace them uncritically merely because they are products of their own race. They realize that religion is a living force, a force perhaps even more vital than the establishment of a new government and of a new code of laws, in moulding the habits and prejudices, the motives and sentiments, the passions and activities, not only of the individual, but of the entire nation. They are aware of the fact that, inasmuch as religion and society are so inextricably bound up with each other, the religions inherited from their ancestors cannot remain as they have always been, but must be substantially modified and refashioned, if not in their essentials, at least in their details and externalities, to suit the spirit of the new society. Nor are they ignorant of the fact that Christianity is the greatest single force that has made the Western nations what they are. They realize all this and much more. It is due to the diversity of the different religions themselves, as much as to the growth of the critical faculty, that religious thinking in China to-day is so confusing. It is not likely that in the near future they will agree upon any one system which they wish to see powerfully installed for the worship of the entire nation.

Men of the Confucian school have advanced their views as to why Confucianism should continue to be the national religion. Notable thinkers have willingly attached themselves to this school; they won such support from the people that Confucianism was actually presented to Parliament for rec-

ognition as a state religion. But it failed to receive that recognition. And perhaps in this formative period, when the minds of the people are being gradually shifted from their beaten tracks to new paths of promise, it very happily failed. There are other schools which are seriously claiming the attention of the people, who, in an open-minded and unprejudiced manner, are willing to discuss their ideas, even though these schools be antagonistic to one another. Buddhism, which from 65 A.D. has been almost as much a national religion as Confucianism or Taoism, but which within the last few centuries has much degenerated, is endeavoring to revive. Mohammedanism has for a long time had worshipers among the Chinese, who perhaps would not willingly abandon it, unless driven by dire necessity.

But the most important religion that is now making itself known is Christianity. As Mr. Hutchinson sees it, this is the religion that will ultimately prevail over all the others, and will be embraced by the Chinese as their national religion. He is at liberty to express his personal views, and, for the present, I shall not engage in any controversy with him. He certainly has reason to suppose that Christianity is gaining a hold upon the people, if it has not already done so. The present predilection of certain groups of people for the new religion is the result of compulsion, however. And there is a world of difference, whether a religion — or, for that matter, anything — is adopted as a result of compulsion, or accepted with the due deliberation and sanction of the cultivated and intellectual classes. In the one case, it is the work of circumstances, of forces that are imposed from without, and hence is unstable and precarious. It depends, for its survival, upon external conditions, the nature of which may at any moment be changed; and with the change of these conditions, the

fruits of the labor may vanish as easily as they appeared. In the other case, it appeals to the most fundamental instincts and emotions of the people, because they voluntarily accept it when they have experienced its vitality and its truth; it stirs the very roots of their life; and, in short, becomes part and parcel of their existence, so that it can no longer be dispensed with. Christianity has much to do and much to show in China before the prestige of vital attachment will be vouchsafed to it.

And one may seriously question whether this will ever come to pass. There is no doubt that, in all parts of the land to which the missionaries have for many years carried the Cross, numbers of people, among both the lower and the higher classes, have been converted. But these conversions, except in a handful of cases, have been very superficial and unconvincing. There is a large variety of motives that prompted the people to embrace the new religion; but only a very few have appreciated its essential spirit and lived according to it; in general, the less intelligent have been attracted to this new worship.

All this is, of course, not without reason. The success of Christianity, if it has been a success, has been due to extraneous causes. Christianity has the fortune — or the misfortune, according to the different points of view — to be associated with those Western ideas and institutions which have exerted such a potent influence upon all branches of Chinese society. The people had gazed with awe and horror at the conflict between what is their own heritage and what had been introduced from the Western nations, and had been taken aback by the efficiency of the foe, which ultimately compelled them shamefully to yield and surrender many of their rights and privileges. This is the side of Westernism that will continue to have its appeal — its merciless onslaught, its

tremendous might, its terrible ruthlessness. It is this glamour that has completely dominated their minds. They may have a very hazy idea of what the Western nations really are; but one thing is palpable to them — that their country is impotent when it strives to compete with the foreigners in science and mechanical inventions.

To them, of course, it makes very little difference what Christianity really means. They are not interested in all the intricacies of its theology, in the meaning of its different denominations and sects, in its historical relations, or lack of relations, with the development of Europe and America: in short, they are not interested in the religion *as a religion*. They are interested in the fact that Christianity is the religion of those powers which have humiliated them in their wars and their political struggles. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether, unaided by these favoring circumstances, Christianity would ever have gained the foothold that it has at present. In any fair competition with all the different religions that China has already embraced in her long history, — Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Moham-medanism, and others, — Christianity could probably, at best, hope to win an equal position with the rest. But the fact that it happens to be the *Western* religion has, of course, given it an added impetus. It is by virtue of this prestige that it is turning out 'converts' in different parts of China; but it is difficult to say that these converts have really been won for the cause of Christianity, for the principles which Jesus had in mind. The merits of the religion itself have scarcely been apprehended, but its relations have very tellingly influenced the minds of the converts. It is as if a lady is chosen for wife, hardly upon the strength of her own endowments and qualifications, but upon the strength of her having affiliations with millionaires

and successful business men, whose worldly honors and glory will always have a universal appeal to the masses of the people. A union of this type does not, however, ensure future happiness to the husband. The fascination of her relations and a possible support from their resources are not likely to develop his personality and procure him a truly happy life. These have to depend upon the fascination and the inward beauty of the lady herself. She may have them; but the man, his attention fixed upon the shining gold of her relations, has not taken the trouble to discover them and appraise their value. This may be the source of future unhappiness.

II

It may be objected that I have done injustice to the Christian religion in treating the results of Western civilization and its religion as two independent entities, between which I have found apparently little connection. The objecter would say that it is impossible to conceive the one without at the same time thinking of the other. I readily admit that Western civilization is the product of the Christian religion, and not an independent development; but I admit this only with reservations and limitations, especially as I find that Christian ideals have so far failed to influence the political actions of the different powers in their relations with my country.

Everyone will admit that, without Christianity, at the time when the ancient world collapsed, the beginnings of the new European civilization would have been very different. Society was then steeped in barbarism, people were incessantly engaged in merciless slaughter, and all was chaos. It was Christianity, and that alone probably, that supplied the moral stimulus, elevated the feelings of the tribes above their

mutual antipathy and hatred, and brought them together in a bond of peace and brotherhood. With the progress of the centuries, the religious influence became so strong that for all practical purposes it had the entire control of the greater part of Europe. Culture and civilization were almost wholly the results of Christian beneficence. Art, literature, philosophy, and all the finer elements of human life were fostered and encouraged, and Christianity was such a potent factor that everything was regarded as *ancilla theologiæ*.

But after the days of the Augsburg Confession and the subsequent separation of Church and State, so that the affairs of everyday life were no longer subject to the spiritual power, is it not true that the spirit of religion and of practical matters concerning the state began to diverge from one another? Is it not true that Church and State made laws unto themselves, which were sometimes in no way reconcilable? Is this not tantamount to saying that Christianity, in its collective and corporate sense, and Western civilization, as we know it for the last four centuries or so, became two independent entities? Nay, more than that. When the Church saw that it no longer enjoyed the prestige and power that it once had, did it not resign from the high seat of the Areopagus, and, instead of compelling everything to obey its commands, condescend to make itself the *ancilla rei publicæ*? Further, is it not true that, because the Church ceased to exert its autocratic influence over the affairs of the State, the scientific developments, the intellectual diversity and conflict of succeeding ages, and the political expansion and the acquisition of power in distant lands by European countries, especially in the nineteenth century, were made possible?

Speaking of the pathetic position into which the Christian religion has fallen,

Mr. George Santayana has this to say: 'Religion [he is speaking of Christianity in particular] no longer reveals divine personalities, future rewards, and tender Elysian consolations; nor does it seriously propose a heaven to be reached by a ladder or a purgatory to be shortened by prescribed devotions. It merely gives the real world an ideal status and teaches men to accept a natural life on supernatural grounds.'

The eighteenth century in Europe, in the judgment of another writer, a historian, was the most unchristian of all centuries. Of the nineteenth century, he says: 'The characteristic of political life was its gradual penetration by the principles of democracy proclaimed by the French Revolution, which make the nineteenth century the age of constitutionalism and parliamentary government in its various modifications. In its intellectual life, the idealistic philosophy of the beginning of the century did not permanently prevail, nor did any definite conception of the universe, to the exclusion of all others; it was dominated by the empirical-positivist, rational-naturalistic tendencies of thought, which make it the century of the natural and historical sciences. In the field of morals, the striving for the complete autonomy of the individual personality asserted itself far more strongly, and as a necessary consequence, the rejection of the idea of authority, and resistance to the authoritative regulation of the individual's inner life. Finally, social life was marked by the full development of nationalism, which brought the differentiation of the Occidental peoples to a kind of conclusion, and raised to a hitherto unknown pitch the national sentiment, the consciousness that each nation has in it certain special endowments and conditions, and has a right to demand its place in the concert of peoples. *There can be no doubt that all these fac-*

tors were necessarily unfavorable to the religious life.' (Italics mine.)

Of what Christianity is doing for the twentieth century, we have seen not a little; and if observations do not lead us to Nietzsche's conclusion, that the Gospel died on the Cross, they ought to convince us that the spirit of the Christian religion is none too powerful, particularly if we keep our eyes on the political actions of the European nations on the East. I use the word *European* advisedly, because America, so far as China is concerned, may well be proud of the example she is setting to Europe in trying to observe the elements of morality.

But even with Europe I am not confusing the morality of the nation with the morality of the individual; for although I find nothing in the history of Chinese relations with the so-called Christian powers that would recommend the Christian religion to our attention and appreciation, I can testify that there have always been individuals who lived up to the principles of Jesus. However, if Christianity hopes ever to win a respectable position in China, individual morality will do little to achieve the desired end; for it is always those actions which are performed in the name of the nation that produce the greatest effect upon the destiny of our people; and so long as these are irreconcilable with the teachings of the Bible, it is useless to think that sensible Chinese will take account of the Christian religion.

The missionary will immediately reply that he and his colleagues have certainly done much to carry out in China, on a large scale, the altruistic ideas of the Founder of their religion. The establishment of schools, the erection of hospitals, and the numerous other ways in which they have helped the Chinese people — are they not proof enough that they are working with a disinter-

ested love for the welfare of the country? They have, perhaps, with their knowledge of science and their superior power of organization, alleviated the pain and suffering of many wretched people, and enlightened many young men as to the splendor of the West; but do they realize the many abuses that have sprung up in the trail of the missionary and as a result of missionary work? It was in connection with missionary work that Kiaochow was taken by Germany — a wrong for which the European powers at the Peace Table have not seen the necessity of apologizing. It was because of this example, set by Germany, that the other Christian nations of Europe sought the lion's share, and wrought evil which as yet has shown no sign of diminishing.

The missionaries are usually proud of the schools and colleges which they have helped to establish; but they should spare a little pains to find out what the intellectual Chinese think of their educational projects and undertakings. It is only natural to accord to the missionaries the warmest welcome and appreciation if they are doing things in their proper directions. But the fact remains that missionary educational institutions have always been looked on with suspicion by men of perspicacity and insight, and sending students to their care has never been encouraged. The missionary may wonder why the Chinese have shown such insolence in maintaining an indifferent attitude to what seem to them positive benefits to the nation. The reason is simple. The missionary school, in its anxiety to vindicate the principles of Christianity and the 'superiority' of Western civilization, gives the young men a one-sided education, consisting of a smattering of things European or American, which makes them fit for little more than to become intermediaries between Chinese and foreigners in

business transactions. The missionary school has never endeavored sufficiently to make useful citizens of the young men whom it takes into its custody; for, instead of giving them a wholesome education, with due recognition of their national tradition, it has filled their minds with the superficialities of Western civilization, which neither assist them to appreciate its intrinsic value, nor stand them in good stead in their struggle for a respectable position in Chinese society.

The products of the missionary instruction, the missionary would say, have not been so despicable; for many of the leading public men in China to-day have partaken of the benefits of missionary education. They have become responsible persons, however, not because of this education, but in spite of it. And the fact that they escaped from the effects of their unhealthy education speaks well only for their own intelligence. The missionary has no reason to claim the honor of the result, he who had arranged their educational plans in such a way that they might know as little as possible of the grandeur and dignity of their own national genius, the force and beauty of their own civilization, and the splendid character and discipline of their own great men, to whom the noble and sublime elements of that civilization are due — their accomplishments in literature, art, music, and morals.

This is the reason why I said that Christianity has much to do and much to show before it will appeal to the Chinese intelligence, and be seriously considered. We have always observed a strange gap between the teachings of Christ and the spirit in which the Christian nations do their work in China. The two have not seemed to us to be congenial companions, for what the one professes, the other hastens to contradict in its actions.

James Legge, one of the noted sinologists, once recounted a personal experience with His Excellency Kwo Sung-tao, Chinese Ambassador at the Court of St. James's in 1877. "You know," the ambassador said to me, "both England and China. Which country do you say is the better of the two?" I replied, "England." He was disappointed, and added, "I mean, looking at them from the moral standpoint — from the standpoint of benevolence, righteousness and propriety, which country do you say is the better?" After some demur and fencing, I replied again, "England." I never saw a man more surprised. He pushed his chair back, got on his feet, took a turn across the room, and cried out, "You say that, looked at from the moral standpoint, England is better than China? *Then how is it that England insists on our taking her opium?*"

This little anecdote is significant in many ways; but for our purpose it is a crude example of what I mean by the gap. China may be 'stationary' and 'stagnant'; but, as a nation and as individuals, the Chinese people, as the case of the ambassador shows, desire to live according to the spirit of those moral principles which, through Confucius, have been handed down to the present day. Nor will it ever be the intention of the people to cast away that invaluable ethical heritage, which has elevated the soul of China and formed the one great discipline for so many centuries. The present upheaval in the different parts of the country — the clamor for reform, for modernization largely in the fashion of the West — does seem to promise a new society, which is likely to leave little room for religious and moral tradition. But the far-sighted leaders of the people realize the importance of adopting, above all, those mechanical devices of organization, of invention, of management,

which have given so much power to the West. The spiritual force, the bond of life, will remain substantially as it has been in the history of China. It is to this task, forced upon them by the iron hands of necessity, that the great multitude of thinking men are dedicating their lives. Japan has succeeded, with great credit, and China is doing the same thing in building up a material civilization adequate to cope with the forces from without.

III

China realizes that only by raising herself to the level of Western strength and efficiency can she hope to establish the real and everlasting peace which it has always been her philosophy to foster and propagate. There was a time when she only reluctantly took to this departure from her traditional path; but there is every indication now, as M. Painlevé saw, that the people are anxiously cherishing, cultivating, and applying the ideas of the West, and that there is great hope of success.

In the attempt thus to construct a new frame of society, which will demand all the power at the disposal of the people, the real spirit of Confucianism may, for the time being, be dissipated. It may find itself unable to dominate the minds of the people; but, instead, different and antagonistic tendencies will be set in motion. A large number of the people, especially the more youthful, may enrol themselves with the atheists or with the skeptics, and all of them will belong to different schools of thought. Confucianism itself may be reëxamined and reconsidered, and no doubt it will find great profit in this new analysis: for, originally possessing great vitality, its principles, through many centuries of unthinking acceptance, have become what J. S. Mill calls 'a dead dogma and not a living truth.'

But such is the mental stage — to all intents and purposes an anarchistic and turbulent stage — which China is beginning to reach. Already, as I said, it is manifest that there is a diversity and richness of thought in the different aspects of our national life, which does not give any one set of ideas a chance to tyrannize over the rest. Unity and simplicity, which are characteristic of Chinese as of other ancient civilizations, not excluding those of Greece and Rome, were largely the work of the one Confucian influence playing over the minds of the people in a vast nation not by any means racially homogeneous; and these, so far as the mental life is concerned, are not likely to be maintained. The example of the West, which certainly is different in spirit, will again be followed.

In one of his letters from America, Matthew Arnold observed: 'I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nations there is on the American continent, the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from? Imagine an English Europe! How frightfully *borné* and chill! Or a French Europe either, for that matter.'

This, I take it, is the secret of the success of Western nations. The lack of this diversity is what has led many to call Chinese civilization 'stagnant.' Diversity and unity, however, are not the inherent characteristics of the West and of China respectively: they are determined by circumstances; and in so far as circumstances can sometimes be created in defiance of fate, a nation can be diversified and unified almost according to its will. If the English people were confined to their island, without any contact with the Continent, it is perfectly conceivable that to this day they would be barbarians and far from

the wonderful civilization that they now possess. And yet this had for centuries been the case with China, which, through her entire history, with the solitary exception of the contact with Buddhistic India, had always *given* instruction and never *received* any. This is the one colossal example in the world's history where one nation, for forty centuries, was always the teacher and hardly ever the student. Self-complacency, self-satisfaction, implicit belief in the superiority of her own civilization, these were the primary factors in the Chinese civilization which we had up to very recently.

But it is strange that Westerners have often failed to realize the fundamental contrast between China and their own countries in these circumstances. Men of philosophical insight have, for a long time, always emphasized ancestor-worship in accounting for the peculiarities of Chinese civilization. Their great progress in former times and their present ignorance form a contrast for which it is difficult to account. I have always thought that their respect for their ancestors, which is a kind of religion with them, was a paralysis that prevented them from following the scientific career, said Voltaire two centuries ago; and many since have agreed with him. But ancestor-worship is not the cause of that unity and simplicity; it was itself the result of the lack of contact with other civilizations. The appearance of Western ideas, on any large scale, in the nineteenth century, was a revelation of a more forceful and powerful civilization, which China is now willing enough to reckon with, and to follow in certain important aspects.

The resulting conflict of ideas accounts for the diversity of the intellectual life we have at present. It is certainly to China's interest and to the interest of the world that this diversity

should be strengthened and encouraged. This is why Christianity, even if it had been pure and really altruistic in its dealings with China, cannot be very well adopted by the nation as its religion. The people are too individualistic to accept the religion; and the exercise of its authority, the demand for implicit and unquestioned faith in its tenets, which will naturally occur, are not reconcilable with the freedom of the intellect now so much in the air in China. The critical spirit, seeking truth by one's own power of reasoning, and individuality, accepting ideas not by authority, but with the sanction of one's own intelligence — these are the shibboleths we hear every day. For the moment, things may be chaotic and tumultuous; but only with this spirit can 'the elevation of a whole people through culture' be developed and realized.

The lack of a completely dominating set of ideas is a feature that is likely to stand out in the history of China for the next few decades. This will be true in religion as in other branches of thought. When Chancellor Tsai of the University of Peking, to whom Mr. Hutchinson referred, expressed the opinion that China ought to substitute art for religion, it showed two things, — the present richness of ideas in China, although they may not all be original, and the influence of European thought, — for the substitution of art for religion is the cult of Wackenroder and the German Romanticists, and recalls a statement of Goethe's: 'When a people has art and science, it has religion.'

This then is the 'Sturm und Drang' period in Chinese history. 'Although we are not in an enlightened age,' says Kant of Germany, 'we are in an age of enlightenment.' This is exactly where China is at present. It is necessarily a transitional stage, giving promise of loftier achievements in the future.

ADVENTURES IN TAXATION—THE SALES TAX

BY SAMUEL SPRING

I

TAXES are as inevitable and as unwelcome as death. In America we are just beginning to appreciate how great a blight modern taxation is, and we are still dazed. With a national expenditure of between four and six billions a year, and a soaring municipal and state budget, taxation has suddenly become an acute American problem. To-morrow our tax perplexities will probably emerge as an embittered political issue. To-day we are still hopeful of a primrose path out.

With high hopes, therefore, we are searching for a kindly, gentle tax, which we can pay without hardship or sacrifice, and which, like the Arabian genie of the lamp, will produce ample revenues with the simplicity of fairyland. Already the sales, or turnover, tax has attained a striking popularity. Various organizations are urging it enthusiastically. Its advocates offer it almost as a blessing — a financial touchstone. The cynic may hint at propaganda, and the pessimist may grumble that there never will be a tax by which the state can exact several billions of dollars annually from the public without causing distress and resentment. Yet it must be admitted that the sales tax has achieved striking popularity, and is being gayly welcomed by the business man.

The attractions of a sales tax seem to be legion. It is urged as the only substitute for our present unpopular excess-profits tax and the crushing weight

of surtaxes on income. The excess-profits tax has all but repealed itself, since large business profits have disappeared. Taxes as high as seventy-two per cent on individual incomes, it is true, stifle initiative and drive large wealth into tax-exempt securities. Our present national system of taxes is complicated, obscure; only lawyers and expert accountants can puzzle out what the terms income and expense and invested capital mean. The business man is always at sea as to what tax-payments he will have to make at the end of the year. And, naturally, we are willing to attribute business depression and high prices to our unpopular taxes. Thus, there is a wide desire for a simple, easily understood method of taxation, and particularly for an indirect method, so that the tax-payer is unconscious of the weight of his load. Since our present tax methods are so objectionable, it is urged, we must find a substitute. The concluding argument seems unanswerable — what substitute have we except the sales tax?

There is considerable to be said in favor of the sales tax. Adopted in 1905 in the Philippine Islands, through the efforts of Mr. John S. Hord, who had been struck with its apparent success under Porfirio Diaz in Mexico, it has produced a steady revenue without great hardship. In a primitive or agricultural community the sales tax probably is unobjectionable. France put it into operation in July of 1920. Canada

has adopted a modified turnover tax. The nature of a sales tax is easily stated and easily understood — a tax of one per cent on the gross turnover of all sales, to be paid to the government by the seller. In a small way it is already applied by the Federal government in the form of consumption, or luxury, taxes. Its operation is apparently equal, simple, open. There is no obscurity about it. It will produce between two and six billions of revenue annually — perhaps more. And it is so novel and so pleasant a contrast to our present muddled system, that it can be advocated with enthusiasm.

Yet the Federation of British Industries, exceedingly unhappy under taxes that ride British industry like the Old Man of the Sea, has hopefully examined the sales tax and sadly rejected it. It prefers the frying-pan to the fire.

Should we in America, with our national instinct for adopting untried legislation first, and understanding it afterward, accept the sales tax before we have ascertained its effect with a reasonable degree of certainty?

In the first place, the sales tax, in its application, will not be much simpler than our present system. Ours is an exceedingly complex social structure, with infinite variety and endlessly varying circumstance. Those intrusted with the drafting of economic legislation may well complain that America is so full of a number of things, we are sure we should all be as unhappy as kings. Apply a uniform blanket tax to all industries and sales alike, and gross injustice, maladjustment, and even ruin will result. The most unjust law is the simple law that applies uniformly, regardless of varying circumstances. A one per cent tax on the sale of bonds and stocks on our stock exchanges, or on the sale of real estate, where there are constant turnovers of the same property, would prove in practice almost a pro-

hibitive tax. So, too, in the sale and discounting of commercial paper and other negotiable documents. A one per cent tax on the sale of urban lands would be a restraint on alienation that would be particularly unfortunate today, in view of our urgent need of more building. Building and real-estate speculation are Siamese twins: stab one, and you kill both.

Again, what is a sale? The Uniform Sales Act indicates that a sale is a technical, artificial affair. Is the issuance of bonds or stock by a corporation to the public a sale? How about corporate reorganizations and consolidations? Moreover, you must exempt occasional sales involving trifling amounts. All these objections can be taken care of in legislation; yet, when you have made a sales-tax act enforceable and fairly adjusted to all the different circumstances of modern life, you have a complex and involved statute that must result in much litigation. No sooner has the United States Supreme Court determined the outstanding uncertainties under an income-tax system, than we are asked to adopt a new system, with fresh uncertainties. Mankind always seeks to avoid the payment of taxes; and tax statutes, to be workable, must be drawn with that fundamental instinct in mind. The enforcement of a sales tax, also, will be complex. An army of tax-collectors must be employed to enforce payment, since almost every citizen will be liable. Otherwise no one will pay the tax — for no tax can be devised that will collect itself. Possibly, with a sales tax we shall not need to increase greatly our present tribe of tax-gatherers; but surely we could make no decrease.

The fundamental objection to a sales tax, however, is the profound change it would work in our economic structure. Taxation at best is an interference with economic tendencies, a poison administered in small doses. Make the dose too

large, and weird transformations result. The tendency in America since the Civil War has been toward specialization and separation of processes in manufacturing. In most of our industries, specialization, the production of separate parts of a finally assembled product by independent manufacturers, has been the great counter-influence to monopoly. To be sure, specialization is placing a great strain upon our transportation system. Yet for several decades we have been attempting, by Sherman Anti-Trust Acts and a Federal Trade Board, to encourage specialization and to arrest the development of great synthesized industries, which control the production of the raw product, its conversion into a manufactured article, and its distribution to the consumer. We are still shuddering at the prospect of the packers' monopoly, and are attempting to wrench the stockyards out of their control. Specialization is the only way in which the small manufacturer can successfully resist the competition of monopoly. A sales tax would tend to destroy specialization and probably would prove the greatest accelerator of monopoly in our economic history.

A tax of one per cent every time that a manufactured product moves from independent process to independent process toward completion would pyramid up to a large amount. In the Philippines, a primitive, non-industrial society, there are many instances where the tax amounts to three per cent. In our highly specialized industrial system a five to seven per cent tax would not be uncommon. In some cases it would be even greater. Of course, figured on the final retail price, the amount of the tax would be reduced to much less than five to seven per cent. But is that a fair way to figure the tax? A concern with a capital of \$350,000,000, doing a gross turnover of a million, itself paying two

and one half per cent more in taxes than its monopoly competitor, in order to sell goods at the same price, would earn over seven per cent less on its capital. If the monopoly allowed the independent concern to fix prices, still the independent concern makes over seven per cent less on its capital.

Such a tax would, in modern industry, be well-nigh decisive. The Steel Corporation, our extensive systems of chain stores, our large mail-order houses would have an advantage over independent concerns that might well result in the most distinct move toward monopoly known in modern history. To be sure, a sales tax would not greatly alter our agricultural system. Indeed, the farmers, with their passionate dislike of modern distribution systems, as well as all middlemen, may incline toward a sales tax because it would tend to destroy all intermediate handling of goods and favor coöperative distribution.

It is futile to suggest that a blanket tax could be laid upon consumption as distinct from production, or that a sales tax could be graded. When a railroad buys a locomotive or a farmer erects a silo, is that consumption? Any attempt to draw a distinction between consumption and production in a workable manner would make the difficulties and complexities of invested capital under the excess-profits tax seem lucid and alluring.

Again, our tariff must not be overlooked. To-day the adherents of a high tariff to prevent European dumping seem to have the upper hand. Much can be said at the moment in favor of such a policy. A sales tax would tend to destroy tariff barriers — its effect is precisely the opposite from the tendency of a tariff. Imported goods would pay solely a consumption tax; goods manufactured in America would pay a much greater production tax. That factor greatly influenced even the free-trade

British in their rejection of the turn-over tax. If we erect a tariff wall to keep foreign goods out, and then enact a sales tax which will get them in, with costly armies to enforce each law, we shall have an American comedy, after the style of *Alice in Wonderland*, which will make the tax-payer wonder indeed.

II

The sales tax, if reduced to the form of an additional consumption tax on luxuries, and confined to certain simple transactions, may well prove helpful. But as a basic method of raising taxes it is of slender merit. Like all consumption taxes, it is inherently limited in scope, and cannot produce anywhere near so large a revenue as an income tax. It is proposed as an easy tax — and an easy tax is usually a dangerous tax. And it has the final objection of being a tax that disregards the only fair rule of taxation — that the heaviest tax should be placed upon those who can best meet it. If justice in government means anything, it requires the recognition of this principle. Do not the rich, with their financial security, their ease, and their luxuries, receive more benefits from government than the poor, who live from hand to mouth? The sales tax is a tax upon the great mass of the people regardless of accumulated wealth. A tax on bread is always abhorrent.

Yet one cannot criticize the sales tax without suggesting a substitute. The excess-profits tax must go — what tax should take its place? If we cannot discover an easy substitute, what then?

To-day students of taxation are urging that the basic principle of all taxation is to keep taxes low. The only tolerable tax, the only unoppressive and mild tax, is a low tax. Taxation at best is a cumbersome evil. Indiscriminate bond issues alone are worse. There is

no way, under any system of society based upon the theory of private property, of enforcing a heavy tax without causing distress, arrested economic development — and danger of revolt. We storm at Bolshevism. If Marx lived to-day, he would probably point to our soaring taxes as the great current that would sweep us into Socialism. All just taxation is fundamentally leveling and communistic; high taxes accelerate the process.

This coming year, with only minor modifications of our present tax-system, but without the excess-profits tax, we can raise four billions of revenue. There are differences of opinion on this point. It is always hard to foretell the yield of a tax. Yet the facts indicate such a return. It is to be doubted if our present tax system can be much simplified. High taxes inevitably mean complex taxes. Seven billions of loans must be refunded or paid within the next three years. This seems scarcely the time to pay off so large a share of our loans through taxation. In a word, the outstanding policy of taxation that must be adopted to-day is to reduce our national outlay, even to the extent of delaying the reduction of our debt.

If more revenue must be obtained, we have three unpleasant, grim ways of obtaining it. Possibly we shall have to adopt modifications of all three. The simplest way is to increase the tax on such conveniences as automobiles and tobacco and medicinal liquors and to gain an additional revenue from our tariff. Why should transportation by railroad be taxed so many times more heavily than transportation by automobile or by truck? Yet anyone who advocates additional taxes on automobiles is grabbing a Tartar. Our automobile industry seems to consider itself favored of the gods. Increased consumption taxes, though exasperating, might well be adopted.

The next easiest way — and the fairest method of all — is to amend the Sixteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution and place a tax upon the income derived from exempt municipal and state bonds. The exempt security is the outstanding defect to-day of our tax system. Our fourteen-odd billions of exempt securities are held largely by those with large incomes, who thus escape the surtax. Obviously this is unjust. Accumulated wealth should be rudely jerked out of this refuge. And, what is more, the economic influence of tax-exempt securities is much more significant than the revenue thus lost to the public. The collateral effects of taxation are often of greater importance than the revenue features. Tax-exempt securities are issued by our cities and our counties largely to finance activities which the reactionary calls socialistic. The demand by the rich for tax-exempt securities is so great in these days that our municipalities are the only part of society that can obtain capital readily. This factor is the impelling force to-day toward municipal ownership of street railroads and public utilities. The increase during the last ten years of municipal and state indebtedness in America is astounding. And our rich are the direct cause of these strides toward Socialism, although they shiver and rage, and finance propaganda against the rising tide of Socialism. Surely the only man who can enjoy himself over our tax muddle is the humorist; and the encouragement of Socialistic undertakings by the frightened rich, through the eager demand for tax-exempt securities, is a droll bit of American humor that cannot quickly be forgotten.

The placing of a tax upon municipal securities involves, of course, many difficulties. It seems widely agreed that any constitutional amendment should not affect municipal securities already outstanding. The amendment to the

Sixteenth Amendment now pending in Congress is so drawn. Yet if the amendment be made retroactive, Congress in imposing the tax can so adjust the amount as not to impair the credit of our municipalities. Of course, a constitutional amendment would require an adjustment of the bond market. Some cities might well complain that they needed money to complete extensive undertakings which would thus be denied them and that their fiscal policies would be disturbed. But the time required to put through a constitutional amendment would afford ample warning and ample opportunity for our cities to set their finances in order. Above all else, the increase in the amount of this exempt wealth, regardless of other considerations, must be stopped as quickly as possible. Even those who favor the marked tendency toward the municipal undertaking of private enterprises must recognize the danger of doing so by means of a vast accumulation of tax-free wealth.

Indeed, the apparent impetus behind the sales tax makes one suspect that there are some who fear that the proposed constitutional amendment, making future issues of municipal and state bonds subject to the income tax, will be passed unless the sales tax is accepted as a substitute. Moreover, the question of a graded surtax on corporate income, somewhat similar to the surtax on individual incomes, in place of the excess-profits tax, seems to frighten many business men, who are fleeing to the sales tax as a refuge.

Repeal the excess-profits tax, and corporations will be subject to only a ten per cent income tax, no matter how large their income. There must be some relation between the surtaxes on individual incomes and those on corporate incomes. Otherwise all individuals or partnerships employing capital in their business will become corporations.

Should we, then, directly or indirectly, abolish the surtax on individuals?

The third method of raising additional revenue is to adjust our income taxes on individual incomes. Our surtaxes of over fifty per cent of a man's income are unquestionably too high, and should be reduced. But if we must have more revenue, and the other methods fail, we must increase our rate of taxation on smaller incomes. In Great Britain the income tax for married men starts with an income of \$725; in America with an income of \$2000. On incomes up to \$5000, the British tax is almost six times as heavy as ours. On an income of \$5000 a married man in America today pays 2.4 per cent; in France, where we hear so much about unwillingness to tax, the rate is 3.2 per cent; in Great Britain, the rate is 15 per cent. The British maximum surtax is $52\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; ours is 73 per cent. Unquestionably a high income tax on small incomes would be unpopular in America. It should be avoided if possible. Surely it cannot be thought of if we abolish or unduly reduce the surtax on individual incomes. But if we must have more revenue, and if we must take it from the small wage-earner, let us do so openly and frankly, and not try to exact it from him clandestinely, under the doubtful and unnecessary experiment of a sales tax. To decrease the tax on small incomes, in order to lure the mass of our population into accepting a much heavier sales-tax burden, is dangerous politics.

The fact that the sales tax is being so urgently favored in conservative quarters is no reason for rejecting it. The fact that the enactment of a sales tax will make the taxation of exempt securities unlikely, and will make possible a tremendous decrease in the tax on corporate income and also in the surtax on individual income, however, must make us hesitate. The adoption of a sales tax will mean a startling shift

in the burden of our taxation. The burden will fully and suddenly be put upon the consumer — upon the mass of our population, disregarding their ability to pay. Those who accumulate will be spared, because only those who spend will be taxed. If a sales tax is adopted, it will mean, in effect, a titanic shift toward reaction, and a dangerous experiment in taxation, as well. Even the conservatives may be wrong as to the working of legislative theories.

It never pays to blind one's self to the truth. Such concealment is particularly dangerous in a democracy. Taxation, particularly heavy taxation, in any form, is a miserable affliction. The only acceptable tax is a low tax. Since the sales tax is a tax on the consumer, let us say so openly. The effects of such a consumers' tax must be faced frankly. We are now trying to force down the wages of labor toward a pre-war standard. Admitting that labor should accept a lower wage, we must agree that the process of reducing wages is an extremely painful one for the wage-earner. It must strike some of our workers with a harrowing dread of a return to conditions in many industries that even the conservative recognizes to-day as unfortunate. Labor is in travail — but so far is acting fairly. Labor in England is infinitely more truculent. Congress should not complicate this great adjustment, which many of us a few short months ago deemed impossible, by a shift in taxation. This is a time for caution, not for experiment. And when European radical experiments in government are assailed in America as novel and deadly, and so unusual and dubious an experiment as a sales tax is urged by conservatives as a substitute for all burdensome taxes, or a compromise is suggested, of trying it out for a couple of years, the conviction is irresistible that only the humorist has a right to devise tax laws.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON MEETING THE BELOVED

To any sensitive man, not yet armored by the indifference that comes of being married himself, there is cause for apprehension in the prospect of meeting for the first time that person, male or female, whom somebody he knows and loves has elected to marry. The event, when it comes, is unavoidable, nor is there any period in adult life when it may not happen, or anybody we know so old that he or she may not occasion it. Only the other day, for example, I read in the newspaper of a man of one hundred and thirty-five years who had just subjected his little circle to this formality. Very likely the newspaper exaggerated, but the case undermines the security one ordinarily feels in his relationships with the ageing, and illustrates the truth that fact is more romantic, or at least remains romantic much later in life, than fiction.

Now it needs no argument that to be happy in the happiness of others is an inexpensive pleasure and well worth cultivating. Other things being equal, one should go dancing and singing to his first meeting with another's beloved. Age should make no difference: it should be all the same whether the beloved is sixteen or sixty. Bright-colored flowers, figuratively, should blossom from the granite curb along his way, and, though a foolish convention may repress the song and dance, yet should he walk as if shod with the most levitating heels ever made from the liveliest of live rubber, and sing merrily in his heart.

Mr. Harvey Todd, 2d (to take the first name that comes to mind), has be-

come engaged to Miss Margaret Lemon; Miss Lemon to Mr. Todd. Well and good. Nature, which, for some reason that thoughtful men have long curiously and vainly sought to penetrate, wishes to continue the human race, is, one may believe, fairly well satisfied. It is one job among many. But the satisfaction of Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon, if it could be put to such haberdashery use, would girdle the earth, and the ends, tied in a true lover's knot, would flutter out of sight beyond the farthest visible star. Men and women have become engaged in the past; men and women will become engaged in the future; but this engagement of Harvey Todd and Margaret Lemon is, and will ever remain, unique; and so, whoever is now called upon to appraise one party to this wonder and congratulate the other may well be troubled. He is not so much afraid of what he may do and say, as of the way that he will, in spite of himself, look when he says and does it.

There is, to be sure, the saving chance that Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) may affect him so pleasurably, but short of madness, that the ordeal will be less difficult to bear than he anticipates.

There is the rare possibility that he may *instantly and completely agree with Mr. Todd's estimate of Miss Lemon*; but this is the happy-madness itself, and certainly not desirable under the circumstances. There is the possibility that Miss Lemon, seeing him for the first time, will *instantly and completely prefer him to Mr. Todd*. There is the possibility that he may recoil with horror from Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd), or be recoiled from, or that both may recoil simultaneously, falling over, figuratively, on

their backs, and being picked up and carried away unconscious, in opposite directions, by surprised but helpful on-lookers. His whole nature, in short, may instinctively run to or away from the beloved; and between these extremes there lies a gamut of intermediary emotions, many of which at the moment he would hardly wish to uncover. This inflexible and geometrical smile, — he asks himself at the worst, — can it deceive anybody? this hypocritical mutter of congratulation, does it proceed from his own or an ice-chest? Nor is he much relieved when Mr. Todd or Miss Lemon, as the case may be, proves how genuine appeared his smile, how sincere his mutter, by asking him in affectionate detail what he honestly thinks of the other — a procedure that should be legally forbidden the newly engaged, under penalty of being refused a marriage license for at least ten years.

This state of mind in lovers has engaged the attention of essayists, conversationalists, and philosophers. 'They fall at once,' wrote Stevenson, 'into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and centre-point of God's creation, and demolishes our laborious theories with a smile; in which our ideas are so bound up with the one master-thought that even the trivial cares of our own person become so many acts of devotion, and the love of life itself is translated into a wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow creature. And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupor.'

'No, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, promptly improving Mr. Boswell's milder assertion that love is like being enlivened with champagne, 'no, sir. Admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne.'

'His friends,' said Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not

of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.'

The fact is that Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon (so like a rainbow) are impervious to any lack of enthusiasm that you or I, dear, unselfish, sensitive reader, may fear to exhibit when either leads us to the other by the hand and says proudly, 'This is *IT!*' Ours, if any, will be the suffering. It may even happen that Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) will ask us to call her (or him) Margaret (or Harvey).

Yet from another point of view — but this is a selfish one — apprehension is justified in proportion to the sensitive man's previous honest, rejoicing intimacy with the individual whose beloved he is about to meet. For until that meeting is over, 'previous' is the word for it: whatever opinion the beloved may form of him will determine the degree and manner of its continuance. If Miss Lemon disapproves of him, though Mr. Todd has hitherto loved him as Damon did Pythias, all is over; if Mr. Todd disapproves of him, though he has known Miss Lemon from her perambulator, all is over. A pale ghost, he may in either case sometimes hang his spectral hat in the Todd hallway, and even extend his phantom legs under the Todd mahogany, but *all is over*. Divinely harmonious as they seem, these two will never agree to let him try to cultivate the inexpensive pleasure of being happy in their happiness. He becomes what no self-respecting man can wish to be — a fly in the ointment.

Most cases, fortunately, are not so serious: he will be given a reasonable chance to 'come over' and make a place, such as it is, for himself on this new plane to which Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon have been translated; but it is always a question whether he can

exist happily on that plane, or must hereafter be content with hearing from his former friend through a medium. For he has not, as is so often gracefully but emptily said on these trying occasions, been enriched by the acquisition of a new friend: he has simply exchanged Miss Lemon or Mr. Todd (as the case may be) for a composite, a Toddlemon or a Lemontodd — a few years will show which. He must make the best he can of that composite. He who was formerly described (let us say) as 'my friend, Mr. Popp,' has become 'our friend, Mr. Popp'; and if ever he hears himself being introduced as 'Mr. Todd's friend, Mr. Popp,' or as 'Mrs. Todd's friend, Mr. Popp,' he had better go away as soon as politeness permits, and never come back. Never.

These are evidently the apprehensions of a bachelor, sensitive but not unselfish: the mental attitude is different with a student, philosopher, and idealist who, thinking not of himself, contemplates another's marriage in the calm, intelligent way, having as yet no beloved, in which he can contemplate his own. Such a one weighs. Such a one is conscious that, little as *he* knows the beloved of Mr. Todd or Miss Lemon, there is grave danger that Mr. Todd knows Miss Lemon, or Miss Lemon Mr. Todd, hardly better. This happy-madness may not only be a delusion, as a calm outside intelligence contemplates it, but it may be a snare. Mistakes do happen. There are known cases in which the happy lunatic has been mistaken in a beloved, not once but often; and the persistent effort of these poor madmen and madwomen to correct one mistake by making another is one of the most discussed and pitiable phases of our civilization. The calm intelligence must balance also the practical aspects of the business, its risks and liabilities as well as its profits; and so serious is the enterprise when

thus examined, that he can hardly fail to be terrified for anybody he knows and loves who is undertaking it.

O Harvey! Harvey! (or Margaret! Margaret!)

Tact is what he will pray for. And, if his prayer is granted, when Mr. Todd (or Miss Lemon) asks him, 'Now, honestly, what do you think of her (or him)?' he will say, 'Of course I do not know Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) very well *yet*, but I have never met anybody whom I *hoped* to know and like better.' Which will be quite true, and please the twittering questioner much more than if he said, 'Oh, I don't know; I *don't* know.'

WISDOM'S CHILDREN

It is my privilege to live in a small country community, and there to belong to a 'Science Club' of singular audacity and charm. Not one of our thirty-odd members can lay any claim to specialized knowledge, or even to a particularly scientific bent. With the exception of our founder and president, we are not scholars; and he is no scientist, but a retired professor of theology, with a passion for stars. And yet we make bold to foregather each month and discuss atoms, radium, psychic phenomena, ether, space; and every now and then we invite a professor from some not too remote college to come and lecture to us. We can pay him nothing but his 'expenses,' for we are as poor as we are presumptuous and ignorant. Moreover, our state railroad system is such that no one can reach us from any direction without spending hours in junctions and loitering local trains, and our winter weather is frequently terrific.

They always come, too, these college professors — some of them come more than once; and they give us the best they have in them: admirable addresses,

not too technical, yet not condescendingly popular, either; talks which so flatter our self-respect that some of us have to hold our breath, sitting round-eyed on the edge of our chairs, in an effort to prove ourselves worthy. They are serious, modest, quite matter-of-fact about taking all this trouble, and even, in the end, grateful for our hospitality! Excellent sages! Their virtue has at last irresistibly constrained my pen to utterance.

How mysterious is the working which tends to endow diverse followers of the same calling with the same traits! All dentists love fishing; all sailors are happy-go-lucky; all clergymen have good appetites and tell good stories; all lovers of books love gardens and cats. And, judging from my experience in our Science Club, all teachers of science are modest, humorous, gentle, well bred, and such good company that, when any one of them comes our way, Christopher and I hasten to put our guest-room at his disposal.

We did not understand this at first; and, being requested to 'entertain' an imminent lecturer, we consented with some misgiving. It seemed to us rather alarmingly risky to take a perfectly unguessable stranger into our home. How would he bear himself? In any one of a hundred thousand possible ways. What would he want for breakfast? Any one of a score or more possible combinations of food. We awaited his advent with anxiously open minds. But we are wiser now; and when the Club announces a lecture by Professor So-and-so, or This-and-That, of Dartmouth or Middlebury, we promptly put in our application: may we entertain him? And then, with confidence, we prepare the things we know he will like, and, never having seen him, we meet him at the station as if he were an old friend.

He is generally rather tall and thin, with a serene mouth and meditative

eyes behind spectacles. He is not particularly well dressed, but always neatly and carefully, as if he had a good wife. (It is, in fact, one of his outstanding traits that he has a good wife.) He is so unassuming and modest that, if one did not know better, one would sooner pick out the haberdashery salesman as an eminent personage. He moves slowly, speaks quietly, and has a whimsical smile. He is so essentially human — 'just folks' — that, before one knows it, one is telling him all about the freezing of the kitchen sink and he, in turn, is diffidently but sincerely explaining that, since we have no Bridget, he would like nothing better than to come out in the kitchen and wash the supper dishes. One has to pinch one's self rebukingly, to remember that he is an astronomer whose speculations range nightly beyond the farthest star, who has lost himself in vast nebulae, who has calculated eclipses and charted constellations — who, moreover, five minutes ago, was the completest stranger.

His demeanor in the household is perfect. When, in the mild stress of preparing the simple supper that we know he prefers to an elaborate meal, he is left to his own devices, he does not fidget, but hies him straight to our bookshelves, there to become acquainted with us, as we so mysteriously seem acquainted with him. And at the supper-table the charm of his conversation is such that we are apt to be late in arriving at the Science Club. Mellow, tolerant, humorous, human — what excellent talk is his! And full of idiosyncrasy too, as if, for all his modesty, he had plenty of courage to be himself.

But it is his demeanor before the Club that fills me with the most admiring realization of his essential greatness. What does he think when he faces us? Had he at all expected us to be so simple? An invitation to address 'the Natural Science Club' of a certain

town in a certain state might lead one to suppose that a serious body of well-equipped researchers was at work in seclusion. Instead of that — oh! we are not unintelligent; we know a good deal about various subjects, ranging from Biblical criticism through marble quarrying, apple and chicken farming, landscape painting, and teaching, to cooking and sewing. But we are distinctly not scientists, and the expression our faces assume in the presence of scientific revelation is one of wonder and awe.

Well, perhaps that is not unstimulating. It may be that miracles tend to lose their impressiveness when they are frequently and familiarly handled, when they are taken for granted. Certainly, I dare say, our mental response is a change from that of the average college classroom. At any rate, every professor of science who has ever addressed us has done so with zest and dignity, speaking to us as fellow adventurers in a marvelous realm; and our most foolish questions he has contrived to redeem with answers of boomerang distinction. Never has one of them given us to suppose for a moment that he was more than a few steps ahead of us along the road of knowledge. They have been really rather wonderful evenings that we have spent together thus, discussing the greatness of our universe; and I think that probably true Wisdom has for the hour hovered over us.

For she is humble herself, is she not? And she loves little children better than sophisticated bigwigs. It is the humility of professors of science that leads me to hope that their line of investigation may eventually conduct us to the remote goal of clarity and righteousness that we have all been seeking so long and earnestly. It seems safer to trust the future to their patient, firm, gentle fingers than to the fists of the politicians.

I would certainly trust my guest-room to any one of them, sight unseen. Pro-

fessor of Science, if you ever find yourself in my neighborhood, my house is your home.

THE PLAGUE OF ABBREVIATION

If 'that blessed word Mesopotamia' were in practical use to-day, it would doubtless suffer the horror of becoming Meso, or Ma.; for witness the fate of Pennsylvania and that blessed word California, over the sonority of which commerce does not permit us to linger. Oh, for a little leisure in an age of short cuts! We are wedded to abbreviation — and have been previously divorced from courtesy. Maryland, my Maryland has been 'doctored' to Md.; we no longer have time for company, but only for co.; and street and saint have become one and indivisible. The present writer has therefore determined to take an occasional holiday from this orgy of shortening, and to permit himself, on envelopes and elsewhere, the luxury of polysyllables. North shall not become a negation, or east a mere initial. The post-office clerk shall not dim his sight in profane endeavors to distinguish Missouri from Maine, and New York from New Jersey. Esquire shall flaunt its full ensign, though Mr. must remain dwarfed for lack of a fair fullness. One cannot permit Mister: it should be used only in humorous stories.

Wilt join, reader, in this holiday? It is a just protest against merciless 'efficiency,' an assumption of occasional leisure in which one may possess one's soul in peace. Most of us have completely forgotten that *mob* was once *mobile vulgus*, and that Jonathan Swift inveighed against its slang abbreviation. Surely the rage for shortening reached a *reductio ad absurdum* when *circa* was made *circ.*, an abbreviation which, with its period, is exactly as long as the original! What would Puck have said of such pranks with language? Let

us return, if not to Latin, at least to sanity. Especially exasperating to tyros are those ecclesiastical abbreviations, for we know not the complete words. What does 'persp.' mean — perspective or perspiration? And is 'prob.' probably or probity? As for *q.v.*, 't is hopeless to those who render not unto Cæsar the things that are his.

In a recent nightmare occasioned by reflections such as the above, the present writer found himself quoting, —

Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet so.,
That breathes upon a bank of violets.

And before his agonized waking he had asked himself whether a man may fill his belly with the e. wind. Whereupon some saint banished him to Hades, or at least to Purgatory, for addressing him familiarly as 'St.' It *was* almost like calling him 'old chap.' One trembles to think what, in a moment of inadvertence or natural embarrassment, at the pearly gates, one might call Saint Peter!

Yet there is one justifiable form of abbreviation — the loving diminution of Christian names. Among those that 'carry a perfume in the mention' are Will Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe — for thus their intimates knew them. Was Ben Jonson ever Benjamin? And who would wish to know that fictitious personage 'true Jack Falstaff, sweet Jack Falstaff' by any other name? He was never Sir John to his friends, only to 'the world.' Lamb complained that, after the death of an especially intimate companion, he had no one left to call him Charley. And he was not joking when he said it. Who does not love Dick Steele — and have respect for Joseph Addison? Sam Johnson often signed his name thus, which may show why he was a 'clubbable' man. Oliver Goldsmith was not Oliver at his club. A famous couplet preserves his abbreviation — that in which Burke said that

he wrote like an angel but talked like poor Poll. One cannot think of the renowned orator, however, as Ed! It seems a kind of profanation. And still more so in the case of good old Jeremy Taylor. The sense of fitness 'is all.' Ben Franklin by any other name would be as hard-headed, but much too dignified. Walter Whitman would be almost unrecognizable — even though he lengthened Manhattan to Mannahatta. But how Lamb would have loved Kipling's pun when he dubbed a friendly American publisher 'Effendi.'

The present writer has sometimes wickedly wondered whether the Sirens addressed Ulysses as Uly; but it is a profane speculation. Dorothy Wordsworth, in her delightful journal, always refers to her gifted brother as William. He was evidently not like Will Shakespeare — though, as Lamb slyly remarked, he (William) could doubtless have written the works of Will 'if he had had the mind.' But would he have written to his love that sonnet in which Shakespeare says, —

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will?

Or that other which ends, —

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will?

Such a name belongs among the joys, not the sorrows, of abbreviation. But why have we wholly lost such beautiful words as *lovingkindness* and *peradventure*, which have been abbreviated out of existence save in that inspired prose of the seventeenth century? And *dayspring* is something quite other than day. It carries a perfume in the mention! Dayspring and eventide — some of us are old-fashioned enough not to part with them. They are the terms of an age of imagination and of music, the age which gave us Shakespeare and the King James Version.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, since 1904 a professor at Columbia University, is Dean of the faculties of Political Science, Philosophy, Pure Science, and the Fine Arts. **Charles D. Stewart**, whose earliest contribution to the *Atlantic* goes back more than half a generation, is the author of *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, and other successful works of fiction, as well as of essays and literary studies. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould**, accomplished critic and story-teller, is the wife of a professor at Princeton University. **Signe Toksvig**, a new contributor, is a journalist of New York City.

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Olive Tilford Dargan is a woman of letters, who spends most of her time among the mountain folk of Kentucky and the Carolinas. **Montague Rhodes James**, Provost of Eton College since 1918, was for many years Provost of King's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated after a distinguished career. The author of many learned works relating to scriptural history and interpretation, his especial claim to the thanks of the commonalty rests on his delightful *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, which we hope our readers know. **Wilhelmine Day** is the wife of George Parmly Day, founder of the Yale University Press and treasurer of Yale University. **Vernon Kellogg**, scientist and administrator, still keeps Washington as his headquarters.

* * *

Bertrand Russell has recently, we now hope wrongfully, been reported dead in China. Gifted with a mind of extraordinary brilliancy, he gained early in life a great reputation as a mathematician. To the larger public he is known chiefly as a political philosopher of radical tendencies, whose intellect is never overridden by his sympathies: witness his extraordinarily candid little volume on the principles of Communism and Socialism. Mr. Russell is the grandson of Lord John Russell, and presumptive heir to the earldom of Russell. **Grace E. Polk** is the Probation Officer attached to the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis, Minn. **Margery**

Swett sends this first contribution to the *Atlantic* from Chicago. **E. Barrington** is a British traveler and scholar. **Alexander McAdie** is Director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard at Readville, Massachusetts.

Unless I am a miserable failure as a forecaster [he writes, speaking of the inspiration of this essay], we are in for a pandemic of Einstein and Relativity. And it is going to hit us hard. The suffering (mental anguish chiefly in having to listen to others trying to explain what they don't understand) will be very great.

Since 1905, when the Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Berlin published his *Principle of Relativity*, more than 1000 books have been published on the subject; and 70 per cent of these (estimated) in the last year. And this is only the beginning of the flood.

Every physicist, of course, thinks it is 'the thing' in physics; all astronomers take to it, like ducks to water; all mathematicians are now happy, for, as Professor Eddington says, 'a mathematician is never so happy as when he does n't understand what he is talking about'; and finally, every philosopher and metaphysician will *glow* over concepts of before and after and the metaphysics of infinity and eternity.

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John D. Willard is Director of the Extension Service in Agriculture and Home Economics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst. **William Archer**, playwright, critic, and publicist, is known on this side of the water almost as well as in Great Britain. His earliest reputation was won through his confident introduction of Ibsen to the English-speaking world. **Philip Hemenway Chadbourn** had, during the war, a wide and varied experience in many lands. He took an active part in relief work in Belgium under Mr. Kellogg, and was in Petrograd, on a mission for this government, when the Russian Revolution broke out, in March, 1917. He is now in business in Smyrna, and was at Constantinople, awaiting orders to proceed to his permanent station, when his chief asked him to make the trip to the Crimea which is described in this letter. **Chang Hsin-Hai** is a student of Western civilization and culture. He holds the degree of A.M., and is now studying for a Ph.D. in Modern Languages at Harvard, 'believing that Literature gives

the best expression of the genius of the Western peoples.' He was formerly editor of the *Chinese Student's Monthly*. Samuel Spring, a member of the Suffolk bar, is an authority on taxation.

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Can the Japanese be 'Americanized'? This report of a Japanese attempt toward Americanization, in the interior of Japan, may throw some light on the much-agitated question.

TOKYO, JAPAN,
February 7, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

The following letter from a former pupil, who is now wife in the kind of Christian home and house any young American couple would be proud to have, is given as she wrote.

How delightful is the sense of humor, the give and take between husband and wife! Is not this the 'acid test' of the American spirit?

Yours truly, A. G. L.

January, 27.

MY DEAR MISS L——, —

I'm answering lots of letters and cards now I got at new years time. I could not write because I was sick in bed, now I am going to write you a few lines in English for a change as I have been thinking to write you any way. I was very thoughtless that I took medicine which did not agree with me. I took it because a friend of us told me that is good. I should have spoken about it to my husband; and then doctor told us that medicine poisoned me. I never had such a hard time, — my thought and mouth all swollen up, could not drink or eat or anything and had such high fever that every body was scared. My husband said that was punishment from God because I did not agree to M——'s new year's plan.

That is this: (1) M—— wants to change this house intirely into foreign house so he can walk in with dirty shoes.

2. He wants me to wear foreign dress intirely and children too.

3. He wants to change our language into English.

4. He wants to live more convient ways in every thing than now, he mentioned so many small things.

I abjected every one of them. Japanese house is convient for Japanese and specially our house is. I am more than thankful we have every thing we want comparing other Japanese house. This is made for two sides — Japanese and foreign, we can intertain Japanese guests or foreign guests and very convient for children. I am quite satisfied as it is. I don't like the custome to walk in with dirty shoes, you know country people don't know any better. If we allow them to come in with their own shoes, I have to clean our carpet every time people left and I don't know how much trouble that is.

And then about my changing dress and children

it is better for children even though it is trouble to get material as we can not buy in T—— and I have to teach our country tailor how to make children's dress beside I have to make over half dozen times in one dress. You can not make your dress in T—— that is settled. If we get a tailor from Kyoto or some place it is twice much expensive than you get a man in your own town. Since I have plenty of kimonos it is too extravagant to wear foreign dress. I like it just for sporting and I have some for it. You know a monkey is a monkey, and can't be looked nicer since she is borned as a monkey. I am fortunately or unfortunately Japanese but I am satisfied being Japanese and try not to show a goat as a sheep, if I can help it. Ha! ha! Of course I know we have to change Japanese kimonos but I suggest we must change inside part than outside part, I mean underwear part. And the language too. He wants me to speak in English to him and to children. I did not abject this as bad as others but you know I am not good in English and takes 3 times much of time and I canot not say half what I want to tell. You know I am such a poor head, I can not satisfy my husband. He said 'try and do it whether you can or not.' He made me do it. I say this way when I have to speak to him. Dear, um, um . . . he says, What is it? and rest of that, I tell him in Japanese. English does not come out easily from my mouth. I report you our new year's quarrel. I think no body writes you like that, but I tell you the truth it is better to tell such things to her trusted friend, perhaps she can tell better openions or suggest some new things, ne!

One of our twin girls is walking like a big girl the other was late 15 minutes when she was borne but she is later than 2 months. She still like a little animal but she is pushing chairs along. They like to pile up blocks and 3 children are good play mates. Big boy Taro tries to help his sisters, but I have to watch them carefully. Yesterday I noticed he was feeding them sweet cakes which they still can not eat. They like to sing. I wish you would hear them sing in chorus. Every one of them sings different tone, and different meaning. Every morning they get up at 6 o'clock and they all go to the next room where papa sleeps and they all get into papa's bed and they sing or clim on him or pushing all sorts games they can do. Papa does not welcome these industrious visitors. But he can not do anything with them. Poor papa! he is like a tamed lion to his 3 babies.

Say! I am writing almost too long. I did not think it was so long as I started in the beginning. Please excuse me. May be I took your precious time for such letter as this foolish writing. 'Gomen nasai.' This is all for to-day.

With love and trust as ever,

HARU.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your Boston policeman reminds me of a pilgrimage when each dip of the paddle brought us nearer, in spirit as well as distance, to Stratford-on-Avon. As the environment grew on me, I was shocked to realize that so many Americans lived in Stratford. I ventured to express the thought to my companion, an Oxford professor. His reply

has often brought joy to my heart: 'Not Americans, Bostonians.'

Soon afterward, in London, dodging in and out of highways and byways, bent on locating the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' I finally came out on that part of the city known as the Gates of London. I approached a traffic Bobbie, whose great frame made my six feet seem diminutive, my eyes being on the same level with his South African campaign ribbons. I inquired if he would be good enough to direct me to the place I sought.

'If you mean Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop, I am sorry, sir, I am unable to do it.'

I remarked that that was rather strange, as I was sure it was in the immediate vicinity.

'If you mean the curiosity shop they keep for you Americans, I can direct you quite easily. I have been a student of Dickens all my life, and it is most apparent that it could have not been situated on the site of the present shop.' The outcome was that the policeman and I spent a couple of delightful afternoons at the curiosity shop.

Yours very sincerely,

K. H. A.

* * *

Those guides to correct living, the conductresses of the columns of personal advice that adorn the more chaste corners of our daily journals, deserve the thanks of parents everywhere. Here is an admonition from one of them — Miss Harriet B. Elliott — which comes home to us.

DEAR MISS ELLIOTT, —

I have a tall lover, who wears heavy glasses and reads the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is dreamy most of the time. He attends college, where he stars in some courses — history and literature — and flunks mathematics. Children like to have him toss them into the air, and dogs follow him. He seems lazy, as he is satisfied just to go to college and live a simple life. He does n't know what he wants to do when he gets out. His head is full of poetry and ideas about politics, which I like to discuss with him. I love him — that is not my problem. Will he amount to anything?

HELEN.

Yes.

* * *

Later in the year, we hope to publish a more comprehensive series of papers on the negro. Meanwhile, we are glad to give space to a distinguished friend of the race — the President of the Slater Fund.

DEAR SIR, —

Without waiting to see what else Mr. Snyder has to say, doubtless many readers of his frank and well-written article in your February number have felt the spirit move them to utter a word of more or less protest.

Several months ago, on the same day, in the same smoking compartment of a Pullman, I heard one group of talkers, in the morning, agree that 'negroes have no gratitude, no matter what you do for them,' and another group assert, in the

afternoon, no less sweepingly, that 'there is one thing can be said for negroes, they are grateful for any consideration or kindness you show them.' Here we have the futility of general statements about any race or set of people. The fact is, that the black people of the South differ among themselves just as much as the white people, in gratitude as well as in industry and other traits. If Professor Shaler was right, the blacks may be said to have a right to differ more, because the various people of Africa from whom they are descended differ, he claims, more from each other than do the various people of Europe, from whom the whites are descended. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that you can no more safely make sweeping statements about the blacks than you can about the whites. When Mr. Snyder generalizes, therefore, we should be careful to note the fact that he is writing of those whom he speaks of as 'my negroes,' on his plantation. If all negroes were as ignorant, as thriftless, as primitive, as those whom Mr. Snyder describes, how could it have come about — to speak of property alone — that the colored race in the South owns more than twenty million acres of land, and property values of all kind estimated at one and a quarter billions? To my mind the most unchristian thing about our attitude toward the negro people as a whole is our ignorance of them. I am tempted to say that it is worse than lynching.

What Mr. Snyder's article shows, as the prefatory note well says, is the need of the extension of public education. But does it not show more? Is not his article somewhat in the nature of a boom-erang? Does it not strengthen the criticism that the plantation system, even with a beneficent master, is an inevitable drawback to education and improvement? Now, I am perfectly well aware that plantation systems are not to be done away with overnight; but I believe it is true that the improvement of the poor folk of the open country, white or black, is inversely proportional to the prevalence of the plantation idea, the atmosphere of which is very much the same whether in Mississippi, in Mexico, or in Czecho-Slovakia. Only a few days ago, I heard a recently returned traveler speak of the ignorance of peasants in certain parts of Europe in almost the same terms which Mr. Snyder uses in regard to the negroes on his plantation.

I am sure Mr. Snyder would have written quite differently had he known the conditions among other than plantation negroes.

Very truly,

JAMES H. DILLARD.

Another letter — this from Virginia — is well worth printing.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SIR, —

The article by a Mississippi planter in a recent number of your magazine was extremely interesting, treating as it did, of a very vital matter; and I believe it is correct. His lot has certainly fallen among negroes of a very low type, and there are several very definite reasons for their degraded condition, one of which he suggests, viz.: the

indifference of the white of that section to schools for the blacks. There is no avoiding the fact that, for several generations to come, we shall have to play the 'Big Brother,' and see to it that there are adequate schools for the negroes.

Our fine Big-Brother pose with reference to Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the small Central American republics is highly amusing when viewed in the light of our utter indifference to the weak 'brown brother' within our own frontiers. We are fostering an ulcer by our neglect, which may one day prove dangerous. So let the white man provide schools, and see to it that the children obey the law by attendance on them.

'Obey the law.' There is another point the planter hinted at. There are, presumably, laws against cruelty to children, and other misdemeanors; but they are never invoked unless the crime is against a white man, and then the chances are that the whites will break the law themselves by flogging or lynching the black, rather than allowing the law to punish. How can you expect the negro to have any respect for laws which they see broken every day of the year by the whites? A law in the South (or, at any rate, in Virginia, where I live) is not meant to be kept; it merely stands on the statute book, so that it can be 'pulled,' like a gun or a knife, on anyone against whom you have a grudge.

The negro is docile and imitative, and can be trained away from cruelty and filth, and into a moderate energy, and respect for the law, by seeing the whites obey the laws, and seeing that laws apply equally to blacks and whites.

There are two other reasons for the low type of negro in Mississippi, which take us back to old slavery days. One is that the plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi were enormous, so that, consequently, the slaves came very little in contact with the whites, and it was only by association with 'de fambly' that they learned manners and whatever morals the family had. The field-hand always remained more primitive and savage than the house servant, because the field-hand saw only the overseers, who were more or less brutal, but always brutal. So well recognized in the old days was this reputation for brutality 'down South,' that the threat by a master in one of the more northerly Southern states to 'sell him South' would nearly always reduce a refractory negro to terms.

This brings me to the third reason for the low type of negro found in Mississippi, and that is that they are the descendants of the unruly, hopelessly unmanageable negroes sold South. The awful story of those droves of slaves on their way south is one you never meet in the 'slush' literature poured out by Southern writers, who would have us believe that the relations in the old days were a roseate dream of affection and loyalty and kindness. I am a Southern woman, and know the negro by experience and tradition, as *all* my forebears were slave-holders — a fact which is not true of all Southerners, although Northerners have a vague impression that everyone living in the South counted his slaves by the dozen, at least, if not by the score: an impression rather nurtured by Southerners. I can testify that the

path of neither owner nor slave was an easy one. Some years ago I said to my mother that I was going to discharge a certain maid, as I could not stand some fault she had, to which my mother replied: 'You are fortunate that you can get rid of her: I had to stand such things, and worse.'

Their laziness, again, is partly temperamental and partly the result of example. *They* know that work is despised by the Southern white, who is quite as lazy as any negro ever born; and now that they don't have to work under the whip, they simply don't work. When the Southern white man learns that work is honorable as well as necessary, you will see the negro learning the same lesson. No American *likes* to work; so why in the name of sense, should we quarrel with the negro because he does n't, either?

Since smoking came into fashion among 'white ladies,' I one day saw a young negro woman walking along the road, smoking a cigarette, and laughingly told a neighbor of it, who scornfully remarked: 'What imitative creatures they are!' 'Yes,' I said, 'they are *just* what we make them; so you see our responsibility.'

We in the more northerly Southern states have our own problems; but, in Virginia, at least, we have no such general condition of degradation to handle, and the reasons for the difference I believe to be, that all the children go to fair schools, and that it is understood that the law will punish a crime against a black pest as quickly as a crime against a white. And still a third reason is that with us, the 'gun' is not considered as essential as his cravat to a man's correct attire.

* * *

For those who deplore the insensibility of the age, we print the following:

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you buy short stories for your magazine? I would like to have this one I am working on published, but did not know what company to place it with.

'The Mother-Love' will be the title.

Honor the dear old mother, time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, Time has plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now?

If you do not accept writings of this kind, perhaps you will be kind enough to give me the name of some one you think would accept it. Thanking you in advance, I remain

* * *

The startling increase in crime has reached a climax in Oak Park, Illinois. We quote from a local organ.

Crime — Atlantic Monthly Stolen!!

Oak Park police station chronicles record many varieties of thefts, but none as remarkable as that recently brought to light at the Public Library. Two copies of *Atlantic Monthly* have been stolen from the reading room, and in consequence no one may obtain a copy except after being identified.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Printed, like unprinted, letters evoke a variety of responses, but it is not every volume of correspondence that calls forth a letter which itself has the quality that gives pleasure in print. That is what *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady* has done with one of its readers—Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. After reading these 'Passages from the Later Correspondence of Francis James Child,' printed not long ago in a limited edition, Mr. Bradford wrote of them, and of the Harvard professor from whom they proceeded twenty-five and more years ago, in a letter from which these sentences are taken:—

'These are the most adorable letters of Child, the most delightful. I am rather an epicure in letters, having made a business as well as a pleasure of them for a great many years, and I do not know of any American letters that are superior to these, if any equal. Do you realize how sweet they are, how human, how full of profound meaning and significance in their careless grace?

'In the first place, they are so admirably written: without one trace of conscious effort, and yet so swift and light and vivid, nothing clumsy or trailing or loose-ended, but the natural expression of one who thinks with perfect clearness. And they rise to such a high imaginative quality. The sense of Shakespeare is present all through them, but it is not always easy to tell where the Shakespeare ends and the Child begins. And the delicate interweaving of humor and jest through it all is as Shakespearean as the touches of poetry. For you feel that you are dealing with a Shakespearean soul and the best of all is the way the soul shines through. The more I study letters, the less I understand what makes the difference in this respect. Matthew Arnold, for example, was an interesting man; but his letters are among the dullest. Bowles was a man of far less depth and power; but how the heart beats in his. And certainly the heart beats in these, without the least effort at self-display, the least pretense of revelation, but simply in spontaneous effusion of friendship and tenderness. How delicate and subtle and pervading the tenderness is, a wave of warm affection breaking always into the lightest, dancing foam of merriment. There is such fine, profound insight into life there; there is such just yet unobtrusive digestion of the art of living. Then the man's own work and passionate interests come in so charmingly, do not obtrude or tire, but yet are always there in their suave predom-

inance, showing how he toiled over them, and sighed over them, and loved them.

'And then there are the roses. What a strange, subtle, mystical crown the roses weave and twine over the man's whole life, the roses symbolizing woman, symbolizing love, symbolizing joy, tingeing page after page with their crimson splendor. Oh, I call them wonderful roses, and a wonderful book, and a wonderful soul.'

* * *

The season of roses is also the season of school and college commencements, to say nothing of the strawberries with which these festivals are intimately associated. This is the season of mourning for those to whom Professor Child once alluded in asking a discouraged student:—

Must I be carried to the skies

On flowery beds of E's,

While others fought to win the prize

And sailed through bloody C's?

It is impossible to dispose so neatly of the A's and the B's, but for youth in general the season is one of hope, and it is peculiarly the season for the issue of a new Atlantic text, *Youth and the New World*. The editor of this compilation of essays which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* is Mr. Ralph P. Boas, Head of the English Department of the Central High School of Springfield, Massachusetts, the only preparatory school that has twice distinguished itself by winning the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa trophy, awarded on the basis of entrance-examination records. The essays which make up the book deal with a variety of topics—social, political, athletic, educational, and religious—with which the rising generation is confronted. Among the twenty essayists represented are Dean Briggs, of Harvard, President MacCracken, of Vassar, Bertrand Russell, the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, and others whose thoughts and words have produced stimulating effects upon many readers, young and old, through recent years. It is the definite purpose of the Atlantic Monthly Press, in placing books of this nature in the hands of school and college students, to fortify them for really constructive encounters with the world in which they must soon take their places.

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Appearing at about the same time with *Youth and the New World* is *The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays*, edited with Introduction, Com-

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

ment, and Annotated Bibliography, by Professor **Sterling Andrus Leonard**, of the University of Wisconsin. This is Professor Leonard's first year at Wisconsin, to which he went from the Lincoln School (Teachers' College) in New York. He has been keenly interested in the drama, especially as a vehicle of expression and cultivation for students in schools and colleges, and in this volume he has assembled a number of contemporary plays, American, English, and Irish, which lend themselves both to 'drama study' and to acting by high-school and college students and other adventurers in the field of amateur dramatics. The editorial apparatus of the book provides it with a distinct educational value, but what we hope is that, in addition to all its classroom uses, it will serve to supply the acting texts of a number of the best recent plays, by the best recent writers for the stage, in a highly practical and attractive form. The Garricks and Fanny Kembles of a future day may not at this moment be thronging our high schools, but the audiences of the future are, and in their discrimination between good and bad plays, whether it be acquired through witnessing or participating in them, lies the best hope for the further development of a great art.

* * *

Still another addition to the list of Atlantic Texts is a volume scheduled for June publication under the title, *Story, Essay, and Verse*. It is edited by **Charles Swain Thomas**, Lecturer in Harvard University, and **Harry G. Paul**, of the English Department of the University of Illinois. These editors have collaborated before in the production of *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, which was preceded on our book list by two volumes of *Atlantic Narratives*, compiled by Mr. Thomas, whose chief occupation has now become that of the editorial head of our educational texts. This new book is made up of selections in prose and verse from the *Atlantic Monthly*, of a character adapted particularly to the interest of freshmen in college and seniors in high schools. Through such books the Atlantic Monthly Press has abundant reason to believe that it is causing many younger students to realize that, after all, the relation between literature and life is a vital thing, of some personal concern to themselves.

* * *

In talking before about *The Founding of New England*, by Mr. **James Truslow Adams**, we said nothing about the illustrations it contains. As a matter of fact, it is a rather notable example of what can be done, not in the way of turning a serious history into a 'picture-book,' but by the genuine illumination of history through historic documents. Several months ago Mr. Adams devoted some days to ransacking the seventeenth-

century treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Massachusetts Archives in the State House at Boston, for pieces of manuscript and print which would truly illustrate the book he had then written. Among the things he found were the manuscript of the 'Reverend John Cotton's Opinion that Philip's Son should be put to Death,' a 'Warrant signed by Governor Winslow of Plymouth for Sale of Indian Captives as Slaves,' a 'Document Signed by Uncas and his Squaw,' a 'Testimonial to the Good Character of Rebecca Nourse, executed as a Witch.' These and other pages are redolent of the time of which he writes. He has enriched the book also with two maps drawn especially for it: 'New England in 1640,' and 'Streams of Immigration from England, 1620 to 1642,' and has included also a 'Manuscript Map of the New England Coast, 1607/8, believed to have been drawn by Champlain,' reproduced from the original in the Library of Congress, and hitherto unfamiliar to most historical students.

Mr. Adams is himself an expert in cartography, and as such served the United States Government in the war, both at Washington and at the Peace Conference, while he held the commission of a captain in the army.

* * *

In a casual note from the Atlantic office to the 'conductor' of the 'Bowling Green' column of the New York *Evening Post*, the author of *Shackled Youth*, Mr. **Edward Yeomans**, was mentioned as a writer possessing 'the unspeakable advantage of approaching the whole question of education from the angle of a manufacturer of steam-pumps. The phrase afforded Mr. Christopher Morley the text of an amusing little dissertation upon the superfluity of colleges in the educational scheme — at least till one is forty. But it ought to be said of Mr. Yeomans that he approached the manufacture of steam-pumps from the vantage-point of a Princeton education. If he has written a better book on education because he makes steam-pumps, who shall say that he does not make better steam-pumps because he first went to Princeton?

* * *

Miss **Frances Lester Warner's** *Pilgrim Trails* has been defined by the delirious advertiser as a book to be read before going to Cape Cod this summer, and after coming home. Many tercentenary pilgrims will be passing through Boston on their way to and from the Cape. They will find *Pilgrim Trails* at many shops in Boston; but friends of the *Atlantic*, wishing to buy this book or other publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press, or none, will be welcome visitors to our Book-Room, facing the Boston Public Garden.